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THE
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OR,

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VOL. XVIII.

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SERIES THE THIRD.

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ART. I.—*A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, commanded by his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B. &c. &c. &c. Authenticated by official Papers, and original Letters. By James Moore, Esq. 4to. pp. 224. Johnson. 1809.*

THIS narrative is drawn up by one of the brothers of the late much lamented Sir John Moore. Sir J. Moore himself is said to have composed a regular journal of his proceedings; and to have preserved every official paper or letter of importance which he received, as well as copies of those which he wrote. The reader, therefore, may reasonably expect in the present work to find a fair, circumstantial, and accurate account of the late campaign in the peninsula, together with the causes of its failure, and the gross mismanagement in the Spanish councils, to which it may be ascribed.—The Spanish Juntas in the different provinces, appear for the most part, to have taken measures rather to paralyse, than to excite the enthusiasm of the people. Even the arms and ammunition, &c., which were sent in such profusion from this country, were rather reserved as if they were the property of individuals, or treacherously kept back, as if intended for the use of the French, than distributed judiciously and opportunely among the patriots. Thus the army of Romana was left destitute of every necessary; notwithstanding the abundant supplies which were forwarded by this country for their relief.

The following is part of the account which lieutenant-colonel Symes sent to Sir David Baird of the state of Romana's army, which he was instructed to ascertain.

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'I had an opportunity,' says the colonel, 'of inspecting the arms of the general's guard, which were extremely imperfect; the springs and locks do not often correspond: either the main spring was too weak for the feather-spring, or the feather-spring too weak to produce certain fire from the hammer. I tried sixteen; of this number only six had bayonets, and these were short and bad. The ammunition pouches were not proof against rain: the clothing of the soldiers was motley, and some were half naked.—It is morally impossible that they can stand before a line of French infantry. A portion of at least one third of the Spanish muskets will not explode; and a French soldier will load and fire his piece with precision three times before a Spaniard can fire his twice.'

When Sir John Moore reached Nogales in his retreat to Corunna, he found between thirty and forty waggons with stores which were proceeding to the army of Romana. Thus the Junta of Galicia left that army in want of every necessary till the French were rapidly advancing, when they forwarded a portion of stores which were more likely to be intercepted by the enemy, than to reach the professed object of their destination.—Though Romana was in want of ammunition as well as arms, yet when Sir John Moore arrived at Corunna he found a magazine of not less than four thousand barrels of gunpowder which had been sent from England for the use of the Spanish troops, but which had been withheld from that purpose by the blackest treachery.

The Central Junta appears to have consisted principally of superannuated nobles, without spirit or capacity; who were afraid of giving a popular impulse to the cause which they affected to espouse. Instead of assembling the *CORTES*, and thus kindling the enthusiasm of liberty throughout the country, their only object seemed to be to keep the people sunk in their ancient ignorance and servitude; and to govern in the name of the absent Ferdinand.—Morla, who was one of the men of the greatest talent among them, appears to have sold himself and his country to Buonaparte, and did all which he could to betray the English army into his hands.—Thus, while Morla was making every effort to repress the enthusiastic resistance which seemed on the point of breaking out against the enemy at Madrid, he wrote at the same time to Sir John Moore that the capital would soon be defended by an army of forty thousand men, and that his co-operation with the patriots would be sufficient to repress all the efforts of the French. Mr. Frere, who is supposed to have been grossly deceived by the artifices of Morla, urged Sir John Moore to advance to the capital with as much eagerness as Morla himself. Mr. Frere was at the same time, so incautious as to

make a French refugee of the name of Charmilly, the bearer of his confidential communications to Sir John Moore.—And nothing can show the consummate prudence of the English commander more than the wariness of his behaviour towards this intriguing emigrant. The artful Frenchman expected no doubt to insinuate himself into the confidence of the general, as he had into that of the minister.

When Madrid was on the point of capitulating, Mr. Frere receives at Talavera, to which place he had fled with the Junta, a visit from this colonel Charmilly, who informs him that the spirit and resolution of the people to defend the capital exceeded the possibility of description.—Mr. Frere accordingly dispatches the trusty Gaul to the English general with this important intelligence. Colonel Charmilly, the bearer of Mr. Frere's letter, pressed vehemently to see Sir John Moore;

asserting that he had important communications to make. Sir John at length came out from an inner apartment, and questioned him upon the intelligence he brought. The colonel described in lofty terms the patriotic zeal with which all ranks of persons at Madrid were animated. The whole inhabitants of the city, he said, were in arms, and had united with the troops. The streets were barricaded; batteries were erecting all round; the peasants were flocking to the capital; and, in fine, *the enthusiasm was unexampled.*

At the very time when this loquacious gentleman delivered this account of the popular effervescence at Madrid, we think it highly probable that he was actually acquainted with the peaceable entry of the French into the city;—or at least, with the determination of Morla and others to oppose no resistance to the enemy. The French obtained possession of Madrid on the 4th, and Charmilly left Talavera about the same time; and is it likely that he should pass from Talavera to Salamanca without, at least, hearing some rumours of that event from the numerous fugitives who left the city when it was about to be surrendered to the enemy?

It appears from various letters of Sir John Moore himself that he had despaired of a successful termination to the expedition on which he was sent, long before the citizens of Madrid consented to surrender that place to the French.—He had not long had an opportunity of observing the apathy of the people and the imbecile measures of the government, when he was convinced that the independence of Spain must succumb under the unjust but vigorous aggression of Bonaparte.—The Supreme Junta took not one patriotic step to enlighten the people; nor to energize their efforts in the

defence of the national liberty. The great instrument, which modern times have employed for the support of liberty and the subversion of despotism—a FREE PRESS, was neglected by the ignorance, the selfishness, and impolicy of this jealous oligarchy. For, though the press had, before the constitution of the Central Junta, enjoyed a portion of liberty which had been favourable to the excitement of the popular enthusiasm in the province of Andalusia, which was followed by the defeat of Dupont, and the capture of his army, yet this executive council of thirty-six had no sooner assumed the reins of government, than they passed an edict to subject the press to the restrictions under which it had been placed during the *old regime*.

Hence Sir John Moore found that the people, instead of taking any interest in the cause which he was sent to support, seemed disposed to acquiesce in the usurpation of the French.—The Junta, as if they thought that Bonaparte possessed as little talent or courage as themselves, took no pains to collect nor to organize any force capable of making effectual resistance to the armies of France. Even the force which they had, they did not employ to any useful purpose. They divided it into detachments and placed them at such a distance from each other that they could not act in concert.—Thus they suffered their armies, such as they were, to be beaten in detail; and to be dispersed or slaughtered like a flock of sheep by a mastiff.

Sir John Moore was anxious to form a deliberate plan of operations with a commander in chief of the Spanish forces; but no such person was to be found. The Junta had not appointed any commander in chief, and this was a constant subject of regret to the English general.—Thus the different armies acted without any system, and received no vigorous impulse from a common centre of wisdom and of valor.—When the armies of Blake and of Castanos were annihilated by the overwhelming force of the French, nothing seemed to remain for Sir John Moore but to retreat, and not to expose his troops to be slaughtered *without any possible benefit to the common cause*. His first design, and that which he appears all along most to have approved was to retire upon Portugal; and, thence, if necessary, to proceed to Cadiz, and to prolong the war in Andalusia, where the public opinion was most enlightened and the French were likely to experience most resistance. But the importunities of Mr. Frere and the false intelligence which he received respecting the determination of the citizens of Madrid to perish rather than

to submit to the conqueror, caused him to deviate from his original design, and to make one effort, though he foresaw that it would be little else but desperate, to cause a diversion in favour of the Spaniards, and to draw off a part of that mass of force which threatened the south of Spain, after the surrender of the capital.

That the first resolution of Sir John Moore to withdraw into Portugal was the wisest which in his circumstances could have been embraced, was proved not merely by the event, but by the opinion of Bonaparte, that it was the measure which he would actually embrace. An enemy of such quick and intuitive glance as Napoleon can often judge what conduct would be best for his adversary; and the respect, which the French emperor seems to have entertained for the military talents of Sir John Moore, made him believe that he would certainly adopt his first resolution of retiring into Portugal as the safest course which he could pursue. But when the great captain of the French found that Sir John had adopted the most gallant, but the least prudent, part of moving forward, to threaten the communications of Bonaparte with France, that wily chief resolved, if possible, to draw him into a snare.—Soult was stationed at Saldanha in order to decoy him to his ruin, while Bonaparte himself made a feint of proceeding to the south, when, rapidly changing his route he endeavoured to push a superior force between the English and the sea. The British general was not made acquainted with the retrograde movement of Bonaparte, by the Junta, nor by Mr. Frere, nor by Colonel Charmilly, the confidential agent of the British minister, but by the Marquis Romana; and if Sir John had received this intelligence about twenty-four hours later than he did, his whole army must inevitably have been sacrificed.

The Spanish government appear from the letters of Sir John Moore, not only most industriously to have concealed all knowledge of their real situation from their ally; but as far as possible, to have deceived him by exaggerating their strength, which was weakness, and their victories, which always turned out to be defeats.—The following letter from the English general to one of his brothers, which is dated Salamanca, Nov. 26, 1808, shews the thoughts which he then entertained of the critical situation in which he was placed. This letter, it must be recollected, was written before the surrender of Madrid, and even before Sir John was acquainted with the defeat of Castanos.

‘Upon entering Spain I have found affairs in a very different state from what I expected, or from what they are thought to be in England.

'I am in a scrape, from which God knows how I am to extricate myself. But, instead of Salamanca, this army should have been assembled at Seville. The poor Spaniards deserve a better fate, for they seem a fine people; but have fallen into hands who have lost them by their apathy and *****'. The Junta, jealous of their generals, gave them no power; but kept them at the head of separate armies, each independent of the other. Thus they have prevented any union of action. They took no pains to recruit the armies, or to furnish them with arms and clothing. In short, during the interval that the French were weak, they did nothing either to overpower them before their reinforcements arrived, or to meet them with superior numbers when reinforced.

'When I marched into this country, in three divisions, from Corunna, Lisbon, and round by Madrid, instead of finding any army to cover the junction of the three corps, until our supplies and stores came up, which were necessary to enable us to act, I found that the Spanish armies were placed on each flank of the French; one in Biscay, and the other on the river Alagon; at such a distance as to be able to give no sort of support to each other, or to combine their movements; and leaving it also in the power of the French to attack either army with their whole force, as soon as they were ready. They accordingly attacked Blake, and have completely dispersed his army. Officers and men are flying in every direction. Many of them have passed this. They also got a corps, called the Estremadura army, beat at Burgos: where they sent it, without any motive, close to the strength of the French. I was desired to correspond with Castanos, and combine my movements with him; but as I began my correspondence, he was suspended, and the Marquis Romana named to the chief command, but who, when I last heard, was at Santandro. I am in no correspondence with any of their generals or armies. I know not their plans, or those of the Spanish government. No channels of information have been opened to me; and, as yet a stranger, I have been able to establish no certain ones for myself. The enemy are at Valladolid, in what force I cannot make out; and I have my junction to make with Baird whose whole force will not be at Astorga until the fifth of December, and with Hope, who will be at Arevela about the same time.

'Castanos and Palafox have about forty thousand men, mostly undisciplined peasants, upon the Ebro and Alagon. And this is all the Spaniards have to oppose 100,000 French troops. The provinces are not armed, and as to enthusiasm I have seen no marks of it. That the Spaniards must be driven from Madrid is inevitable; they have no force to resist. When they will bring up, or if they will bring up at all, I cannot guess. In this province, and throughout Old Castile, there is no mark of any intention to make any effort.

'The French cavalry are overrunning the plains; raising contributions, to which the people submit without resistance. There may be more character in other parts. Enthusiasm, and an obstinate determination not to submit to the French yoke, may do much. But

even in this case the government has been improvident; arms, ammunition, and other means are wanting. The probability, therefore, is, that the French will succeed; and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up, after the first effort, to take advantage of the impulse and of the enthusiasm which then existed. I understand all is fear and confusion at Madrid. Tell James it is difficult to judge at a distance. The Spaniards have not shewn themselves a wise or a provident people. Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action; but still they are a fine people; a character of their own quite distinct from other nations; and much might have been done with them. Perhaps they may rouse again. Pray for me that I may make right decisions; if I make bad ones, it will not be for want of consideration. I sleep little, it is now only five in the morning; and I have concluded, since I got up, this long letter.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN MOORE.

At the time when the French were advancing rapidly to Madrid with an army of eighty thousand men, Mr. Frere conceived that their force amounted only to about eleven thousand. In the letter, in which Mr. Frere exhibits this estimate of the French force, as well as in others, he presumes to give his opinion on the military movements of the commander in chief in a way which was very little consistent with his situation, and very derogatory to the dignity of the English general. In one of his letters, p. 95, he has the temerity to tell Sir John to call a council of war; and for what purpose? that the emigrant Frenchman, Colonel Charmilly, may be examined before them. Here the author of this narrative very justly observes that Mr. Frere

‘attempts to controul the commander of the forces; and seems to have expected to compel him, by a council of war, to obey, even against his will.’

Though Sir John felt, as he well might, no small degree of indignation at this impertinent interference of Mr. Frere with his military duties, he still answers his letters in a tone of calmness and moderation very honourable to his character. Sir John was very unwilling that the public cause should be injured by their individual disputes. In his letter to Mr. Frere dated Salamanca, December 6th, 1808, Sir John says,

‘I shall abstain from any remark upon the two letters from you, delivered to me last night, and this morning by Colonel Charmilly, or on the message which accompanied them. I certainly at first did feel, and expressed much indignation, at a person like him, being made the channel of a communication of that sort from you to me. Those feelings are at an end; and I dare say they never will be

excited towards you again. If Mr. Charmilly is your friend, it was, perhaps, natural for you to employ him; but I have prejudices against all that class; and it is impossible for me to put any trust in him. I shall, therefore, thank you not to employ him any more in any communication with me.'

We have already mentioned the base attempt of Morla, after he had secretly conspired to open the gates of Madrid to Buonaparte, to betray the English army into the power of the enemy. Morla was seconded in this attempt by another traitor stiled *il Principe de Castelfranco*. These perfidious persons wrote a common letter to Sir John in order to precipitate him into the gulph which they were preparing for his destruction. We are told by the author that the signature of this prince of Castelfranco was 'written with a steady hand; but that Thomas Morla's appears to have trembled in signing his infamy.'

After the capture of Madrid the Junta of Toledo wrote to Sir John Moore that they were resolved to *defend that city to the last extremity, and to die in defence of their country*. But, instead of dying, or even making the slightest resistance, a small French corps no sooner appeared than this patriotic Junta fled with precipitation.

'Few generals,' says the author, 'have been entangled with so many embarrassments as Sir John Moore; who not only had to contend with the distrust of the Spanish government, always exaggerating their resources, and concealing or glossing over their disasters, but also to guard against the secret plots of unsuspected traitors hid in the bosom of the Junta. While the British minister, instead of assisting him with correct information, perplexed him with false intelligence, harrassed him with vexatious missions, and thwarted him with pertinacious requisitions.'

One of the few circumstances which occur in this work, at all honourable to the Spanish character is the following, which we notice with considerable satisfaction. It is extracted from the journal of Sir John Moore.

'Lord Proby was at Tordesillas reconnoitering, when a patrol of French cavalry came into the town. They stayed some time, every man in the town knew that Proby was there, for he had been two days among them; yet not a man betrayed him. And when the cavalry left the place, and his lordship came into the street, they all testified their satisfaction, and declared that though they had no arms, they would have died rather than have allowed him to be taken.'

Had as little treachery existed in the junta as in this town of Tordesillas, affairs might have taken a more favourable turn, both with respect to the British army, and to Spain.

On the 14th of December, while Sir John Moore was at Alaejos, he received a dispatch which had been intercepted from Marshal Berthier, prince de Neuchatel, to Marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia, which was of considerable importance, and made him acquainted with the *actual state* of Madrid, of which neither Mr. Frere nor the Junta had sent him any intelligence. In this letter we find that it was the opinion of the greatest generals in the French service that Sir John Moore would certainly fall back upon Lisbon. It at the same time shews that the French emperor when he trusts his generals with any important mission does not fetter them by instructions which can never, at a distance, be accommodated to places and events, but leaves all that ought to be left to the good sense and discretion of an able general, without suffering any political diplomatists to interfere with the military operations, or to blame and endeavour to contravene the resolutions of the commander.

‘A la distance ou vous vous trouvez, (says Berthier to Soult), de nous, Monsieur le Duc. vous ne pouvez vous conduire que par vous meme, et regarder tout ce que je vous écris a un si grand éloignement, comme une direction générale.’

‘Let Marshal Berthier’s letter,’ says the author of this work, ‘be compared with Mr. Frere’s. The instructions contained in the former are perspicuous, and the language is concise and polite. And though Marshal Soult only commanded a detached corps, he is left with ample discretionary powers, and free from the fetters of diplomatic men. But, what above all things merits imitation, the best information which had been received, is sent him, and the state of affairs is fairly described, neither exaggerating, nor disguising the truth. It thence appears that the correspondence between public officers in France is of an opposite nature from the pompous bulletins. The latter are intended to deceive the vulgar, the former to instruct their officers. And the French are too wise politicians to suppose that successful means can be founded on false information.’

It was on the afternoon of the 23d of December, 1808, that Sir John Moore received the note from the Marquis Romana, which announced the advance of the enemy from Madrid, and determined the English general to relinquish the attack on Soult, which would have taken place the following day. The author gives the following account of the plan, which was adopted at this juncture by Buonaparte.

‘The particulars were disclosed by his movements; but exact information has also been obtained through major Napier, of the 50th regiment. This officer at the battle of Corunna was stabbed in the body by a bayonet, and wounded in the head by a sword, yet he defended his life till quarter was promised him. When a pri-

soner, he was treated most handsomely by the duke of Dalmatia. He dined with Marshal Ney frequently, who as well as general la Borde, the chief of l'état major and other officers of rank, frankly told him the design and sentiments of the emperor. When Buonaparte received intelligence that the British were moving to the Duero, he said, 'Moore is the only general now fit to contend with me; I shall advance against him in person.' Orders were then sent to the duke of Dalmatia to give way, if attacked, and to decoy the British to Burgos, or as far eastward as possible; and at the same time to push on a corps towards Leon, on their left flank. And should they attempt to retreat, he was ordered to impede this by every means in his power. The corps on the road to Badajos was stopt, and ordered to proceed towards Salamanca; while he himself moved rapidly with all the disposable force at Madrid and the Escorial, directly to Benevente. Neither Buonaparte, nor any of his generals had the least doubt of surrounding the English with between sixty and seventy thousand men before they could reach Galicia.'

It is evident that Buonaparte entertained a high respect for the talents of Moore, as well as for the valour of the British, for he brought against them the whole of the disposable force which he had in Spain. He

‘marched from Madrid on the 18th, in person, with an army consisting of thirty-two thousand infantry, and eight thousand cavalry. The advanced guard of this cavalry passed through Tordesillas on the 24th, the same day the van of the British left Sahagun; and both moved to the same point—Benevente. There was another corps on the road to Badajos commanded by the duke of Dantzic; this had advanced to Talavera de la Reina; and had pushed on as far as Arzo-Bispo, in pursuit of the Spanish general Galuzo. This was likewise counter-marched, and was directed towards Salamanca. Even the division under the duke of Treviso which was proceeding to Saragossa was stopped, and the long-meditated vengeance against that heroic city was deferred.’

While Buonaparte was rapidly proceeding against the British, not one movement was made by the Spanish armies, notwithstanding all the pompous professions of the junta to impede his progress. The Spaniards indeed appear to have furnished the French with the supplies which they refused to their allies. During the passage of the French over the mountains, the armed peasantry might have greatly molested them on their march, have hung on their flanks, cut off their stragglers, impeded their supplies, and thrown a variety of difficulties in their way. But the conduct of the Spaniards was such as facilitated the plans of their foes rather than of their friends. The Spaniards, who had been armed by the generosity of this country, never fired a musket at a Frenchman,

'and often fled from their houses at the approach of the English; barring their doors and carrying off mules, carts, oxen, forage, and provisions, in short, whatever could lessen the distresses, or contribute to the comfort of their friends. This conduct on the part of the Spaniards excited much animosity in the breasts of the English, and was the cause of many disorders. But I have no doubt that the passive conduct of the peasantry was owing to their rulers never organizing them, nor leading them forward. Sir John Moore always entertained this opinion. In his journal and letters he praises the people, and deprecates the apathy and weakness of their chiefs: for he was not aware that there were traitors among them who paralyzed the nation.'

We shall not in this work detail the complicated sufferings which the British army endured on their retreat, as we have expatiated on that subject in the review of the Letters from Portugal, &c. and shall perhaps have occasion to mention some further particulars in the review of another work.

We shall now extract the interesting account which the author has given of the death of his brother in the words of Captain Hardinge, who was present when he was wounded; and of Colonel Anderson who was with him when he breathed his last.

'I had been ordered,' says Captain Hardinge, 'by the commander in chief to desire a battalion of the Guards to advance, which battalion was at one time intended to have dislodged a corps of the enemy from a large house and garden on the opposite side of the valley; and I was pointing out to the general the situation of the battalion, and our horses were touching, at the very moment that a cannon shot from the enemy's battery carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. The violence of the stroke threw him off his horse, on his back. Not a muscle of his face was altered, nor did a sigh betray the least sensation of pain. I dismounted and taking his hand, he pressed mine forcibly, casting his eyes very anxiously towards the 42d regiment, which was hotly engaged; and his countenance expressed satisfaction when I informed him that the regiment was advancing. Assisted by a soldier of the 42d, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham Balgowan and Captain Woodford about this time came up; and, perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for a surgeon. The blood flowed fast; but the attempt to stop it with my sash was useless, from the size of the wound. Sir John assented to being removed in a blanket to the rear; in raising him for that purpose his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs, I perceived the inconvenience, and was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when he said in his usual tone and manner, and in a very distinct voice, *'It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'* Here I feel that it would be im-

proper for my pen to venture to express the admiration with which I am penetrated in thus faithfully recording this instance of the invincible fortitude, and military delicacy of this great man. He was borne by six soldiers of the 42d and Guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture. Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal; and remarked, that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and, looking stedfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said *No, 'Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.'* I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, *'You need not go with me. Report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.'* A serjeant of the 42d, and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave general to Corunna; and I hastened to report to General Hope.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

'H. HARDINGE.'

'The tidings of this disaster were brought to Sir David Baird, when the surgeons were dressing his shattered arm. He instantly commanded them to desist, and run to attend on Sir John Moore. When they arrived and offered their assistance, he said to them, *'You can be of no service to me, go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful.'* As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn him round frequently to view the field of battle and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring waggon bearing Colonel Wynch wounded from the battle came up. The colonel asked 'who was in the blanket?' and being told Sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The general asked one of the Highlanders, whether he thought the waggon or the blanket best; who answered that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the others would keep the step, and carry him easy. Sir John said, 'I think so too.' So they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went. In carrying him through the passage of the house he saw his faithful servant François, who was stunned at the spectacle. Sir John said to him smiling, *'My friend this is nothing.'* Colonel Anderson, for one-and-twenty years the friend and companion in arms of Sir John Moore, wrote the morning following this account, while the circumstance was fresh in his memory. —I met the general on the evening of the 16th, bringing in a blanket and sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark, squeezed my hand, and said, *'Anderson, don't leave me.'* He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows; *'Anderson, you know I have always wished to die this way.'* He then asked, *are the French beaten?* which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. *'I hope the people of England will be satisfied!'* — *'I hope my country*

will do me justice!'—Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can.—Tell them every thing, say to my mother'—Here his voice quite failed him and he was excessively agitated.—'Hope, Hope, I have much to say to him,—but cannot get it out.' Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well? (A private sign was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that Captain Burrard one of his aides de camp was wounded in the action.) 'I have made my will and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will and all my papers.' Major Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him and then said to me, 'Anderson, remember you go to — and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. He has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked Major Colborne 'if the French were beaten?' and on being told they were on every point, he said, *It's a great satisfaction for me to know we have beaten the French.* 'Is Paget in the room?' On my telling him no; he said 'Remember me to him. It's General Paget I mean, he is a fine fellow. I feel myself so strong. I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness, it is great pain. Every thing François says is right, I have the greatest confidence in him.

'He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy *if all his aides-de-camp were well?* After some interval he said, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister.' He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle. This was every syllable he uttered as far as I can recollect, except asking occasionally to be placed in an easier posture.

'P. ANDERSON, *Lieut. Col.*'

Such was the melancholy but glorious end of Sir John Moore, who appears not to have been inferior to any officer in the British service in military skill. There is one quality which Sir John certainly possessed in an eminent degree, and which does not often belong to the leaders of armies. He was not prodigal of blood; he regarded the lives of his men as a deposit, which he was not *wantonly* to betray nor fruitlessly to risque their safety without any adequate object, not only of possible but of probable attainment. Hence, if he erred, it was rather on the side of caution than temerity. He seems to have considered and reconsidered every measure which he embraced, and with the utmost nicety to have calculated the chances of failure or success in every attempt.

Hence perhaps he has been thought by some to have been rather too wary and calculating a chief for the desperate venture on which he was sent. A more rash and enterpris-

ing man, who would have risked more, might *perhaps*, have done more, and suffered less. But this is only uncertain speculation; and Sir John Moore is not to be blamed for having exhibited the calm deliberation of a reflecting mind in the most perilous and perplexing circumstances in which a general can be placed. All his letters, which are ably and perspicuously written, evince the utmost anxiety to do all that foresight, or that valour, *tempered by discretion*, could do, to promote the cause which he was sent to defend, but, at the same time, not to hazard the lives of his troops in vain and rash undertakings which mocked all rational probability of success.

Had Sir John Moore been less provident, wary and reflective, there can be little doubt that he would have fallen into the snare which was artfully laid for him by Morla and the prince of Castel Franco. Mr. Frere, who appears to have been duped by the artifices of Morla, was probably designed by that traitor to be made an instrument in deceiving Sir John. Though Mr. Frere was constantly in the vicinity of the Junta, yet he seems to have been kept a total stranger to the real state of the Spanish armies or to the danger of the country from the superior force of the French. He seems to have calculated, like a sort of political Quixote, on the enthusiasm of the country, when except in one or two remote points, the whole peninsula hardly emitted a single scintillation of enthusiasm. The intelligence which Mr. Frere sent to the English general was either erroneous and calculated to mislead, or it came too late to be of any service. Few commanders of armies have ever been placed in more perplexing situations than Sir John Moore. This country, which had been screwed up to a pitch of strong delusion by the lies which were published by the Junta and their adherents respecting the victories, the enthusiasm and the public spirit of the Spaniards, was at first inclined to believe that Sir John Moore was rather remiss in his exertions; that he remained too long at Salamanca, and that he did not do all that might have been done. We must confess that we were inclined ourselves to indulge these sentiments, till such facts were produced as have completely dispelled the erroneous conclusions which the false statements of the public prints had induced us to form.

We were among the first and have never ceased to be among the warmest well-wishers to the cause of liberty in Spain. But we are convinced that that cause has had from the beginning but few advocates in that country; and the

impolitic conduct of the Junta has tended rather to diminish than to increase the number. Sir John Moore marched into Spain under the conviction that thousands of enthusiastic friends to the liberty and independence of their country, would flock to his standard, and that though the country itself was poor, the public spirit and zealous co-operation of the people would supply the want of numerous resources. But Sir John had hardly entered Spain before the pleasing vision was dissipated by the actual state of things. He found that the allies whom he was sent to support, instead of being aggrandized into giants by the subliming force of patriotic enthusiasm, were only ordinary men, and indeed depressed below the common standard by ignorance and indolence, by apathy and selfishness. Though both Sir John and his officers and men were cordially interested in the cause which they were sent to defend, yet they could not alone stem the overwhelming torrent of the French armies. The English general appears to have done all which in his situation it was wise to attempt; and he is not to be reprobated for not attempting a fool-hardy enterprize, or for not transcending the possibilities of physical strength and renewing the age of miracles.

ART. II.—*Lady Jane Grey, a Tale, in two Books; with miscellaneous Poems in English and Latin. By Francis Hodgson, A.M. &c. 8vo. pp. 352. Mackinlay. 1809.*

MR. Hodgson has thought proper, in an advertisement prefixed to this volume; and more particularly in something which he calls "a gentle alternative prepared for the reviewers," printed as the second piece in the miscellany, to pour forth the most unjust as well as indiscriminate abuse of all who make a profession of periodical criticism; confounding us all together under the title of impostors, (p. viii) dogs (p. ix.), brick walls (p. x.), dirty adversaries* (ib.), quacks (p.

* Considering the critical spirit evinced by Mr. H. in the notes to his Juvenal, however, where he treats Thomson, Cowper, Milton, Theocritus, Callimachus, nay we believe Virgil and Homer, with as little ceremony as the most blackguardly fellows among us have ever shown to Messrs—— or ——, we think it ungenerous in him to disown his relationship to our fraternity. He might at least have borrowed an expression from Mrs. Honour's Vocabulary, and called us "Dirty Cousins."

56.) mountebanks, (ib.), anonymous libellers (ib.), geese (ib.), assassins (ib.), self-raised arbiters (ib.), paltry critics (p. 57), little worms (ib.), wretches (ib.), reptiles (p. 60), cranes (p. 68), grunTERS (ib.), butchers (p. 69); calling our business, or our wares, solemn mockery (p. viii) balderdash (p. 56), virulent and indiscriminate abuse (p. ix.), gross ordure of adulation (p. 67); to say nothing of peculiar denominations affixed to individual sects among our brethren. In dealing out these "gentle alteratives," Mr. H. professes himself a friend to Dr. Johnson's maxim respecting the folly of striking soft blows in a battle. The maxim is a good one; but Mr. H. might have hit much harder had he only referred to the list of bad words which passed between some country-people of Poitou on a certain memorable occasion, and which appeared to Master Francis Rabelais worthy of being published in a complete vocabulary, and so handed down, for the use of angry authors and high-minded scoundrels, to all posterity. To a gentleman of his erudition we are certain that it is only necessary to mention the second book of the second volume of Ozell's inimitable translation, and we shall appeal to our readers whether 'scurvy companions,' 'paltry customers,' 'rascallion fly-catchers,' 'tatterdemalion nincumpoops,' do not possess more force as well as more fancy than all or any of the expressions above quoted from Mr. H.

For ourselves, we have always been, and still are Mr. Hodgson's friends, however he may despise our good-will; and, although he has been so civil, as to include us in one general commination which we are wholly unconscious of having ever deserved at his hands, we shall hold ourselves excused for not returning the compliment; and, in treating the publication before us, shall bestow on it as impartial justice as if no offence had been offered or intended us by its author. Of his personal quarrels with the conductors of certain journals which he has honoured with his more particular notice, we disclaim all jurisdiction. Those 'reptiles,' we make no doubt, are well enough armed by nature to fight their own battles. Willingly, therefore, we dismiss the 'gentle alterative' from our recollection, and pass to a more grateful subject, the gentle Lady Jane.

In adopting this theme, we believe Mr. Hodgson either to have forgotten, or not to have known, that there already existed a poem on the same foundation, and one (though little remembered) which possesses no inconsiderable share of merit. We allude to 'The Force of Religion, or Vanquished

Love' by Dr. Young. The subject is, indeed, very differently treated by the two poets. The plan adopted by Mr. Hodgson has one great advantage over that of the earlier author; since, by carrying back the scene to those hours of peace and love which were passed by Lady Jane in company with her books, and her beloved Dudley, before the fatal ambition of a father had involved her in the final miseries of her existence, he has not only gained the advantage of much natural and pleasing description and many moral reflections, of a stamp less awfully affecting than those to which the sad catastrophe of his tale gives occasion, but has likewise obtained those more technical benefits which the skilful artist knows how to derive from the force of contrast and the various emotions of the mind. The character, too, of his principal personage, is much more truly and more beautifully represented by exhibiting it both in the lights and shades of life. On the other hand, Mr. Hodgson has left out of his narrative, a circumstance, which forms the leading feature of Young's poem, which is moreover (unless our memory deceives us) warranted by historical truth, and is certainly capable of the highest moral, as well as poetical, utility,—the last severe trial which his incomparable heroine is made to undergo from the tears and intercessions of her husband, who, (wholly unmanned by the thought of her approaching suffering) entreats her to sign the recantation of her faith, the stipulated price of life and liberty.

In the execution of his task, however, it is safe to affirm that Mr. H. has most decidedly surpassed his predecessor, and this not only in the superior ease and correctness of his versification (a virtue which some may be inclined to attribute to the age rather than to the author), but also in the grace of his descriptions and the pathetic sentiments and reflections with which he has adorned and diversified his narrative. The frequent recurrence of such passages as these may indeed appear to be challenged by the tale itself; and yet Dr. Young's poem is very defective in this respect. Even that last agonizing trial to which he exposes his heroine is marked rather by force than tenderness of expression; and the beautiful picture of Guilford's anguish, almost at the opening of the poem, is disfigured by the formal simile appended to its conclusion.

We shall select from Mr. Hodgson's poem a single passage, the length of which will not offend our readers. It is of a nature so very different from that of Dr. Young's to which we have just referred, that it will be immediately seen

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we do not wish to compare them together. But stronger evidence cannot be brought of qualities which we have attributed to Mr. H. and which a translator of Juvenal may not, on the unsupported credit of our assertion, be immediately believed to possess, than the following picture of love and happiness affords.

‘ Down Broadgate’s vale, where glittering to the sun
The winding streamlet’s silver waters run.

Where yonder wood, with paths and alleys green,
Invites the wanderer in that pleasant scene
To lose the cares of state, and cast aside
The brilliant veil that cloaks the pangs of pride,
To mourn forbidden joys, and sigh in vain
For the blest hours of Dudley and his Jane.

Down Broadgate’s vale those happy lovers rove,
And find a world in one sequester’d grove,

‘ Now pensive eve had touch’d the hills around
With rosy light, that slept upon the ground ;
In trembling radiance kist the glossy flood,
And streak’d with gold the many-shaded wood:

’Twas her own hour of contemplation calm,
When the bush’d air exhales a holy balm ;
No falling leaf the solemn stillness broke,
But nature listened while a lover spoke.

‘ “ Oh my fair Jane ! how oft have I express’d
All that I could of love—to know the rest,
With those dear eyes it must be read in-me,
A task that would employ eternity.

Read it in these fond arms, this glowing face,
Love’s silent pause, and rapture’s long embrace.
For words are feeble in a state like this,

Where the whole heart o’erflows with boundless bliss.”

“ My gentle lord,” the modest Jane replies,

“ In love there is not leisure to be wise,

Nor have I heart to check thy tender strain—

Yet an uneasy fear disturbs thy Jane,

That this our sweetest converse will not last,

But, like yon fading sunbeams, quick be past !

For not more close, when dazzling lightnings glare,

Follows the thunder through the troubled air,

Than, in this scene of life, a cloud of woes,

Bursts on our transient joys, and banishes repose.

* *Swift down the pathway of declining years,*

As on we journey through our vale of tears,

* Mr. Hodgson cannot often be detected of plagiarism, but here he shews himself the worst of thieves, having stolen from himself. (See Juvenal, Sat. ix.)

At every turn some schemes of pleasure end,
 And now a lover falls, and now a friend.
 Sigh not, my Guilford—for whatever fate
 Thee and thy faithful consort shall await,
 Fortune's worst malice we can still disarm,
 While Dudley lives, and Jane has power to charm.
 But oh! the hard prerogative of rank!
 In some poor cottage on that mossy bank
 Thy Jane might live contentedly with thee,
 Nor ever lose thy dear society:
 Like the pure stream that o'er the meadow strays,
 Might glide the current of our noiseless days;
 'Together we might range the flowery green,
 And read of battles in this peaceful scene.'

* * * * *

Oh! let us ever dream of love like this!
 Not in the fervor of the wanton kiss,
 Not in the noise of the nocturnal ball,
 When vacant dancers crowd the splendid hall;
 Not in the stately feast, or mimic show,
 Where senseless fashion ranks her motley row,
 And with the languor of indifferent smiles
 Kills sickening thought, and lazy time beguiles;
 Let us imagine love! diviner power,
 Ennobling balm of virtue's lonely hour,
 That pure devotion which to one we owe,
 Those sacred vows which none but lovers know,
 Steal o'er the conscious-soul with soothing force
 And leave the world to folly and remorse.

'If in that world one beauteous form there be,
 That hides a heart of loathsome perfidy,
 If one—whom injur'd honour will not name,
 But secretly arouse to lasting shame,
 Who now, forgetful of her earlier choice,
 Tunes to another ear the Siren voice—
 When on this page her altering eye shall fall,
 Let her touch'd soul the parting hour recall,
 When, weeping in her lover's warm embrace,
 And, hiding in his breast that tell-tale face,
 She softly murmur'd—read the vengeful line,
 False beauty, read! "I am for ever thine."

After all the praises which may justly be bestowed on Mr. Hodgson's execution of this poem, and notwithstanding the highly pathetic circumstances of the history, it may be doubted whether the subject which he has chosen is altogether well calculated for the purposes of poetry, or whether it will excite that peculiar species of interest on which the charm of poetry depends. We should write an essay, not a review,

were we to enquire, like the philosophers of Edinburgh, into the reasons which incline us to entertain this doubt, (a doubt equally applicable perhaps to most historical poems,)—but it is certain that much good poetry has been absolutely thrown away on the same subject in the instance of Dr. Young whose performance nobody reads, and few have ever heard of; and, notwithstanding the superior advantages which we have stated Mr Hodgson's to possess, we are afraid the same reasons may operate against his popularity on the present occasion as against that of his predecessor. In one instance, where he has resorted to fiction, he has given evidence of the absolute incongruity of that species of poetical ornament with the narrative of well-known events; we mean the sudden death of the harper at the marriage-feast, a circumstance which shocks the belief much more than it interests the feelings, of the reader, and induces him rather to refer for his satisfaction to the pages of Fox or Heylyn, than stop to shed tears at the approaching calamities which it is construed to forbode.

Though the publication now before us bears on its back the title of 'Lady Jane Grey,' yet in fact the lovely sufferer occupies no more than fifty pages of room; and had Mr. Hodgson entitled his volume 'Miscellanies' only, (which would have been upon the whole more correct, since his principal poem is not important enough to give name to the book) we should not perhaps have dwelt so long on the first article of its contents to the prejudice of many others in the table which we consider as deserving of particular notice.

The 'gentle alterative,' before mentioned, is followed by a considerable collection of 'Latin poems, original and translated,' which, by those who understand no language but their own, and conceive that it is the privilege of a *Satirist* to deal out rank abuse without either sense, wit, or knowledge to recommend him, will perhaps be ridiculed in the mass as a bundle of old exercises preserved by the vanity of a school-boy. Luckily for Mr. Hodgson, however, they will not fall exclusively into such dirty hands, as those of the above-mentioned critics; and in order to contribute our share towards bringing them into the notice of persons better qualified to feel and judge their merit, we shall, after saying a few words about the remaining pieces of English poetry in the volume, return to bestow some more particular attention on these compositions.

The 'English miscellanies' which form the third and largest division of the present publication, are, indeed, most

properly so called—songs, tales, rhapsodies, fragments of letters, elegies amorous and moral, parodies, ballads, translations, burlesques, sonnets, epitaphs, epigrams, imitations, all follow each other in gay confusion, and (if all action were confined to that of wielding a goose-quill) might justly entitle the author and publisher to exclaim :

Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.

If the severer order of critics may condemn the total absence of arrangement and connexion apparent in the formation of this motley groupe, those who are more indulgent may pardon the author in consideration of the superior amusement which the reader will derive from that very want of order. Mr. Hodgson literally appears to think in verse, and to set down every thought in his book as fast as it occurs to his imagination. It is therefore needless to observe that, however the nose of censure may be curled on the occasion, all those, whose minds are in any degree imbued with the same love of rhyme and the same variety of fancy which distinguish the author, will follow him with infinitely more satisfaction than they would the gravest and most methodical of his lecturers.

At the same time it will hardly be denied that in so heterogeneous a mixture there may be many morsels to feed the spleen of his enemies, and some which his friends might wish to have been suppressed ; but in saying this, it is right to observe that there are none which can offend the strictest delicacy, or render the work improper to be placed in the most innocent and virtuous hands. It would be a task equally invidious and difficult to distinguish from the mass of what is valuable or interesting such portions as for the reasons above mentioned the author might have done better to have expunged : and probably no two critics among us would agree as to the particular objects of selection. It may be more fair, as it certainly is more good-natured, to let the author be judge upon this occasion, both for himself and his readers ; and to content ourselves with pointing out a few specimens of what is worthy of praise, rather than of what we might deem objectionable.

There is nothing that we can recollect either in Moore, or even in his prototype Anacreon, more spirited than the following " praises of wine."

' Oh moment most blest in the short life of man !
Brightest spot of enjoyment in time's gloomy span !
When, just languid enough for delight, we recline
By the fire's cheerful blaze o'er the fast flowing wine,

With sensations too soothing for words to express,
 Alive to all joy, dead to every distress,
 Then, then, gushing forth from the rapturous soul,
 Good humour and genius unitedly roll;
 Laughing friendship recounts all the pastimes of youth,
 And at least we display that one excellence—truth,
 Cold prudence is banish'd, hypocrisy dies,
 And the warm-honest spirit looks out at the eyes.

* * * * *

‘Wine mitigates sorrow, wine stimulates joy!
 Its virtues ne’er fail, its delights never cloy—
 It gives strength to the weak, gentle thoughts to the strong,
 Renovation to hope, inspiration to song.
 Age gathers fresh virtue from wonderful wine,
 And the best bloom of youth, radiant liquor, is thine!
 Thou eapest the captive, thou lull’st to repose
 The sad eye that too long has forgotten to close,
 All, all canst thou conquer—ah! wouldst thou but prove
 Victorious for me over absence and love.’

By way of contrast to this effusion of mirth and good fellowship, we could quote many passages of beautifully tender sentiment from the fragments of his epistolary poems; but here again the difficulty of selection almost deters us from giving any specimens at all. However, as this would be a manifest injustice to the author, we will take almost at random some of the lines addressed (in p. 248) “To a friend.”

‘Oh thou, whose every pleasure answers mine,
 Mirth, and the song, and wit, and generous wine,
 Say, though philosophy with frowning eye
 Flies our light hearts, and shall for ever fly,
 Is not each feeling of soft nature ours
 That soothes distress, or heightens cheerful hours?
 Are we not bound by friendship’s fondest chain,
 By scenes that memory oft’ enjoys again?
 In taste alike, in soul-betraying truth,
 And all the raptures of coeval youth?’

‘Oh! can we e’er forget, in Eton’s shades,
 Our mutual offering to the tuneful maids,
 When earliest fancy in our numbers shone?
 And our breast echoed peace and love alone?
 Yes, hand in hand, thro’ flowery paths we stray’d,
 Together studied and together play’d;

‘Traced the bright streams of everliving-song,
 And gazed and wonder’d as they roll’d along.

* * * * *

—Yes, many an eve, when vulgar sports employ
 The clay-cold bosom of the tuneless boy,

Enraptur'd listening to some classic page,
 A spirit caught us, far beyond our age,
 Warm'd into life the rising seeds of mind,
 And bad us leave the vacant throng behind.

* * * * *
 Age! let thy snows o'erspread our wrinkled brow,
 Age! let thy frost restrain our fancy's flow,
 Thou canst not chill the genial charm that springs
 From boyish sports, from undistinguished things,
 Reacted oft in memory's busy cell,
 And bound for ever by the muses' spell.

* * * * *
 But chief, the invariable love, that turns
 To the same point, together laughs and mourns,
 Shares each depression, every joy imparts,
 And makes but one of two consenting hearts,
 Shall shed a sweetness in the bitterest bowl,
 That life can offer to a wounded soul.'

If any inducement were wanting to treat Mr. H. in the most liberal spirit of criticism, the following excellent criticism of his own would supply us with it.

An Answer to the Question of a Critic.

'Where lies the charm ungovern'd Scott displays?
 —In the wild vigour of his lawless lays—
 And sudden bursts of tenderness are there,
 And warlike valour's animating air;
 Castle and convent fill the glowing scene,
 Rocks tower around, and rivers roll between;
 The deeds of other days entranced we see,
 Heraldic pomp, and pride of chivalry;
 The plundering inroad, the tumultuous fight,
 Hall, minstrel, feast, fair dame, and gallant knight.'

Mr. Hodgson's merit as a translator is already sufficiently appreciated by those who are in possession of his former publication, and have read not only his version of Juvenal, but the many beautiful specimens contained in his notes upon that version. For this reason, and because we wish to hasten to the examination of his Latin poems, we shall content ourselves with saying that this volume is enriched by many similar contributions from the stores of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Martial, which are very far from diminishing his reputation, or from making us recal the wish which we have indulged of seeing others of the Roman poets as honourably distinguished by Mr. Hodgson's talents as the great satirist whom he has already represented.

We now revert to the Latin poems, many of which are translations, and the rest chiefly extemporaneous originals, such as extracts from letters; and subjects which rising in

the course of conversation, offered an opportunity of successful impromptu. In this miscellany we find no instance of deep thought, deliberate meditation, or critical anxiety of structure beyond what is really beautiful and simple. Every line almost evinces natural genius, highly improved and cultivated by Etonian instruction; regularity in metrical laws, but wildness in imagery, luxuriance in idea, but compression in language. We hesitate to compare Vincent Bourne with Mr. Hodgson—beautiful and sweet as many of Bourne's translations are, yet we can scarcely in any instance meet with ten of his lines wherein there shall not be such incorrectness and vulgarity as to displease a critic who lays no claim to superior fastidiousness. The poet, who could write the lines,

—'Vultus erat, qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque sepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.'—

could also write thus:

—'Quam malè persuades, experiendo scies.'

But in Mr. Hodgson's verses, our ears are never vexed by such incongruous combinations, such unmetrical blunders as *experiendo scies*—*cum Corydone Strephon*, &c. to say nothing of the perpetually recurring licence of shortening the final in the first person singular, inaccuracies which put us more forcibly in mind of the modern epilogues spoken in Dean's Yard, than of the purity of the Augustan writers. But enough on this subject. We congratulate Mr. Hodgson on the acquisition of a more correct taste, and we doubt whether the finished and laboured compositions of his contemporaries, Messrs. Frere and Bayley, the rival bards of Eton during his progress through that school (as we are led by dates and internal evidence in the *Juvenal*, as well as in the miscellanies, to conclude) have left us happier effusions in the *Musæ Etonenses*, or their university compositions, than now lie before us.

The task of severity is always disagreeable; we are, indeed, throughout this article, generally freed from the necessity of it; some slight animadversions, we must here, however, interpose, though we do not presume to offer a 'gentle alterative;' after which short act of justice, we shall shut a book, in which we have taken almost unvaried interest, with extracting a few passages of superior beauty, and exhorting Mr. Hodgson (if his muse is too desultory to be confined to a steady walk) to dive still deeper into his portfolio, to re-examine his poetical correspondence, to walk again to the '*Casula Harroviensis*,' to fall again in love

with his mistresses, Eliza, Cynthia, Neæra, Harriet, Lucy, Mary, Helen, and the 'high-born maid of Inistore,' that we may again anatomize and lecture upon the *disjecti membra poetæ*

The following is by no means a spirited translation from Moore, whose playful humour is ill adapted to the grave measure of elegiac verse.

'Nullum illabentem gremio sibi sensit amorem,
Nulla animo admisit somnia prava pio. P. 84.'

The epigram (p. 81) on Lambert, the great man of Piccadilly, may be quaint enough in English, but has very little force, if any, in Latin.

Neither of the translations (p. 85) of the epigram in Carlyle's specimens of Arabic poetry, strike us as happy. The latter, particularly, beginning,

• 'Quando nutricis, puer,' &c.

is too much dilated; and both are far eclipsed by the epigrammatic simplicity with which the same lines are translated in the next page by his friend Mr. H. Drury, both in elegiac and hendecasyllabic verse.

'Cum tibi distinxit natalem lacryma lucem,
Risimus ad cunas, læta caterva, tuas.
Vive ita, ut extremâ dum rides suaviter horâ,
Distinguat socias lacryma fusa genas.'

'Cum natalibus o beate Sexti,
Tuis adjuimus caterva gaudens,
(Vagitu resonis strepente cunis)
In risum domus omnis est soluta.
Talis vive, precor, beate Sexti,
Cum mors immineat toro cubantis,
Ut, circum lacrymantibus propinquis,
Solut non alio fruare risu.'

The verses on 'All the Talents' are very bold; and, with a reference to two or three more of the epigrams as instances of bad taste and hurry, (p. 82 from Mallet, p. 83 from Goldsmith, p. 343 from Moore) we shall turn from reproof to praise; to a higher praise than our pen can give, the submitting some brilliant passages to the reader, whom we shall trouble with no farther comments of our own.

Non ita—hirsutam mathesin, scholæque
 Limen aversata severioris,
 Illa cænosi siluere iniquo in
 Margine Cami.

Nor can we withhold a concluding extract from a beautiful poetical letter on the narrow escape from death of a mutual friend, which, however obscured by local circumstances, is a masterly instance of our author's abilities in the pathetic.

' Tu quoque—vicini quanquàm tibi signa pepercit
 Interitûs, Fortuna ; nec aspexisse jacentis
 Immotum stabilemque in limine mortis ocellum,
 Ne c pressisse manum felici contigit—"illam"
 Dum risu placidus, "supremum attingitis," inquit,
 "Pulsantem aînbiguo venas velocius ictu.
 Nondum abiit protracta dies ! sed ad ultima præceps
 Decurrit spatia, et sperato in carcere pendet.
 Usque adeo riget intus, et insuperabile nervus
 Corripuit lethale gelu. Sed—si qua sepulti
 Cura mei est, miserum, atque insontem crimine mortis
 Vellem alio periisse modo me credere, vellom
 Erigere, et vanâ solari, et fallere lâmâ,
 Afflictum minûs, et felicem errore recepto."
 ' O ingens, majorque sui formidine fati,
 Alterius tamen ægra malis, et avara salutis
 Ne reus invitæ necis audiat auctor, et illi
 Ignoscens Anima, ingenuæ qui filia juventæ
 Rescidit, et viduam privavit prole parentem.
 Heu ! miser in studiis et honore ; novique laboris
 Dura rudimenta, et teneræ gravis exitus artis.
 Mors ita te abripuit ? te pulcra et magna minatum
 Auspicio intercepta malo ; vetuitque volentem,
 Ne pia præteritas reparet solertia nugas.'

ART. III.—*Letters on various Subjects, literary, political, and ecclesiastical, to and from William Nicholson, D. D. successively Bishop of Carlisle, and of Derry, and Archbishop of Cashell; including the Correspondence of several eminent Prelates, from 1683 to 1726—7 inclusive; faithfully printed from the Originals; and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F.S.A.E. and P. 2 vols. pp. 656. J. Nichols and Son: 1809.*

THE learning and research of bishop Nicholson, are sufficiently evinced in his Historical Library, and the present letters, will tend to show that he was not only an industrious antiquary, but an amiable man. He seems to have been particularly zealous in encouraging the study of the ancient northern languages; and many parts of the present correspondence prove that he was no mean proficient in the knowledge of natural history.—The letters themselves are to and from some of the most learned contemporary antiquaries, scholars, and divines.—It will suffice to mention some of the names of those who have a share in this correspondence, to convince the reader that he is likely to derive, at least, some portion of instruction and of entertainment from the perusal. The names of Thoresby, of Mr. Edward Lhwyd, the author of *Archaeologia Britannica*, &c. &c. of Dr. Edmund Gibson, the translator of Camden, and editor of the *Saxon Chronicle*, of Archbishop Sharpe, Dr. Woodward, Mr. Wotton, Dr. Hickes, Mr. Thwaites, who published the *Saxon Heptateuch*, of Archbishop Wake, Dr. Atterbury, &c. &c. are such as it does not often fall to the lot of an individual to number among his correspondents. Of most letters the topics must necessarily be frivolous or ephemeral; and though some portion of this will be found in these volumes, yet they are often found mixed with matter of more general interest and importance, which have not been entirely dissipated by the lapse of a century.

The two following letters, which are from Mr. Wilkins, the editor of the *Anglo-Saxon laws*, &c., to Bishop Nicholson, show in a striking manner the rank toryism, or rather Jacobitism and disaffection to the house of Hanover, which prevailed in the university of Oxford, at the time when they were written.

From Mr. Wilkins.

OXFORD, JAN. 31, 1715-6:

' MY HONOURED LORD,

'The satisfaction and comfort I have now and then by the honour of a letter from your lordship, and some other very worthy prelates, overbalances the grief and displeasure I undergo in being in this disaffected place; which, notwithstanding the solemn promises they lately made, continues to rejoice at the hopes of the late Duke of Ormond's attempt upon the west, and the regent of France's private assisting the pretender. No arms nor oaths can root out of their minds some jesuitical distinction, with which they mock God, and delude his vicegerent amongst us; witness their private and public discourses, in which either their idol, the late chancellor, is praised to the skies, or king George and his ministry is run down.

'To give an instance of both: When, last week, the prince of Anhalt was, with all marks of esteem and honour, received by this university, and degrees conferred upon him and his company, Mr. Cæsar, a German preacher of the Savoy, in London, was made doctor of divinity by Mr. Delaune, Margaret Professor, who had the best opportunity of saying something of king George, when he spoke of the king of Prussia, whose chaplain that gentleman is. But he only said that Mr. Cæsar had been very well known to queen Anne; when he and every body does know that he is much more now so with king George.—The other instance, (which has raised the bishop of Bristol's and Dr. Charlett's indignation upon me) happened last Sunday was sevensnight, when a great body of divinity, being at dinner at Christ church, instead of pledging the prince and princess's health, drank to our Hanoverian friend (*de unctionibus*) the duke of Ormond. This I happened to whisper to a friend, who made a merit to expose the Oxonians; and now I am like to suffer for it.

'But that is not all what they aim at. They boast at the name of *tories* still; that is, of occasionally conforming jacobites: and as long as they see their dean refuse to sign the abhorrence of the last rebellion, together with so many of his brethren, what can their principle be but to be pleased with the rebels? For he that is not for me is against me, and *vice versa*.

'Tom Hearne begins to declare himself a non-juror publicly, and says, there is no honesty but in the whigs and jacobites; he is mightily humbled of late, and expects to be turned out of the Bodleian every day.

'I beg your lordship to let me have a note of what you would have collated or copied here, I shall find leisure, though I cannot peace, here (for there is no peace with the wicked) to do whatever lays in my power for your lordship's services. I suffered throwing of stones and dirt before the soldiers came: now I prepare myself for hissing, and back-biting. Would to God my New Testament was done!

'I pray God to keep your lordship in his safe-guard from the insults and barbarities of your rebellious neighbours; and am, with all veneration, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's ever dutiful son,

and obedient humble servant,

'D. WILKINS.'

From Mr. Wilkins.

OXFORD, MARCH 21, 1716-7.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'Whatever fate befalls this university whilst I stay in it, I am certain I cannot be worse used than I have been already. The bishop of Bristol went up to London on Tuesday last with an address from some heads of houses to my lord archbishop, to stop, if possible, the royal visitation; which, it seems, they are mightily afraid of here; for nothing will shew them more in their proper colours. One great abuse here, I desire your lordship to reflect upon; that those exhibitioners of Balliol College that were turned out for refusing to take the oaths, do appear here still, in their gowns, and most in that same college; and one of them, Sterling by name, that was like to be pilloried a twelve-month ago for treasonable words, teaches publicly mathematics; and so seduces some young men of the university to the pretender's interest.

'I make what haste two eyes and hands possibly can make, to finish what his grace of Canterbury expects of me here, in order to receive your lordship's instructions for Cambridge; which, if no mishap turns me off of my design, will be in Easter week; the approach of which time I shall reckon very long, because your lordship, with such an undeserved kindness, orders to hasten up to town, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,

and most obedient humble servant,

'D. WILKINS.'

Mr. Wilkins who afterwards visited Cambridge, when he was admitted doctor of divinity, gives the following account of the *whiggism*, which then glowed in that learned seminary, and which may be well contrasted with the opposite sentiments which were so general in the sister university.

From Dr. Wilkins.

LAMBETH, OCT. 15, 1717.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'I am but just returned from Cambridge, where I had the good fortune to be created Doctor of Divinity by Dr. Bentley. The good bishop of Norwich had so much kindness for me, as to put me in the king's list of his own accord, by which I saved a great

sum of money : only my exercises I had composed in vain, and reckon so much time lost. His majesty has made a general conquest of the affectations of grumbling people wherever he was ; and expressed a great deal of satisfaction in being so kindly received by the university. The duke of Somerset (who is said to glory more in being chancellor of Cambridge than in his other titles) exerted himself in a fine speech, which he thus concluded : *If our university is not the learnedest society in the world, your Majesty's late present will make us so.* The university orator made a very ingenious, learned, Latin speech, which, as well as Dr. Bentley's, the king said, he understood every word.

‘ As long as the king staid at Cambridge, one heard nothing (although it was upon a Sunday) but ringing of bells, *Vivat Rex!* king George for ever ! The country people came ten miles and farther to see this solemnity ; and the king was pleased to shew himself openly ; admitted every body where he dined, made presents to the poor of all parishes, to the two gaols, to the ringers of every church, and to the sizars of Trinity College. What will the sister university say to this ?

‘ My lord, I remember you were kindly pleased to give me a faint promise of a dissertation upon my Saxon laws. I could wish business would give your lordship leave to spend now and then a leisure minute upon it. I am persuaded it will be the greatest ornament of my book ; and my incredible pains and labour will only be reckoned worth having or reading, because such patrons of learning as your lordship are pleased to illustrate and to recommend it to the world. I am, with all veneration and respect, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,
and most obedient humble servant,

‘ D. WILKINS.’

Such appears to have been the difference in the *political temperature* of the two English universities in the reign of the first George. The first George was caressed, respected, and honoured in the university of Cambridge, while that of Oxford made an effort to prevent the king from showing his face among them ; but how much has the case been altered in the present reign !—His present majesty has, we believe, paid two or three visits to the alma mater on the banks of the Isis, but have the waters of old Cam ever yet been permitted to reflect his gracious smile ?—We shall not investigate the cause. That will be matter of history.

When Mr. Wilkins was admitted to his degree of D.D. Dr. Bentley had lately been chosen professor of divinity, and he gives his friend Bishop Nicholson, the following account of the speech which the professor delivered on the occasion.—Whatever relates to Bentley possesses as much, and, perhaps, even more interest at this time than it did a

century ago, for his was one of those minds which are most correctly appreciated by posterity.—His theological labours may, perhaps, without much loss to futurity, be rolled into oblivion, notwithstanding the accession of dignity, which they might at the time have derived from his theological professorship; but of his critical sagacity and erudition we will say in the language of the Theban bard,

ἀμείβαι δ' ἐπὶ λαιπῶι
μέγετες σοφώτατοι

Pind. Olym. 1.

We shall make no apology for quoting the following letter, from its relation to such a man, and from some incidental traits which it furnishes of his genuine character.

From Dr. Wilkins.

BENE'T COLLEGE, JUNE 9, 1717.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'If the Cantabrigians had the advantage which the Oxonians enjoy, to write daily by the post to London, your lordship should have had an account of Professor Bentley's remarkable speech, at the entering into his office, by Friday's post.

'The whole discourse contained insubstance nothing but an enarration of his performances done, and some that are to follow. He began to give us the reasons, why, now he was *in limine senectutis*, he desired to be made professor, in spite of his *ringentes* rivals; and *patefecerit viam* to that place which he refused eighteen years ago, because he formerly had other views. He liked the company of great men at court; but now every place in London was full of contention, quarrel, and tumult. *Jam Cantabrigia placet, placet bibliotheca, placet aer, placent eruditorum hominum mores*; so that he designs to live and die here. He thanked the pro-vice-chancellor, the master of Queen's, and his two senior fellows, for choosing him professor, and put at the same time a slur upon the three heads of houses that should have been present at the election. He was full of praises of his predecessors, of whom some were made bishops, some archbishops; and that he was sensible how unworthy he was to succeed them; especially since all the world knew that he had studied more the *Humaniora* than divinity. But yet he said that he has had Thomas Aquinas in his study these thirty years, and had read him; that he had studied Syriac, Chaldaic, and other oriental languages, till he was like to fall into a consumption. It was true, indeed, that he had printed Phalaris, Callimachus, Menander, Tully's Tusculan questions, and Horace; and that thereby he had shewed himself a philosopher and a critic, rather than a *theologus*. But yet he had printed some sermons at Boyle's lectures, which were translated into several languages; that he had refuted the free-thinkers, for which he had the university's solemn thanks; and *augustissimi principis matrona* had or-

dered him the printing of it. Besides this, he said, that he has read a great many of the fathers, Greek and Latin; that he had Clemens, Origen, and Eusebius, ready for the press; and if that would not deserve him the title of a *theologus*, he said, that under Beaumont he had taken his doctor's degree. But that, says he, is no proof, because a man by being a doctor of physic is not supposed to be a physician; nor a doctor of laws to be a lawyer (which he intended for a reflection upon the professors of those two faculties). Then he desired his auditors not to judge his abilities at present, now he begins his office; *detur crescendicopia*; and after-ages will show that he is a *theologue*, by reason of his excellent design of a new edition of a New Testament; of which, by the help of Origen and St. Jerome, and some very old MSS. he will make the text so undoubtedly true, *ut è manibus apostolorum vix purior et sincerior evaserit*, which shall for ever be a standard of religion to christianity. At last he promised to read over the scholastic divines; and whatever of modern divinity the pamphlets contain he would buy, and exercise himself and his disputants; to whom he *sanctè* promised to be very civil: assist the respondents; and give room for the opponents to exercise their talents; and moreover, that he would encourage any body in printing of divinity books; and so concluded.

'In his answer to the question about the supremacy of the pope, he asserted that abundance of Christian bishops ought not to give place to the bishop of Rome; and that, if he was to meet in a place with the archbishop of Canterbury, our archbishop should take place of him.

'But I fear I have tired your lordship's patience. The bells call me to perform the duty of this holy-day for a fellow of our house that is gone into Norfolk, which I shall do every Sunday and holy-day, as long as I stay here. I am heartily sorry my condition is such that I have not a hood to wear over my surplice; and I have no prospect of getting one in this university, it being against the statutes and custom. I am, with all respect, My honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,
and obedient humble servant,

D. WILKINS.'

As these letters contain a variety of interesting particulars, the editor to whom no one, who is acquainted with his numerous and useful labours, can justly impute any want of industry or exertion, would have consulted the advantage of the reader by subjoining an index of the contents. We would wish him and other publishers of letters *which are worth publishing*, to attend to the reproof which the learned Morhoff passes on most of the editors of epistolary works.

'*Illud denique magnopere reprehendendum est in plerisque epistolarum scriptoribus, nullum illis adjici indicem, qui de potissimis literarum contentis docere possit.*' Morhoff, Vol. 1, lib. 1, cap. xxiii. § 8.

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ART. IV.—*Metaphysical Essays; containing the Principles and fundamental Objects of that Science.* By Richard Kirwan, Esq. LL.D.P.R.I.A.F.R.S. &c. &c. Vol. 1. pp. 506. Payne and Mackinlay. 1809.

'METAPHYSICKS,' says the author, 'comprehend three objects of inquiry: first, the true signification of words used in treating of intellectual subjects; secondly, a true notion of the human mind, and of its principal phenomena; thirdly, proper notions of the Supreme Being, and his most important attributes.'

Of these objects, the second seems the principal. The first has in fact little more relation to metaphysicks than to any other science; for no science can be developed without words nor rendered intelligible to others unless the sense of the words which are employed be definite and clear. But in a metaphysical treatise, as in a treatise on any other subject, the sense of the words should be rendered so clear and definite by the use, that those who read the book may be able to understand it without a dictionary of the terms. Where the terms are used in a clear definite sense no ambiguity can arise. If Mr. Kirwan thought it right to accompany this treatise with an explanation of terms, would it not have been better to have arranged them in the form of a glossary at the end of the work, to which a reference might be made as soon as any ambiguity arose? With respect to what the author calls the third object of metaphysicks 'proper notions of the Supreme Being and his most important attributes,' we must confess that to obtain and to communicate these notions appears to us more appropriate to the province of theology than of metaphysicks. And though we know that theology and metaphysicks are often confounded, by which both are rendered more obscure, we are anxious as much as possible to keep them apart and to make them objects of distinct consideration.

The proper object of metaphysicks according to us is an analysis of the properties of mind. The mind, though one and indivisible, has various modes of operation. These modes, when considered by themselves and as distinguished from other modes, are called faculties, as memory, imagination, judgment, &c.; and the mind, when resolved into these faculties is often considered as an organic compound, or complication of machinery, which, like a watch or any other mechanical instrument, may be taken to pieces and put together again. But these faculties are not so many distinct

parts of the mind but only so many distinct modes of its agency. The great percipient is only one. It is the same mind which *judges*, which *acts*, which *exercises*, which *remembers*.

To analyse the faculties of the mind is to show its different modes of operation. For the mind of man, like that of the divinity, the *ens entium*, can be known only from its modes of sensible operation. The mind itself, the self-conscious percipient, the only real existence in the constitution of man, is placed beyond the reach of human observation, and those who resolve the thinking principle into a convolution of organic fibres like the brain, might as well suppose the thinking power of the Almighty spirit to consist only in the organized system of the visible universe. If there be any reality, like what is called *matter*, and if that matter, when fashioned into a brain, can *think* as a certain class of persons called materialists suppose, then, on the same principle, why should not the organic universe possess the *thinking* faculty as well as the human brain?

The first essay in this volume, which extends as far p. 149, is taken up with explanations of terms some of which might have been omitted without any disadvantage to the work, as their signification is sufficiently clear and definite without the aid of a glossary. For instance, in § i. c. ii. the author attempts to explain the terms ('being, existence, essence, possibility;') the notions included in which are too well known to need any explanation, and the definite use of these terms in the treatise itself would have prevented any mistake in the application. In § ii. we find explanations of these words 'substance, nature, subsistence and personality.' Of these what the author says on the term 'substance,' seems to us very definite and satisfactory. This we shall quote because it will at the same time serve to show the metaphysical system which the author has embraced, and which many profound thinkers have deemed to furnish the most lucid insight into the phenomena of mind.

'*Substance* in the metaphysical sense denotes the subject of various states, attributes, powers, or modifications, its essence or identity remaining the same, and to which various properties belong or are ascribed, though its *essence* be absolutely unknown. It is a being essentially perceptive.

'The knowledge we have of it is derived from our consciousness that our mind, soul, or thinking principle, is one and the same when we feel pleasure and when we feel pain; when we grieve and when we rejoice; when we see and when we do not see; when we

desire, will, or resolve; and when we judge, &c. The subject of these different states of our mind, whether active or passive, we call its *substance*.

'The *existence* of only three sorts of substances is known to us; that of our own minds by consciousness, that of other men by analogy, that of God by ratiocination and analogy, and that of angels by revelation. The existence of that substance, which is usually ascribed to the fictitious external objects of our sensations, is not only destitute of any solid proof, but absolutely impossible, as will hereafter be proved; but, in a physical sense, that is, in common language, certain aggregates of sensations, or sensible qualities comprehended under the same name, are called substances.'

What Mr. Kirwan says on 'subsistence,' might as well not have been said, for it adds nothing to the stock of our knowledge nor to the number of our ideas.

'Duhamel,' says Mr. Kirwan, 'owns that the distinction of subsistence from substance is only known to us though the mysteries of the Trinity and incarnation; that is *ignotum per ignotius*. Tournely also allows the different significations of subsistence to be theological fictions and scarcely intelligible.'

A metaphysical treatise, in which all that we want is clear ideas definitely expressed, should abstain even from the notice of these and similar absurdities. We are anxious to know what the truth is, rather than how it has been perverted. The author says that the definition of personality, which Dr. Paley has inserted in his *Natural Theology*, is the best. Dr. P. says 'the capacities of contriving, designing, and reasoning, constitute personality, for they imply consciousness and thought; Mr. Kirwan has added reasoning; for he says that 'else brute animals might be called persons,' which is not done even by them who allow them thought. The definition of personality, as it has been exhibited by Dr. Paley and improved by Mr. Kirwan, appears to us very indefinite and obscure. For if 'the capacities of contriving, designing, and reasoning, constitute personality,' personality does not belong to a man in a fit of apoplexy or in a state of intellectual vacuity. But may not personality be predicated of an idiot as well as a sage? Personality does not necessarily imply intellectual activity. What then does personality constantly imply? The exterior or interior identity of the human individual in any circumstances.

§ iii. treats of 'mode, property, quality, accident.' Here we find nothing that strikes us as erroneous, but much that needed no explanation, and therefore superfluous. 'Dis-

ference, distinction, privation, opposition,' constitute the subject of § iv. Here the author makes a just and nice discrimination between *difference* and *distinction*. Difference is opposed to similarity, in one or more respects, as a globe of metal, and a globe of ivory, 'of the same dimensions are similar in respect to their shape, but different in every other respect.' But *distinction* denotes the absence of exact identity; as two globes of the same metal 'may be exactly similar and consequently not differ in any respect from each other;' but which are yet perfectly distinct, since they are two and not one. But in this section as in other places, Mr. Kirwan undertakes to explain some things which can hardly be rendered more clear and definite by any explanation. § v. treats of 'unity, number, quantity, individuation, identity, infinite, indefinite.' Mr. K. says that 'quantity denotes any thing susceptible of increase or diminution, until this increase arrives at its *maximum*, or the diminution to a *minimum*.' This appears rather a vague definition and improperly expressed. How is a diminution to 'arrive to a *minimum*?' A better definition would be:—quantity expresses the relation of things with respect to magnitude; and this magnitude is greater or less in proportion to the comparative criterion of large or small which is present in the mind.

Mr. K. does not agree with Mr. Locke in thinking identity to be a relation either to time or place. Identity is one of those subjects, which has been much perplexed by the explanation. The idea of identity is derived from observing the oneness of our consciousness, or the consciousness of being the same percipient at different intervals of time. But, though identity, as applied to man, denotes the power of self-recognition, yet that power does not constitute identity; for the identity of any particular individual is not destroyed by want of reminiscence. Identity, as applied to man, denotes strictly the same unchanged and unchangeable, percipient unity, notwithstanding any diversity of modes or of relations as to time, place, or other objects which it may have experienced. But identity cannot properly be predicated of inanimate things which are made up of fluctuating modes. The term identity, for example, when applied to a tree, or a plant, to an oak or a cabbage, denotes rather the continuity of specific similitude than of the same essential individuality.

The profound author of the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion says in his dissertation on personal identity, that:

‘ what makes vegetables the same in the common acceptation of the word, does not appear to have any relation to this of personal identity ; because the word *same*, when applied to them and to person, is not only applied to different substances, but it is also used in different senses. For when a man swears to the same tree, as having stood fifty years in the same place, he means only the same to all the purposes of property and uses of common life, and not that the tree has been all that time the same in the strict philosophical sense of the word.’

According to the author whom we have just quoted, the identity of a plant ‘ consists in a continuation of the same life, communicated under the same organization, to a number of particles of matter, whether the same or not.’ We shall not make any remark on what the author says on infinitude in § vi. because we do not think that his explanation is likely to dissipate the obscurity in which the subject is involved.

In § vii. the author treats of ‘ action, change, force, power, object, subject, perfection, cause, manner, principle, chance.’ Here we find much that is very forcibly opposed to the doctrine of the materialists. Thus we are told that ‘ action is a modification of mind produced by the mind itself ;’ and that when the mind judges or when it wills it produces its own modifications. But the materialists pretend that the mind is passive in all its determinations ; that, like a soft substance, it is more fit to receive than to communicate impressions ; that its judgments, instead of being free, are the effect of invisible coercion, and whether it chooses either good or evil, its acts are equally the result of an irresistible necessity. But, according to Mr. Kirwan, p. 69, ‘ the mind itself essentially possesses the power of producing its volitions or nolitions, and its judicial determinations.’

‘ And indirectly, that is, by the intervention of, and in conformity with, certain laws appointed by the Supreme Being, it can at will alter its ideas, and in many cases its sensations excite motion in its own body, and by it in other bodies ; and this may be considered as an efficient cause though secondary.’

When the mind *clearly perceives* the relation or discordancy between two or more ideas or propositions, assent or dissent necessarily ensues. The mind may be under the influence of prejudices which may obscure the perception, or produce an insensibility to the force of truth ; or it may be influenced by considerations which cause it to disguise its convictions. But this does not prove that the evidence of

truth, when perceived, does not force the assent of the understanding; for, in the first case, owing to the obscuration of prejudice, the evidence is not seen; and, in the second, it is seen, but not confessed. But if the evidence of truth be of such a nature as to coerce the assent of the mind, how can the mind be said to be free in its judgments? In the act of judging we are certainly not free, for we must be determined by the evidence. It is not at our option to assent either to truth or to error; for the mind cannot help, at least secretly, yielding its assent to that proposition, which to the reason of the individual appears to possess the preponderance of proof. Hence we see that from the natural constitution of the mind, and from the force of those relations in which we are placed, there is such a natural agreement between the evidence of truth and the assent of the mind, that truth needs no other auxiliaries than itself to support its interests, or to plead its cause. Hence also we discern the folly of those who have endeavoured to establish it by external violence, or to give it currency by any extraneous means. But we will not follow this digression, which, if our limits would permit, we should have a pleasure in tracing to the most important consequences.

The freedom of the mind does not consist in the act of judging; but it is exercised during the previous examination. The mind is free to examine its opinions, or to acquiesce without examination. It may endeavour to arrive at the truth by investigation; or, instead of forming any judgments of its own, it may put up with those judgments which it has derived from traditional descent, or from personal authority. Thus far the mind is free to form an enlightened judgment, or to judge without any other intellectual light, than what is reflected from the opinions of other men. And thus far we are morally accountable for judging ill when we do not employ all the means of forming a right judgment which are in our power. We cannot help judging right when the evidence of truth is luminously placed before the mind; but we can often help judging wrong by endeavouring to obtain the best proof which the question allows, and by not suffering inferior considerations to impede us in the search after truth. This appears to us the true state of the case with respect to the *liberty of the judgment*.

We will now consider the question of liberty with respect to the election of the conduct which we pursue in life. That there is no action which is not influenced by motives, though those motives are often of such a nature as to elude the notice of the individual, is as true as another pro-

position, that there is no effect without a cause. No man moves even his arm nor his foot without some contemporaneous volition, and this volition, which is a state of the mind inducing action, is as much caused by some motive, even though unperceived, as any of those volitions of which we have a more conscious perception in the greater events of life. But though the motives of man, considered in their agency on the will, necessarily give rise to his actions when no external constraint is imposed, yet it does not hence follow that there is no liberty in his election or his conduct. His actions, as far as they arise from the exercise of his understanding on the right or the wrong, on the good or the evil that is placed before him in the path of life, are essentially free. No constraint is placed on his moral choice. But sensation and reason which often operate like two contravening powers in the frame of man, solicit to different objects of pursuit, and present different views of good. Sensation prompts to present, reason, which is a more sober monitor, incites to future enjoyment. A present and fugitive good is more the object of the one, a future, but more permanent, of the other. Sensation too often prevails, because it finds auxiliaries in the passions, while reason supports its conclusions only by the deductions of experience, and a calm estimate of happiness. In these circumstances man is at full liberty to choose a fleeting or a durable good, to obey the impulses of sensation or the dictates of reason. But the materialist will tell us that a man's actions are the sole result of his circumstances, and that, whether he does good or evil he has no liberty of choice. Experience, however, proves the contrary, and the *self-consciousness of liberty*, which every person possesses, and the regret, which follows the abuse, are satisfactory evidence that this liberty is identified with his moral constitution.

If two actions of opposite tendencies, as for instance the stealing of a purse on the highway, or the going to church and receiving the sacrament solicit the choice of any individual, the necessarians will tell us that he can possess no choice in the case, but that he is invincibly compelled to do the action which he does; and that every man in similar circumstances would do the same. Hence virtue and vice are amalgamated as far as respects the merit or demerit of the individual; and every volition is resolved into destiny.

But the necessarians will not deny that man possesses the faculty of reflection, and that in all or most difficult cases, he reflects before he acts. Those actions which most properly deserve the name of free, and to which alone the gene-

ral epithets of virtuous or vicious can be applied, are the result of more or less previous deliberation. Different motives or considerations, tending to influence volition, are placed before the mind, which is not constrained in its choice, but acts according to the views of good which it entertains at the time. When the resolve of the mind is once fully formed, and no external impediment intervenes, the act necessarily ensues. But though any particular act is the result of necessity, when a previous resolve has been formed, yet that *previous resolve was optional in the mind either to accept or to reject*. All the *necessity*, therefore, which there is in the actions of every individual, must have been originally induced by *choice*. *The mind was free in its previous deliberations, though necessity may be predicated of that which the mind wills*. For though the mind may balance probabilities, compare reasons, and hesitate before it decides, yet as far as it exercises an act of volition, it cannot will at one and the same time not to do that which it does, nor to do that which it does not. As the question of liberty or necessity appears to us to be one of great importance in the conduct of life, we have thought it right to say thus much on the subject, which is usually perplexed in proportion as it is discussed. We are advocates for liberty in the way that we have explained it: and our view of the subject, does not, like the scheme of the necessarians, confound the distinctions of virtue and of vice, and destroy the moral responsibility of man.

(To be continued.)

ART. V.—*Reports on the Effects of a peculiar Regimen on Schirrous Tumours and Cancerous Ulcers. By William Lambe, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. Mawman. 1809.*

THERE have been few systematic attempts to ascertain the effects of regimen. Much patience, indeed, was evinced by Sanctorius, and other labourers in the same field of experiment. But their observations being all directed to one point—the determination of the quantity of perspirable matter, their judgment was biassed by a preconceived hypothesis. A very ingenious physician of our own country, who seems to have united a scrupulous fidelity with an unremitting zeal in the investigation of truth, undertook a course of experiments on diet, which about twenty years ago were published several years after the death of their author.

This was Dr. William Stark; whose works were collected and edited by Dr. James Carmichael Smyth. He was the subject of his own experiments. He lived for a time on bread and water, then he added sugar, oil, milk, &c. to his bread; then he came to animal substances, noting down, in regular tables, the most remarkable effects upon the body, health, and spirits. But Dr. Stark was, unfortunately, cut off whilst engaged in these experiments, and before he had arrived at any satisfactory conclusions. There is but one important fact of which he gave pretty strong proof, it is that sugar taken in large quantities induced scorbutic symptoms.

It is questionable whether the experiments of Dr. Stark were continued with the perseverance necessary to afford any certain conclusions. Living on vegetables for a month or two is little more than what is annually done by the Roman Catholics; and if any thing positive or important could be deduced from such a course, there can be no defect of materials to proceed upon. The whole time occupied by his experiments was no more than seven months; during which he tried four-and-twenty varieties of regimen. This time, as we may conclude from facts in the history of diseases, and as is evident from some contained in this inquiry, is not sufficient to ascertain the effects of a single course.

That more may be effected in chronic diseases by regimen than by medicine, is conformable to the sentiments both of philosophers and physicians. 'Curing of diseases,' says Lord Bacon, 'is effected by temporary medicines; but lengthening of life requireth observation of diets.' The regimen of Dr. Lambe has at least the recommendation of simplicity in its favour. It consists of two parts. The first, which may be said to be peculiar to himself, regards a perpetual attention to the fluid matter which is used. The second is confining the patient to a strict vegetable diet. His sentiments on the first part of his regimen, Dr. Lambe gave to the world three or four years ago in his "*Inquiry into the Causes of Constitutional Diseases*;" of which the principal object was to recommend the practice of using water purified by distillation. The examples given of the utility of this practice had some weight with us; and in our review of the work, we spoke favourably both of the practice and of the candour of the author; though we could not regard the facts produced as by any means strong enough to establish the theory which the author attempted to build upon them. We see no reason to retract the opinion we then gave, since the doctor himself seems now nearly to have

adopted our sentiments. *Habes confitentem reum.* Let us hear his own words.

‘ Though I have not seen any reasons to alter the opinions I have advanced in my ‘ Inquiry into the Symptoms, Causes, and Cure of Constitutional Diseases,’ but, on the contrary, have had some examples of its truth, more striking than any which I have related in that work ; *a more prolonged experience*’ (mark his words, gentle reader) ‘ has shown to me that the method I then proposed was imperfect and inadequate to the end proposed. In the first cases that I treated, though the relief of some of the symptoms was beyond expectation, others continued with unabating obstinacy, and afterwards were found to increase in severity ; in others, again, the advantage gained seemed only temporary. I was at first inclined to ascribe the little effect produced upon a certain order of symptoms to a want of due perseverance in the plan laid down, but at length I found myself obliged to renounce this hypothesis. And now I am very ready to acknowledge, that I have known epilepsy continue its course with unabated violence, during a course of distilled water ; that gouty fits, though their accustomed periods have been interrupted, and their violence much mitigated, that consumptive symptoms, that painful affections of the head, that even mania has made its first appearance, under circumstances, where I have reason to believe that the course of pure water had been very steadily adhered to.’

So much candour certainly disposes us to give a favourable ear to Dr. L.’s suggestions. His assertion on the subject of cancer is very simple and distinct. Cancer, under all its forms, is a disease naturally progressive. It more usually begins in a point ; from which it spreads gradually, but not uniformly in every direction ; more particularly in the course of the lymphatics. The lump becomes adherent to the skin, which becomes gradually discoloured. A hole is formed in the interior part of the tumour, the incumbent skin is removed, the subjacent parts slough, and a scabrous, and irregular, and painful tumour is changed into an equally irregular, jagged, and painful sore. During this time the thickening spreads both laterally and perpendicularly ; the parts become adherent to the bones underneath, and the bones themselves are at length involved in the disease. Besides all this series of calamities, the lymphatic glands, in the course of absorption, swell, inflame, ulcerate, and become themselves carcinomatous, and this both internally and externally ; large chains of diseased glands having been often detected after death, excited by the action of a cancerous sore. All this train of symptoms has been accounted for hitherto in two ways. First, a poison has been thought to be generated in the part : this would readily explain the circum-

stance of the disease spreading in the direction of the absorbing vessels; though it is not a proof of the real existence of a poison, simple irritation being often enough to swell and inflame the lymphatic glands. But, secondly, as the disease spreads also into parts unconnected with the course of absorption, and even quite opposite to it a cancerous part has been supposed to possess a peculiar and specific power of contamination, though the writers who espouse this idea confess themselves wholly ignorant of the nature or mode of this contamination. It is therefore a sort of occult quality, or expression, which, while it pretends to account for an extraordinary phenomenon, leaves us as much in the dark as ever with regard to its causes. Dr. Lambe's account of this property of the cancer is very simple, and as it professes to be deduced from experiment, it certainly merits the greatest attention. The spreading of cancer, he says, is wholly to be ascribed to the constant operation of deleterious matter with which common water is impregnated. The proof of this is, that by the use of distilled water the cancer, whether it be in the form of a tumour or of an ulcer, ceases to spread. The cases, which make up the body of these reports, are intended principally to prove and illustrate this very singular and unexpected fact, are not all of them equally satisfactory. But the first, third, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, seem to establish this point very distinctly. He says,

'I am aware it may be objected, that when the cancer has become ulcerated, it does not always make the same progress as it did before; but it will sometimes become stationary, or even make some apparent advances to a natural cure. But in these cases, though this may happen in the part first affected, the disease has always been making progress in some other, commonly in some contiguous parts; the whole disease is never quiescent, its activity is merely transferred. Thus Hildanus relates a case of cancer of the tongue, in which a tubercle increased to the size of a chestnut; it ulcerated, and the ulcer contracted and closed, so that the whole seemed almost well except a little crack. But in the mean time some glands, which had tumefied under the chin, ulcerated internally, the *frænum linguæ* was destroyed, the lip swelled, and the whole tongue itself so much, as nearly to fill the cavity of the mouth. Mr. Home has recorded a similar circumstance in a case of cancer of the penis, where the disease in the gland became as it were quiescent, while the ravages committed in the groin were violent in the extreme. But in all the cases hitherto related, (except the second, where the subject was very old) and in those still to be reported, the quiescent state extended to the whole disease, it included every part alike, it began with the adoption of the regimen, and continued uniformly and steadily as long as it was continued.'

In the first case of cancer in which Dr. Lambe employed the distilled water, it had the effect which he has described, of reducing the disease to a state of quiescence; but paroxysms of sickness, wandering pains, and convulsive motions, continued to recur with unabated violence, the patient became dropsical, and seems to have died of that disorder.

‘Now,’ says Dr. L., ‘one order of symptoms having been so clearly traced to the operation of the liquid *ingesta*, it became the most obvious suspicion, that errors in the nature and qualities of the solid aliment might be the occasion of some of the other very severe and intractable symptoms.’

These were the circumstances which induced Dr. Lambe to join to his course of distilled water a strict vegetable regimen. He has entered at some length into the question, often agitated by speculative inquirers, whether man be as he is commonly deemed, an omnivorous, or, as some others of no mean name have believed, an herbivorous animal. On this question he ranges himself on the side of the minority. The arguments he employs are not novel; and will probably fail to have much weight with the generality of readers. The analogy which exists between man and herbivorous animals he has laboured with the most care, and we must say that if he has not persuaded us to adopt his opinions, we adhere at least with less confidence to our own.

We think that the facts which Dr. Lambe has collected are too few to found upon them a general theory of this disease, nor do we doubt that a more extended experience will induce him to modify many of the conclusions, of the truth of which he is at present fully persuaded. That a vegetable regimen is upon the whole favourable to longevity seems agreed by all who have given the subject of diet an attentive consideration. We cannot doubt therefore that the cancer, and perhaps all other diseases are much slower in their progress under Dr. Lambe’s regimen, than under the common habits of life. But in the cancer, in particular, death is most commonly occasioned by disorder of the lungs. So it happened in the case on which Dr. Lambe lays the greatest stress, among those in which the disease at length terminated fatally. We allude to his sixth case, in which it appeared that the external disease was kept wholly stationary (that is it did not spread into the sound parts) for the long space of three years and two months. This is undoubtedly a very remarkable fact. But notwithstanding we find that the disease of the lungs came on, and eventually destroyed the patient. Under

these circumstances, we think it will require numerous cases, and the observation of several years to determine whether life can be prolonged to a considerable extent; and the constitution be preserved from the invasion of the consumptive symptoms. But we are anticipating remarks which perhaps we ought to have reserved till we had laid before our readers the conclusions which Dr. L. thinks himself warranted in drawing from the cases here recorded.

But we will first give a summary of the facts.

The first patient, as we have said, on whom the effect of using the distilled water alone was tried, lived about a year and half. The spreading of the cancer was immediately stopped; but she became dropsical, and had many other grievous sufferings under which she sunk. On this case, he remarks, that

‘as during the space of more than eighteen months the schirrus tumour neither increased in bulk, nor formed adhesions to the side; nor spread into the surrounding parts, nor affected the skin; nor shewed the smallest disposition to ulcerate; (all, or some of which events form the common progress of the disease) as the ulcer of the surrounding skin, which had been gradually and uniformly spreading for five months, for the remaining eighteen remained in magnitude perfectly stationary, lost its carcinomatous character, and assumed the appearance of a healing sore; as the little ulcer followed a course precisely similar; as no more ulceration formed in the other tumours, but, on the contrary the skin where disease had begun, became entirely sound; it seems to follow irresistibly, that these, the proper symptoms of cancer, are occasioned by the use of common water; and are suspended and cured by the use of distilled water; and that therefore, *common water is the vehicle in which the poison of cancer is introduced into the system.*’

The second case related was of a very old and infirm subject; and for a very considerable time the complete regimen was observed. During the first eight or ten months the breast swelled and ulcerated, forming an open cancer of very large extent. After this for fifteen months, the disease never spread further, the basis of the ulcer cicatrized, but the cicatrization was not permanent. Nearly all the unsound part separated from the sound by repeated sloughings, and ulceration. Dr. L. conceives this subject to have been too old and feeble for a fair chance of success.

The third case was of a woman, whose breast had been extirpated some years before, a small tumour had appeared near the sternum, which after some time sloughed out, and a part of the cicatrix ulcerated. The woman used the distilled

water for thirteen months; but could not be persuaded to *discontinue* animal food. She died consumptive; but it was observed, that though neither the ulcer from which the *tumour* had sloughed, nor that upon the cicatrix, showed a disposition to heal, they did not spread into the surrounding parts.

From the fourth and fifth cases not much can be collected, as the patients died in a very few months. In each of them, however, the effect on the local disease was the same as in the others, it continuing within the limits it had attained before the adoption of the regimen.

The sixth case is the most striking of those which proved incurable. The disease was an ulcerated cancer of very great magnitude. It was prevented from spreading for the long space of three years and two months. Then a small thickening took place round the original schirrus. She lived three months longer; and was destroyed by pulmonary affection. The following is the account which the author gives of the beneficial effects of the regimen.

‘It may be useful to bring together into one point the most prominent circumstances of this case, the long duration of which has obliged me to enter into a detail that may appear tedious. In six months, all the erysipelas, without the disease, was removed. In nine, the fungus arising from the base of the ulcer, which had begun to shrink immediately after the adoption of the distilled water, was wholly removed; and the ulcer was changed into a large and very deep hollow chasm. In fourteen, the power of using the arm was restored; a power she continued to retain to the last. The anasarca in the last year was trifling in degree, and rather unseemly than a real inconvenience. It never went further than the hand. In between sixteen and seventeen months all the parts which were reddened and inflamed about the main ulcer, the hot fiery pimples, the parts from which there had been a constant acrimonious discharge, and which had been encrusted with a foul matter, and which subsequently had broken out into several small ulcers, had become to the eye perfectly sound and healthy; and this appearance they retained to the last.

‘And this was nearly the whole real benefit that was received, if we except the almost entire cessation of pain, and the stopping of the discharge; two circumstances which extremely promoted her comfort. But the ulcer itself proving incurable, the other changes were such merely as would take place in a cancerous ulcer of this description, and which preserved its nature till the end.’

Having related his unsuccessful cases, (as far as the ultimate fatal termination can be deemed such) Dr. L. gives

three examples to show that 'the cancerous tumour and the cancerous ulcer are really curable.' As the first of these furnishes a very strong proof of the utility of distilled water, even unassisted, we shall select it for the instruction of our readers.

'August 21st, 1805. Mrs. G—, a widow, aged 60, has had for many years a tumour in the right breast, which was originally caused by a pinch. It was in shape somewhat like a crescent, and of the magnitude nearly of two walnuts, placed together in such a manner that their longer axes made an obtuse angle with each other. Still there was but one tumour; it was hard and indolent; and felt of a granulated texture, as if composed of a great number of small tumours compacted together. The nipple was retracted and the skin puckered. Some blood had sometimes come out of the nipple, and there had also been a serous discharge from a crevice that had formed in the skin contiguous: but these occurrences were not recent. Notwithstanding the schirrous tumour, the bulk of the whole gland was not enlarged; but it was smaller than that of the sound breast. The axillary glands were not affected.

'In this condition had this tumour existed many years without appearing to be any material detriment to the health. She was lusty and well coloured. But still she was not without complaint. She had some suspicious uterine symptoms. Her constitutional affections were rather of the description that are called nervous, than inflammatory, being attended with pale urine and other symptoms of hysteria.

'She used the distilled water nearly twelve months; and nothing could be more decided and satisfactory than the effect. She almost immediately appeared to have less tension and uneasiness. In two months the nipple became more elevated, and the wrinkle of the skin in a considerable degree unfolded. In five or six months, the little tumours, of which the whole was apparently composed, were much more distinct, so that the mass seemed splitting into different parts. In a short time after this, a large quantity of serous discharge took place from the same point, as it had formerly done; the point from which it flowed seemed to be the cicatrix of a small superficial ulcer, which opened afresh. At the end of a twelve month, the whole tumour was either wholly, or very nearly absorbed, and the skin of the breast was brought almost into close contact with the pectoral muscle.'

The circumstances of the next case (the eighth) were nearly similar; but the process was slower. After ten or eleven months the tumour inflamed, so as apparently to threaten to slough; but the event proved otherwise. After this occurrence the tumour began to be absorbed with the

same phenomena as in the former case. The glands of the axilla, which had been tumified, subsided.

The ninth case was one of a cancerous ulcer. It had been open for a twelvemonth, when the course was begun, in June, 1807. It continued open for a twelvemonth more.

‘About the middle of 1808,’ Dr. Lambe informs us, ‘she began to feel more pain than usual; some hæmorrhage took place; this was soon followed by a considerable degree of inflammation, attended with more pain, and a much greater discharge of watery matter; the schirrous edges, then began to soften and to come gradually away in pieces of about an inch long, and as thick as a quill. In consequence of this, the cavity of the ulcer was greatly increased in magnitude; and the discharge again assumed the colour and consistence of cream. This process was attended with much fetor. The discharge gradually abated, the ulcer contracted, and now it perfectly and completely closed up, the surrounding skin being brought down to the base of the ulcer, and covering it perfectly. So entirely is the ulcer obliterated, that except for some relics of the disease about to be related, it would be impossible by mere inspection to determine the precise situation which it had occupied.’

We have already made some remarks on the inferences Dr. L. has drawn from the cases he has hitherto treated. It is time that our readers should be put in possession of them. They are as follows:

‘1st. The spreading of schirrous tumours into the contiguous parts is immediately stopped by the use of distilled water. This has happened uniformly in every case, in which the experiment has been made, and instantaneously in all, except in case ii. where the patient was both extremely infirm, and far advanced in years.

‘2d. But the thickening process is not absolutely prevented, but it is only suspended. In case vi. it was suspended for three years and two months, when a small thickening took place. In case ix. when the thickened edges of the ulcer had sloughed, new thickened edges were formed, which in their turn also sloughed. The thickening process is not then to be esteemed a diseased action, but rather a necessary step to the removal of the diseased part.

‘3d. Schirrous tumours, by the use of pure water are removed from the system by absorption. This appeared in cases i. vii. and viii. There is no restoration of the diseased part to its original healthy condition, but there is a complete loss of substance which it is probable will continue through life. To produce this absorption, it is not necessary to confine the patient to vegetable food, though a regard to the general health would render it advisable to adopt this measure.

‘4th. Cancerous ulcerations may be cicatrized by the combined
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use of distilled water and a vegetable diet. In case i. in which the animal food was continued, I suspect the parts would not have become quite sound. But in case vi. though ultimately fatal, several ulcerations cicatrized, and continued sound through the remainder of life.

'5th. A cancerous ulcer of large extent has been healed by the surrounding skin closing over and becoming bound down to the basis of the ulcer. The health too, being at least as good as when the patient entered on the regimen, life, it is probable, may be prolonged to an indefinite extent.'

On this latter assertion we have already commented, and indeed the author confesses that it requires a long series of years to determine what may be the limits and extent of life in those where the system has suffered so destructive a disease.

Besides the cases of cancer, there is a very circumstantial and satisfactory account of a spasmodic asthma radically cured by the use of distilled water and a vegetable diet. The patient is (or rather was) Mr. J. F. Newton, of Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, who informs us, (for the case is related by himself) that he has in consequence adopted this mode of living in his family.

We cannot conclude this article without stating that the public are under considerable obligations to Dr. Lambe, for the patient research which he has displayed in investigating the properties of common water, and of animal food; for the several experiments which he has instituted; and for the singular candour with which he has related his failures and his cures. The annals of medicine will not readily furnish any instance in which a physician, prepossessed in favour of a particular theory, has developed its practical results with so much ingenuousness, simplicity, and truth. In perusing this work of Dr. Lambe, we were strongly impressed with the feeling that the author has no intention to mislead by erroneous, nor to impose by exaggerated statements. His object is rather to benefit his fellow creatures than to obtain practice by the medium of credulity. The cases which Dr. Lambe has related, if they do not appear fully to establish his theory, at least prove that the virulence of cancer is abated, the sufferings of the patient alleviated, and the life prolonged by the regimen which he has prescribed. To have done only thus much in cases which exclude even hope under every other known mode of treatment, is certainly to have conferred no common benefit on mankind. We trust that the ulterior researches of the author will throw still farther light not only on the cure of cancer, but of other diseases which still constitute the reproach of the medical fraternity.

ART. VI.—*Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet ; containing a Series of elegant Views of the most interesting Objects of Curiosity in Great Britain, accompanied with Letter-press Descriptions. Vols. III. IV. V. Clarke, New Bond-street.*

THE reputation of this small but interesting work is now so well established, that our praise will perhaps add little to its fame, and our censure, as it will only apply to infrequent errors in judgment, and to those unavoidable failures in practice in which the mechanical execution has not exactly followed the will, can detract nothing from its value ; for we know of no work of art of equal extent and variety less tainted with such imperfections.

To name all the engravings deserving of a high degree of praise, would be little less than to give a catalogue of the whole ; but we will direct the reader's attention to a few which appear to us particularly excellent, whilst we point out, especially for the consideration of Messrs. Storer and Greig, some instances of deficiency, of which the future vigilance of the artists may prevent the recurrence.

The frontispiece to the third volume has a claim to uncommon praise. It is the S. door of Moorvenstowe church, engraved by Greig from a drawing by Prout, and is almost unequalled in delicacy, richness, relief, and the true effect of time-worn stone. The explanation of this beautiful subject will afford a specimen of the descriptive part of the work.

‘ This venerable church is surrounded by the boldest works of nature, and having braved the storms of many ages, presents to the lovers of antiquity a durable specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture. The southern entrance is through a porch which at present is nearly perfect ; the external parts of this entrance are ornamented with a band of zig-zag flat and inverted, and a string of roses springing from two animals : on the pediment is a group of figures resembling crocodiles, with a chain from their mouths intertwining a lamb ; and at each corner of the pediment is a large grotesque head. The interior door is an arch richly moulded, and ornamented with a variety of heads of the non-descript kind : these are surrounded with a zig zag ornament similar to that on the outward appearance of the porch. On each side of the door are three pillars with large capitals, diversely and exquisitely wrought in the peculiar manner of the age in which they were executed ; some of the heads on this door having been defaced, it appears from their remains that the foundation of the artist's labour in their formation was nothing more than a plain round pebble wrought into different characters by means of a hard composition.’

Part of the interior of this church, which is in a corresponding style of architecture, is the subject of an excellent engraving by Storer.

In the 'Chapel of Oakhampton Castle' Mr. Storer has been very happy in conveying the idea of colour; his ruins appear in the very act of crumbling, his landscape is agreeable, and his sky uncommonly liquid and tender.

In the engraving of the 'Arx Diaboli' (as it is here called with indelicate delicacy, as if to unite a classical name with the sound of its most vulgar appellation,*) Mr. Storer has copied the drawing of Mr. Thornhill in an artist-like manner, and has succeeded well in conveying the effect of a deepening gloom. Perhaps it would have added to the character of stillness, if the fragments of rock on the foreground which receive a subdued light, had been kept yet more in shadow, and less obtrusively handled: *one* figure also, would have been better than a greater number.

The interior of St. Sepulchre's Church at Northampton bears honourable testimony to the talents of Mr. Greig, both as a draughtsman and an engraver: but we disapprove of the introduction of pews: they make no part of the original plan of our ancient structures, but obscure much of the building, and often disturb the proportion of the whole. In this instance, Mr. Greig has managed them so as to be as little injurious as possible.

The views of Wollaston, and Scott's Grotto, are the only subjects in the fourth volume, which are not interesting either on account of their beauty, or their antiquity. The circumstance of that of Wollaston being taken from the *bottom* of a Roman mound, *from the summit of which there is an extensive prospect*, gives it just the same importance that a view up Wailing Street would claim because St. Paul's was at the artist's elbow.

We are not admirers of grottoes: if we were, that at Amwell would have no pretence to our admiration; it is a staring, tasteless, pile; a succession of three deformed pediments without elegance, simplicity, or picturesque effect. This was probably intended by the architect, that these qualities might strike the more on entering it. Mr. Greig appears to have been humbled by his subject. The flat and scratchy foliage of the larch, or spruce-fir, on the right, the lace-like foliage and disproportioned stems of the distant trees;

* We are to imagine that the countryman intends to call it "the devil's arx" when he shocks the ears of ladies with a more intelligible and more odious word.

and the insipidity of the whole, are unworthy of him. His engraving of the porch of Balderton church, in the same volume, has none of the delicacy and appropriate handling which are so admirable in his other etchings. The perspective of the upper band of chevron-work is unintelligible to us; this, we must probably attribute to the draughtsman.

Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

And when we consider that the artists are engaged upon the work under all the varied circumstances to which the human mind and body are continually subject, we wonder at finding so few instances of failure; and it would be unreasonable not to forgive them.

Among the most beautiful engravings of this volume we must include the singular S. porch of Launceston church, and the more extraordinary N. porch of East Teignmouth. We must discharge the more unpleasant part of our critical duty by remarking that Mr. Storer has been very unsuccessful in the interior of Waltham-Abbey church, which is coarse, harsh, and dry; though his drawing of the perspective has much merit.

The fourth volume, among many other beautiful and well executed subjects, contains a most elegant view of Byenacre Priory, drawn and engraved by Greig; and a most picturesque view of Bishop's Teignton church, from a drawing by Prout, in which Mr. Greig has shewn great taste, and an artist-like attention to the colours and qualities of objects. There are four engravings from Isley church; two of its western front, one of its north, and another of its south door; all from drawings by Mr. Storer. The two last, though not equal to the western door in redundancy of ornament, are amongst the best executed etchings in the work; and are equal in clearness and relief to any similar prints in our recollection, of even four times their magnitude: the effect of light, in both of them, is particularly pleasing.

The fifth volume contains many beautiful examples of the Anglo-Norman, and pointed styles of architecture. The church of St. Cross is one of the most interesting of these. In Milner's 'Rise and Progress of the pointed Arch,' he considers this pile as 'a collection of architectural essays.' There is a considerable difference between two of the engravings accompanying this 'essay,' and the corresponding ones in the subject of our criticism; particularly in those of the two pointed arches of the south transept. There is more of detail, and therefore probably greater accuracy, in

the engravings of Mr. Greig; but they all, equally well, answer the purpose of Mr. Milner's theory.

Greensted church, and the interior of Thundersley church, are exquisite engravings of Greig, from his own drawings; the latter is singularly beautiful. There are several excellent engravings of Wingfield Manor-house, from drawings by J. Hardwick. St. Cleer's Well, by Greig, is a most simple and brilliant production; and the south door of Kilkhampton church is finished with great delicacy and clearness by Storer; they are both from drawings by Prout.

We have already noticed two subjects which appeared to us unworthy of admission into the *Antiquarian Cabinet*: our duty requires us to notice a third, "Ascough Fee Hall." This building, we are informed is a *restoration* of an edifice erected about A. D. 1420. The centre of the building is ornamented with a very obtuse pediment, containing a semi-circular sash-window. Two tiers of handsome windows in every respect modern, except that they terminate in a point, enlighten the front. A pointed arch of wood, and lead, projects six or eight feet before the door, supported by two circular columns of Corinthian proportions. Such is the consequence of the proprietor's endeavour to 'restore to its ancient character,' a building of the early part of the 15th century! We should have been reluctant to expose the architectural blunders of a private gentleman, did not the imposing characters F. S. A. attached to his name, give something like a sanction to this farrago.

In looking over these volumes, we have had reason to remark that both Mr. Storer and Mr. Greig possess great versatility of talent; but there are some points in which they are both capable of improvement. Mr. Storer fails most in his trees; he etches them when distant with too strong and jagged an outline; and his leafing is sometimes heavy and lumpish: for instance, the tree on the left hand of the otherwise beautiful print of the Chapter-house of Thornton-Abbey. His foreground trees, on the contrary, are often too thin and scratchy.

Mr. Greig is very happy in his distant foliage, and engraves landscape with great clearness and feeling; but his foreground trees, when *cutting on the sky*, want firmness; and are deficient in respect to masses. These are prevailing defects in modern prints, and modern drawings; as if solidity and depth were inconsistent with a sufficient degree of lightness. It may be alleged that we are condemning the exact copying of natural forms; we are so, as far as it respects foreground trees: they make so very small a part of the

view, that except they have something singular to render them remarkable, we should recommend the frequent substitution of a more beautiful group, or of one more in character with the rest of the picture.

We have no doubt that these brother artists will reflect on our hints; and, if they think that by doing so no superior quality will be sacrificed, remove the only objections (trifling ones, we acknowledge) that we think generally applicable to their work.

The perusal of the Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet has afforded us very great pleasure: it unites an art and a science, which the late excellent antiquary, Mr. Gough, lamented as not likely ever to be combined in a state of excellence; and from the abilities of the artist, so well employed on the researches of the antiquary, the public is in possession of a work which we predict will outlive more assuming and more expensive publications of the same nature. It has established the characters of its conductors, and we hope has afforded them (to use a ministerial phrase) the more *tangible* good of pecuniary compensation.

ART. VII.—*The Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English Blank Verse. By James R. Deare, LL.B. Vicar of Bures in Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. Price 7s. Longman. 1808.*

THE fashion of the day, acting with the full powers of a commander in chief, has newly regulated the uniform of the several poetical corps lately transferred into the British service from the veteran bands of Greece and Rome, and curtailing the long skirts and monkish appendages of rhyme, has already clothed a great part in the succinct habiliment of blank verse. The admirers of the old costume will not forgive Mr. Deare for his attempt to introduce this innovation into a version of the most finished and graceful of didactic poems, and perhaps with bitter taunt will call him,

‘cut-throat dog,
And spit upon his gabardine.’

Yet, after all, without entering into the argument on the relative merits of blank verse and rhyme, or enlisting with a party, we may be permitted to state an opinion that a translation in unfettered verse *may be* no less natural and pleasing, and more like the original, than one wherein similar

sounds, and unvaried cadences must of necessity perpetually recur, in direct opposition to the rules of classical versification. Nay we are willing to proceed one step farther, and to affirm that the former species of verse, is by no means ill adapted to didactic poetry, grounding our conviction on the success of Dyer, J. Phillips, and other writers of established fame.

Our motive for offering these preliminary remarks is a wish that, in the case before us, a candid judgment may be formed according to the intrinsic value of the work, and not according to certain hard doctrines of proscription and exclusion, more calculated to excite the detestable spirit of party, than to promote the cause of just criticism. The kingdom of literature may be said to have its tories, and its jacobins. Thus they, who are adherents to the long established system of translations in rhyme may consider themselves as the loyal, and treat with disdain those who, contending for the freedom of blank verse, and equally impatient of opposition, may denominate themselves the friends of liberty. For our part we deprecate the introduction of intolerant systems of whatever kind, and are far from attempting to reconcile unavoidable differences in matters of taste and feeling, the causes of which differences must be sought deeper in the nature of man than we can go, without neglecting the business before us, which in the present instance is to weigh the merits of Mr. Deare's translation abstractedly from the general question, whether blank verse is, or is not, the preferable medium for a translation of a didactic poem from a classical language.

Strict justice will not sanction unqualified praise of this, nor indeed of any version of the Georgics, which is not polished *ad unguem*. It is probably the study of a young and ingenious artist, capable of representing the outline with a free and not inelegant hand, but who has wanted either care or experience in finishing. The master was seven years in producing his immortal work, and if the scholar had exceeded that time, and gone beyond the Horatian period of suppression, or at least had engaged in the revision of his performance some of those learned friends of whom he speaks in his preface, we agree with him, that 'without doubt it would have been much better than it is.'—But the vegetation of a vernal genius is not easily to be repressed; and Canute might as well attempt to controul the course of nature, and bid the wave reverence his royal foot, as a critic to stay the progress of a bard impatient to burst into public notice. Mr. Deare seems to have adhered with an almost

verbal scrupulosity to the literal version in prose by professor Martyn; consequently we are released from the necessity of examining the fidelity of his interpretation, since it rests upon the same ground as that of a work, which has been before the public more than half a century. It must be owned that the professor proved himself to be an indefatigable pioneer; but would it not have been more judicious if the present translator had availed himself of his own powers, and cut his own way through the difficulties of the original, as far as it was practicable, without foreign aid? The fresh cast should have been from his own conception, which would have diffused an air of novelty, to which correctness might have been superadded by subsequent comparison with the labours of other artists. In proof of the servility with which he has followed his pedestrian leader, we adduce one or two passages.

‘*Graviterq; rudentes,
Cædunt, &c.*’ *Georg. iii. 374.*’

‘*Loud*’ is by no means an obvious or a poetical version of *graviter*

‘They meet the murderous knife,
And *loudly* braying, swell the hunter’s shout.’

Deare.

The professor says,

‘They make a *loud* braying.’

‘*Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora setis.*’

G. iii. 383.

‘Whom slaughter’d beasts clothe with their tawney spoils.’

Deare.

‘And have their bodies covered with the yellow *spots* of beasts.’

Martyn.

In another passage we believe that he has derived a beauty from a note in Martyn; we give him credit for his dexterity in availing himself of the hint.

‘*Aut tecto adsuetus coluber succedere et umbræ,
Pestis acerba boum, pecoriq; adspargere virus,
Fovit humum.*’

G. iii. 418.

‘Or that dire poisoner and pest of herds
Wont to crouch low beneath the *litter*’d earth.’

Deare.

The note alluded to says that,

'*forit* is used here for a serpent's keeping close to the earth *under the muck* of an uncleansed sheep-cote.'

In a perusal, not altogether cursory, we have discovered but one instance in which Mr. Deare deserts his guide, and therein he seems to have erred inadvertently.

'Multi jam *excretos* prohibent a matribus hædos.'

G. iii. 398.

'And from the teat

Many debar the *new-born kids*'—Deare. •

excretos, *well-grown*, or as Martyn does it into farmer-like English 'as soon as they are grown *big*.'

He has even imitated his precursor in his omissions.

'Et lauri baccas, *oleamque*, cruentaue myrta.'

G. i. 306.

Oleam has no representative in the prose, and for that reason we suppose is excluded from the verse.

We cannot therefore give this author much credit for his sincerity when he says in his preface, 'he has not, he trusts, been unmindful of such rules for translation as have been laid down by antient as well as by modern critics: but while he has revered the injunction of Horace.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres,

he has been too sensible of the absolute propriety of Virgil's language, not to have constantly kept in view the qualifying precept of Quintilian: 'Neque ego *παραφρασιν* esse interpretationem tantum volo; sed circa eodem sensus certamen atque æmulationem.'

But its poetical merit will principally determine the fate of this work. To us it appears that the expressions have no want of vigour, the sentences have a proper degree of variety in length and pause, the style in general is not bald and prosaic, yet notwithstanding that there is a want of that indescribable something so often wanted in the blank verse of the present day, which gives to it flow and ease and dignity and strength. Perhaps Mr. Deare has not sufficiently studied the elements of sound, without the just and harmonious combinations whereof no poetry can exist.—Perhaps he has

suffered the dead consonants to usurp the place of the aspirated, the sibilant *s* to predominate over the rough and generous *r*, the close vowels to supplant the open, or the mutes the liquids.—In the following line,

‘ And Tethys’ daughter, dower’d with all her waves,’
G. i. 43.

the alliterative effect of the letters *d*, and *t*, is injurious. His prevailing fault of this nature appears to be the too frequent usage of the *s*. It is no defence to allege that sibilancy is the engrained fault of the English language, the example of our best writers will prove that much may be done towards removing this defect

‘ if she rise
Her face suffus’d with virgin blushes, wind
Awaits’
G. i. 529.

‘ Or Sirius’ star scorching the thirsty fields.’ G. ii. 421.

Perhaps this may be justified as an echo of the sense, and may be said to be hissing hot. The sibilancy is not the only fault of the following line, of which, however, it is but justice to say, that not many similar are found in the book :

‘ Of Mars’ frauds and stolen amorous joys.’
G. iv. 402.

The ear is offended also, with the frequent recurrence of words not duly naturalized or applied in an unusual or too learned sense. Novel taken as an adjective is generally a frigid expression. We see no beauty in the following words which should induce us, to take them from the class of aliens or at least to enrol them with poetical terms: *exsudates exsudation*, *quadrifid*, *exfoliated*, *valid* load, *explicates* its cohorts, *subtermural* stream, *roscid* moon ;

‘ Long o’er the smoky earth *explor’d*’

i. e. smoke dried ;

‘ Sweats *unabsolv’d*
Stick to their skins.’—

In a poem so finished and elegant as a translation of the Georgics ought to be, the admissibility of colloquial abbreviations

viation may be questioned altogether; and, such as 'mongst,
'bove, 'bate for abate, will hardly be tolerated.

'And thou, Sylvanus, with thy cypress tree,'

the picturesque part of the description is omitted in this line

'Et teneram ab radice ferens, Sylvane, cupressum.'

'Through fame's empyreal realm,'

is but a Monmouth-street dress for

'victorque virum volitare per ora,

'Through Jove's grove,' would scarcely be tolerable in
prose.

'With his helping hand.'—*G. iii. 552.*

"medicas manus," why not *healing* hand?

Two lines, and a part of a third in the fourth book are
omitted in the translation.

'Quis deus, hanc Musæ, &c.'—*L. 315, 316.*

and

'quid me cælum sperare jubebas.'—*L. 325.*

"Densos divum amores" "the *thick* loves of gods," we
doubt whether this usage of the adjective thick will be just-
ified sufficiently, by its correspondence with the Latin epi-
thet.

We will not assert that the following line does not contain
a bull.

'Ixion stopp'd his *ever* rolling wheel.'—*10, 565.*

Notwithstanding these defects, we discover sufficient
marks of ability to induce a wish that Mr. Deare had more
diligently followed his master's precepts, and had brightened
his plough-share with reiterated labour: his harvest then
might have answered his most avaricious desires, and the
copies of his work might have broken down his bookseller's
shelves,—from their number, we mean,—not their long con-
tinued pressure.—The following passages give an earnest of
what might have been expected from a degree of attention
and care proportioned to the courage and nobleness of the
attempt:

'Ah, happy he, to whom was given to sound
Great nature's depths, to banish every fear;
To triumph o'er inexorable fate,
And hold the hoarse wave of greedy Acheron

In deep subjection to his lofty mind !
 And fortunate, who knows the rural gods,
 Pan, old Sylvanus, and the sister nymphs ;
 Him not the popular fasces, nor the pomp
 Of regal purple, nor fraternal bonds
 By impious discord violated, move ;
 Not the fierce Dacian by his Ister sworn,
 Nor schemes of state, nor kingdoms doom'd to fall.
 No child of misery, claims his pitying tear,
 No envied wealth his bosom's peace invades ;
 But in the produce of his native fields
 He finds the recompense of all his toil.
 Unknown to him the stern decrees of law,
 And the mad forum, and the public rolls.—*G. ii. 586.*

' Do you not see, when, from the goal dismiss'd
 Contending cars now pour along the plain ;
 When hopes alternate swell, and thrilling fears
 Depress the hearts of youthful charioteers ;
 Instant they ply the twisted lash and give
 The slacken'd rein. The fervid axle flies,
 Now low their course, and now aloft they seem
 To mount the sky and ride the vacant air :
 Nor pause nor rest ; and now a floating cloud
 Of yellow dust is rais'd ; and on their rear
 Humid with foam, the rival coursers press.
 So great the love of praise, so great the care
 Of victory.'—*G. iii. 135.*

' Thus, issuing from his hyperborean goal,
 Incumbent Aquilo the Scythian storms
 And hanging mists dispels : wide waves amain
 The golden harvest ; bend the murmuring woods
 Their lofty summits to the rising breeze ;
 And the long billows curl their foamy heads,
 And burst upon the shore :—alike o'er fields
 And o'er the ruffled deep he sweeps his course.'—*G. iii. 241.*

The preface is avowedly old plate melted down and recast into a less massive form.—As to notes, fortunately for the readers, there are none.—A bust of Virgil is prefixed, in which there is a twist of the neck not accordant with the received idea of the person of the original.

In his dedication to his father, Mr. Deare quotes these lines from Pope :

' Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were praised, who, but endeavour'd well :
 Though triumphs were to generals only due,
 Crowns were reserved to grace the soldier's too.'

Though we do not feel ourselves authorised to decree a triumph, we cheerfully award to this author the corona aurea for having so well *endeavour'd*.

ART. VIII.—*The Soldier's Orphan, a Tale, by Mrs. Costello; 3 Vols. Longman. 1809.*

THIS is an artless and well told tale; the moral is excellent; though there may not appear much *novelty* in the story to the generality of novel-readers. The work itself may very safely be put into the hands of any young lady, who will do well to imitate the virtues of Louisa Fitzormond the heroine. The characters are naturally drawn, and well grouped. The fortitude, the delicacy, and the patience, which Louisa displays under very severe trials, do great credit to the authoress; who, in her delineations of female character, has evinced much knowledge of life and a great love of virtue.

Mrs. Costello's remarks on parental authority, calumny, &c. &c. are very just; and the plain good sense which is diffused through the story is much more useful, and deserves more attention from young people than the garnish of French, or of German sensibility.

Louisa Fitzormond's father is represented as an amiable and accomplished young officer, who is, in a great measure, dependent on a rich uncle of the name of Courland. Mr. Courland's nearest neighbour is the Earl of Belhaven, a proud peer, who offends Mr. Courland by his contumelious behaviour, so that a cordial hatred between the two families is the consequence. Fitzormond, when on a visit to his uncle, accidentally meets with Lord Belhaven's daughter; a reciprocal attachment is the result; and they marry against the inclination of the Earl and of Mr. Courland. The latter disinherits his nephew, and the earl turns his back on his daughter.

Fitzormond, after a time is ordered to join his regiment in the East Indies;—on their way to the coast they are overtaken by a storm; the carriage is overturned, and the lady Louisa Fitzormond, who is too much alarmed and hurt to proceed, is carried to the house of a Mr. Howard, a benevolent clergyman, who lives with a maiden sister, where the lady dies in giving birth to the heroine of our tale.

Fitzormond departs in a state little short of distraction,

leaving his infant to the care of Mr. Howard and his sister Mrs. Martha Howard. Letters pass between Fitzormond and Mr. Howard, and proper remittances are received for some years ; but, through the treachery of a friend of Fitzormond, with whom he entrusts some valuables to be conveyed to Mr. Howard, he hears in return that the child is dead, and Mr. Howard removed no one knows where. Fitzormond, broken-hearted at the loss of a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and an infant whose welfare endeared him to existence, continues many years in India ; where he suffers captivity, and a number of hardships, incident to a military life. At length he returns, and is made happy in meeting his daughter, whom he rescues from the tyranny of a Mr. Melford, a nephew of Mr. Howard. Mr. Melford, taking advantage of the ill-health of Louisa, who is thrown into a fever by the affliction which she suffers on the death of Mr. Howard, secretes a will which Mr. H. had made in Louisa's favor ; and, on her refusing to marry his natural son, who passes as his nephew, shuts her up in a mad-house. Louisa finds an opportunity of informing a friend of her melancholy situation, which coming to the knowledge of her enemy, the slighted Mr. Melford, he has her conveyed from this wretched abode to a place of greater security. By the overturn of the carriage, Louisa, and the person who is appointed to see her conveyed, are thrown out, the attendant is killed, and Louisa is taken under the protection of a gentleman who proves to be her father, whose carriage had occasioned the accident. The elder Melford dies, and confesses his injustice to Louisa to his wife, who restores the will of Mr. Howard to Louisa. The history of this Mrs. and Mr. Melford is extremely well told, and what may be called the underplot is skilfully managed. We had intended to have inserted the episode of Miss Conway as a specimen of our fair authoress's talents, but as the whole would occupy too much space, we can give only the concluding part, where the melancholy and lovely victim of seduction is released by death from her sufferings. Miss Conway having imparted her melancholy tale to Louisa Fitzormond, who soothes her mind in her dying moments, tells her that Lord Belmour was the author of her ruin ; and shortly after expires in giving birth to a little girl.

Lord Belmour had been lately married to one of the daughters of Sir Walter Stanley ; and had been an inmate in the same house with Louisa at his father-in-law's at Bath. His attentions to Louisa were so marked as to excite the jealousy of Lady Belmour.

Louisa, being unwell, is left at Bath whilst the rest of the family pay a visit a few miles distant.

When she received the intelligence of Miss Conway's death,

'she wrapped herself in a pelisse and close bonnet, and set out for Mrs. Mason's accompanied by a female servant. She had proceeded but a few steps, when her attention was arrested by the loud voice of a person pronouncing her name: she hastily turned, and to her surprise, recognized in the speaker, Lord Belmour, who gaily advancing, began to congratulate her on her recovery.

'I was so very anxious to know how you were,' continued his lordship, 'that I could not resist the temptation I felt to steal a march upon them all, and ride over this morning to make personal enquiries respecting your health.'

He was proceeding to rally Louisa on her being abroad almost disguised, when she interrupted him with a serious and dignified countenance:

'Circumstances, in which you, my lord, are deeply concerned, have called me abroad; and, but that providence seems to have directed you here at a time when I stand in need of advice and assistance I should, instead of thanking you for your apparent polite attention, regret that you should have given yourself so much trouble: but if your lordship will accompany me, the motive for my being out will be explained.'

Lord Belmour, much surprised by the solemnity of her manner, and the perturbation of her looks, walked silently by her side till they arrived at Mrs. Mason's house.

Leaving Lord Belmour, whom Louisa requested to wait a few minutes, she ascended to the chamber of the deceased with Mrs. Mason, where lay the mortal remains of the beautiful Miss Conway. Serene and lovely in death, no trace of sorrow was on that countenance, so lately marked with its deepest lines; she appeared to have indeed, by the sweet placidity of her features,

"Wept her stains away."

As Louisa bent over the cold inanimate corse, and bedewed its pale face with her tears, she could not help reflecting on the goodness and mercy of God, who had thought proper to call her away from a life so truly wretched as her's must have been: endowed by him with so much sensibility, the remembrance of her past errors would have embittered her future life; but she now humbly trusted her penitence had been accepted, and that her sufferings in this life had atoned for her faults.

She also hoped it would serve as a useful lesson to Lord Belmour; for that reason she had brought him with her: the sight of so lovely a woman falling in early youth a victim to his licentiousness, could not fail, she thought, of impressing his mind with contrition and hor-

for against so dangerous a pursuit as that of seduction. It would also, she hoped, operate in favor of the infant, who was brought into the world unconnected with any living soul that any one knew of, except herself.

“As soon, therefore, as she could compose her agitated spirits, she requested Lord Belmour would attend her in the chamber of death.

Lord Belmour, wondering what all this solemnity and symptoms of grief meant, and secretly wishing himself out of the house, followed the faltering steps of his conductress, who, approaching the bed, with a trembling hand removed the covering from the face of the dead, and pointing to it, in a voice tremulous from various emotions, cried, “Lord Belmour, there lies your victim!”

Agghast with terror, his Lordship, (after gazing in breathless suspense for a few moments, as if to ascertain the identity of the object presented to his view,) struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and staggering fell extended on the bed, pale, and apparently as lifeless as the being he lamented.

Louisa, terrified at the effect the sudden shock had on him, repented not having prepared him for the sight he was to encounter; she applied herself to restore him and happily succeeded; but his grief became then violent and bitter; he reproached himself with having murdered the only woman who had ever loved him, and frantically declared he could never survive the remembrance of his cruelty.

“That heavenly look!” (exclaimed he, as he gazed on the pale victim of his duplicity), “will haunt me for ever, and plunge my soul into eternal perdition! Wretch that I am, to have forsaken so much sweetness, so much innocence, and confiding goodness! Hate, abhor, Miss Fitzormond, a man so unworthy of your care, who meant to have destroyed you, as he has done this dear unfortunate girl. I am indeed a villain, unfit to live.”

Grief and terror totally incapacitated Louisa from offering to afford him any consolation; she could only weep. The sight of her tears flowing for him, and the lovely creature he had destroyed, quite subdued him; he wept in agony, and falling at her feet, besought her to forgive him the evil he had intended to attempt against herself.

As soon as her tears had ceased to flow, Louisa assured him of forgiveness as to any intended injury to herself; and as his grief appeared truly sincere, she said, if it would afford him any consolation, she would not withhold it on account of his conduct to Miss Conway.

“Your lordship,” continued she, “has many and great duties to fulfil; in the just discharge of them, your sincere repentance will be evinced. You have yet to learn that you are a father, and that the immediate cause of the loss you so deeply deplore, was occasioned by the birth of your infant. This, my Lord, is a sacred

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duty, which, if you discharge faithfully, may be some expiation for the ruin you brought on its mother."

'Affected beyond expression, Lord Belmour could only intreat Louisa to see that every attention was paid to the infant; and once more casting an agonized look on the pale face, lovely even in death, that lay before him, he rushed out of the house, reached his stables, mounted his horse, and quitted Bath immediately. But his utmost speed could not divest his mind from the shock he had received: mechanically he turned the head of the animal the road he had come a few hours before, and not till he arrived at the house of his friend, did he reflect that he was in a very unfit state to appear before his lady and her family.

'Endeavouring therefore to assume as much composure as possible, he entered, and was immediately assailed with enquiries relative to his morning's expedition, which had been conducted with great secrecy.

'Lady Belmour was very indignant that he should have left her the whole day without having informed her of his intended absence, and expressed her disapprobation in terms ill suited to sooth his irritated mind. He therefore replied haughtily, that he would not be accountable to any one for his actions, as he was perfectly capable of regulating them. But thinking some apology necessary to Mr. Wilmot, the gentleman at whose house he was staying, he said, addressing himself to him, that some business had unexpectedly called him away, and detained him much longer than he had intended, which, he trusted would plead his excuse for having kept them waiting dinner for him, it being then two hours later than their usual time.

'Mr. Wilmot very readily admitted his apology, and nothing more was said on the subject till after dinner, when Lady Stanley observed his Lordship had ate nothing, and she feared he had fatigued himself too much with riding, as he appeared very unwell.

'Lord Belmour replied that might be the case, but it would go off, and making an exertion to overcome the shock his feelings had sustained, he, with the assistance of his friend's exhilarating campaign, so far succeeded as to prevent any further remarks being made.

'Louisa, on being left by his lordship, gave such directions as she thought proper for the interment of Miss Conway, and also for the care of her infant; Mrs. Mason having agreed to procure a nurse for it; and with a promise of coming the next day to see it, and a charge to keep the affair as quiet as possible, she took her leave; deeply impressed with the melancholy fate of so young and lovely a woman, and also with the forlorn and destitute situation of the infant, though the contrition of Lord Belmour was, she hoped, a propitious symptom in its favour.

'The next day brought the whole family to Bath, and Lord Belmour took an early opportunity of entreating Louisa not to mention

her having seen him the day before, or any of the events relating to Miss Conway and himself.

‘Louisa willingly promised not to mention it to any part of the family. This she did, as much from a fear of giving pain to them, from a knowledge of his Lordship having acted so unworthily, as to oblige him, and conceal the disgrace of the departed Miss Conway, who had always appeared solicitous that the knowledge of her fault should be confined to the bosom of her to whom she herself had imparted it.

‘With the assistance of Lady Stanley’s maid, who was acquainted with many of the circumstances relative to the deceased, Louisa was enabled to arrange every thing for the proper accommodation of the child.

‘Lord Belmour had himself seen that every respect was paid to the remains of his mother, and had discharged the necessary expense attending her interment: he also liberally rewarded Mrs. Mappin for the trouble she had had, and for the kindness she had shown to her friendless inmate, when she could not have been stimulated by the hopes of reward.’

Mrs. Costello has dispersed some small pieces of poetry through her three volumes. We extract one of these:

‘When with my heart’s first friend I lov’d to stray,
His look, his voice, which now is heard no more,
Remembrance treasur’d, as her proudest store,
And said, bless’d hours, when ye are roll’d away,
“These images of bliss my heart shall keep;”
And then with mingling joy I turn’d to weep,
And thought the mem’ry of each happy hour
In after days might as delightful prove,
As when, in pure affection’s humble bower
Young friendship seemed to ripen into love:
Ah! days for ever gone! how I but woo
The shade of those endearments, and recal
The hill, the mead, the tree, the water-fall,
Where once we stray’d. Back on the lovely view
Alas! I turn my lingering eyes in vain,
Whose sad remembrance but augments my pain.
Yet not displeasing is the pensive hour,
When, far remov’d from fashion’s idle train,
I feel her poor allurements, ah! how vain!
And find that virtue only has the pow’r,
In sunshine, or beneath cold fortune’s shower,
The self-approving conscience to sustain.’

ART. IX.—*Middleton on the Greek Article. 'Concluded' from p. 371 of our last number.*

WE shall offer some strictures on Dr. Middleton's theory still farther illustrative of the article. First, the article is generically or specifically applicable in the N.T. more frequently than in other Greek writers. The reason seems to be, that the sacred penmen were familiar with the Hebrew article *et* *he*, the parent of the Greek, which often represents the noun affected by it in a generic sense: Yet our author says, p. 158.

'The Hebrew *et*, though it corresponds in some of its uses with *et* of the Greeks, is yet on the whole so dissimilar, that he who should translate a portion of the Hebrew scriptures into Greek, inserting the Greek article where he found the Hebrew one, and no where else, would write a language almost as unlike Greek as is the Hebrew.'

Our readers will not put much reliance on this assertion of Dr. M.: for as he appears not to know the real meaning of the Greek, how can he be expected to know that of the Hebrew article? The very reverse of the declaration we, however, conceive to be nearer the truth, the article in both languages being not only like, but the same word in different characters.

II. Dr. Middleton erroneously limits the use of the article when denoting a whole class of things to the plural number.

'It is employed *plurally*,' says he, 'to denote whole *classes* and *descriptions* of persons or things.' p. 58.

But why should the article, when used in this *general* or *indefinite* sense be confined to the plural, when it confessedly bears the same *general* or *indefinite* sense in the singular? The plural, it is granted, is more than *one*, but *number*, however great, does not constitute a *whole class* or *description*; there is, therefore, no good reason why the plural should have this peculiar signification. On the contrary, as a whole class or kind, though an aggregate of many, gives the idea of *unity*, the article in this sense seems in justice to require its qualified noun in the singular number. And the Greek writers have not been inattentive to this propriety; for when the article is generically applied it is often, if not generally, used in connection with a singular noun. But let us hear what the doctor says on the subject.

'The following use of the article differs from the preceding ones, in which the article and predicate together recal some familiar idea, being here subservient to the purpose of *hypothesis*. In both cases the predicate explains the obscure relation of the article, but in the latter the article even with the aid of its predicate, does not convey back the mind to any object, with which it has been recently, or is frequently conversant. It is merely the representative of some things, of which, whether known or unknown an assumption is to be made.'

γ. 57.

In illustration of this reasoning our author subjoins the following example from Demosthenes, *καταγοις ο συκοφαντης ανι*, the calumniator is ever base: and he adds in the next page, 'we clearly perceive that *ο συκοφαντης* must mean every person of whom *συκοφαντης* can be predicated;' that is, in plain language, it must mean every one that might be called a sycophant. If so, it must mean what Dr. M. is unwilling to allow, or unwilling to see, the whole class or description of persons called calumniators. Had he on this occasion expressed his thoughts in plain simple terms, he probably would have detected the fallacy of his whole theory; and thence been led to suppress, if not to forego, the perverse and labour'd nonsense with which he has filled the greater part of a large octavo volume.

III. We have already seen that what is commonly supposed to be the defined noun is introduced according to our author's doctrine under the new name of predicate.

'The article,' says he, p. 36. 'is not in its nature a definitive; for then what is usually called its indefinite sense could not have existence; it answers the purpose of a definitive merely, *καταγοις*: in strict truth its adjunct has a better claim to the title, being, as we have seen, added to the pronoun to ascertain its relation.'

The reasoning here employed is refuted by the generic use of the article. Our author, if he had understood his subject, would have denied that the article is ever used in an *indefinite* sense, though universally supposed to have in some cases a vague acceptance. The common notion, however, of the indefiniteness of the article is easily reconciled with its general application. It is definite when it marks an individual it is indefinite when it marks a whole class or genus. But then this class or kind is itself an individual, in respect to other classes or kinds; and the article, as serving to hold forth to the reader either an individual or a multitude of indi-

viduals combined in one aggregate, preserves in all cases the uniform character of a *definitive*.

IV. Though our English article *the* is often used in a generic sense, it cannot in all cases be made a representative of the Greek without violating its meaning, as its object in many instances is to render the subjoined noun *prominent* or *emphatic*, in opposition to some other noun expressed in the sentence or obviously implied. Thus Luke xviii. 13. 'God be merciful to me *a sinner*' *μοι το αμαρτωλο*, to me one that is a sinner; the article serving to hold forth the character of sinner which the publican sustained, in opposition to *just* which the pharisee before mentioned professed to be. Wetstein remarks that the article in this place augments the meaning of *αμαρτωλος*, and supposes the publican to confess himself an exceedingly great sinner. The remark, as Dr. M. observes, is unfounded. The article renders the sense emphatic only by placing *αμαρτωλος* in contrast with *ο δικαιος*, the character which the pharisee pretended to sustain. Thus again, John i. Epist. ii. 10, *ο μωσιν τον αδελφον αυτου* is a phrase which means not any one brother, but *one that is a brother*, one who sustains the endearing character of a brother. Thucyd. v. 72, *τη επιπρωτη Λακεδαιμονιοι ελασσονεστες τον, τα ανδρα εδειξαν ουχ ησσαν περιγενομενοι*, the Lacedæmonians at that time shewed themselves inferior (to their enemies) in skill, but superior (to them) in valour. The original is *in that which is skill*, and *in that which is valour*, the article serving to mark, and render prominent, the quality in which they excelled, and that in which they were inferior to, their enemies. This passage is quoted by our author, p. 131, where he has subjoined a note.

'In this passage it may be supposed that both *αμωσιν* and *αδελφον* should, according to what has been advanced above, be anarthrous. Bauer, however, in his excellent edition of Thucydides Lips. 1790, has shewn that *τη επιπρωτη* must be rendered *per artem prostrum*, and by *τη ανδρα* we must plainly understand by the bravery of the Spartans.'

It is the misfortune of Dr. Middleton to be not only himself throughout erroneous, but to vouch for the errors of others. If this be a fair specimen of Bauer's skill as an editor (and we willingly believe otherwise) his edition may, without any loss to literature, be consigned to oblivion.

V. The article, says Dr. M. has the sense of the *possessive*

pronoun. But this assertion is far from being correct. It has not the precise sense of the possessive pronoun, but is rendered by it in our tongue, though not as an equivalent, yet as the best mode of rendering it which the language admits. Thus, *ἀλγιστὴν τὴν κεφαλὴν*, *I have pain in the HEAD, or I have pain in that part, namely, the head.* Προσχεῖς τῷ νου, *app'ly THE mind* Οὐχι τῷ πατρὶ καὶ τῇ μητρὶ μόνον γεννησθαι, ἀλλὰ τῇ πατρίδι, *to be born not only for THE father, and THE mother, but for THE country.* Now, as the genius of our language does not admit the article in these, and other similar instances which are very numerous, it adopts in its room the possessive pronoun; the subject of the discourse, or the termination of the verb being sufficient to point what pronoun is required. On this principle, the above examples, conformably to the English idiom, would be thus expressed; 'I have pain in *my* head; apply *your* mind; to be born not only for *his* father and mother, but for *his* country.' In page 207, he supposes the article to mean the same thing with *πᾶς* every, all. Though this supposition were true, it is still founded on false premises. When the article defines a class, or genus, it defines a word that expresses *all*, or *every* individual of that class. But does it follow that the article is equivalent to either of these, because they may be implied in the noun defined by it?

VI. The following is an instance of our author's aptitude to conceal confusion or absurdity of ideas under pompous technical terms :

'Very nearly allied to the last mentioned is that of the article prefixed to *monadic* nouns, i. e. nouns indicating persons or things, which exist singly, or of which, if there be several, only one, from the nature of the case, can be the subject of discourse.'

Let us apply this remark to the example *ἀλγιστὴν τὴν κεφαλὴν*, and ask why is the article inserted before *κεφαλὴν*? The answer is, it is a *monadic* noun, a man having only one head! On Mat. v. 13,

'Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but in a candlestick, ὅπως τοὶ μωδοὶ ἀλλὰ τῇ λυχνίᾳ.'

the Doctor has the following note:

'Campbell vindicates the article in this place by considering the bushel and the candlestick to be what I have denominated *monadic* nouns; only one of each would probably be found in a house.'

viduals combined in one aggregate, preserves in all cases the uniform character of a *definitive*.

IV. Though our English article *the* is often used in generic sense, it cannot in all cases be made a representative of the Greek without violating its meaning, as its object is many instances is to render the subjoined noun *prominent or emphatic*, in opposition to some other noun expressed in the sentence or obviously implied. Thus Luke xviii. 19. 'God be merciful to me *a sinner*' *μοι τη αμαρτωλω*, to me one that is *sinner*; the article serving to hold forth the character of sinner which the publican sustained, in opposition to *just* which the pharisee before mentioned professed to be. Wetstein remarks that the article in this place augments the meaning of *αμαρτωλος*, and supposes the publican to confer himself an exceedingly great sinner. The remark, as Dr M. observes, is unfounded. The article renders the sentence *emphatic* only by placing *αμαρτωλος* in contrast with *ο δικαιος* the character which the pharisee pretended to sustain. Thus again, John i. Epist. ii. 10, *ο μωσιν τη αδελφω αυτου* is phrase which means not any one brother, but *one that is brother*, one who sustains the endearing character of a brother. Thucyd. v. 72, *τη επιπειρα Λακεδαιμονιοι πλεονεχοντες τοις αλλοις ειδεν ουχ ισσαν περιγενομενοι*, the Lacedæmonians *that time shewed themselves inferior (to their enemies) in skill but superior (to them) in valour*. The original is *in τι ην επιπειρα*, which is skill, and in *τι ην ισση*, which is valour, the article serves to mark, and render prominent, the quality in which they excelled, and that in which they were inferior to, their enemies. This passage is quoted by our author, p. 131, where he has subjoined a note.

* In this passage it may be supposed that both *αριστην* and *αδελφω* should, according to what has been advanced above, be *definitive*. Bauer, however, in his excellent edition of Thucyd. Lips. 1790, has shown that *τη αριστη* must be rendered *in artium et ingeniorum*, and by *τη αδελφω* we must plainly understand by the brother of the Spartans.

It is the misfortune of Dr. Middleton to be not only self throughout erroneous, but to vouch for the errors of others. If this be a fair specimen of Bauer's edition (and we willingly believe otherwise) his work without any loss to literature, be consigned to the flames.

V. The article, says Dr. M.

propos. En ce sens, il est évident
 qu'il ne s'agit pas de l'usage
 de la langue, mais de l'usage
 de la pensée. Ainsi, dans le
 langage, il y a deux choses :
 l'usage de la langue, et l'usage
 de la pensée. L'usage de la
 langue est celui qui se rapporte
 à la forme des mots, à leur
 construction, à leur arrangement.
 L'usage de la pensée est celui
 qui se rapporte à l'idée, à la
 signification, à la valeur des
 mots. C'est ce dernier usage
 qui est le véritable usage de
 la langue. C'est pourquoi, dans
 l'étude de la langue, il faut
 se concentrer sur l'usage de la
 pensée, et non sur l'usage de
 la langue. C'est la seule façon
 de comprendre la langue, et
 de l'utiliser avec succès.

... nearly allied to the ...
 ... monadic nouns, i.e. ...
 ... singly, or of which ...
 ... of the case, can be the ...

... apply this remark to ...
 ... why is the article ...
 ... it is a monadic noun, ...
 ... v. 13,

... do men light a candle ...
 ... stick, but two palms ...
 ... has the following ...

rives its defining
 the eye, and from
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 of discourse not
 on to society, that
 When the writer
 as he inserts the
 to subjoin it with
πομπῆς, λαοῦ, &
 ves, as *Αἰσώπου, &*

on the author the
 he proper name,
 jective succeeding
 ks to their ships,
αὐτῶν παρα νηῶν ποῖος
 prefixed to *Τυδείδης*
 ake it prominent;
 ee if Tycides *brave*
 e able to repel me
 i. 332. The same
 ger of Apollo, says,
 ad Homer written in
 e before *αἰσώπῃς*, as
 f Chryses to inform
 n forth, on one hand,
 ought not to have
 other the justice or
 His meaning then is,
 s *the priest*, or *him that*
his priest, namely, the

deavoured to explain the
 o proper names, and here
 confusion of ideas every
 fused volume.

55, 'the Greeks prefixed the
 most curious enquiries connect-
 p. 104, he adds. 'All the per-
 been enveloped has arisen from
 a genuine pronoun; and that the
 ing applicable to a multitude of in-
 the speaker, if he would avoid ambi-
 individual meant. We first *obscurely*

If *αυτον* happened to have the article before it, our author would then probably have accounted for it by saying that only *one candle* could be found in a house! This expression we doubt not is proverbial, and hence derives its true explanation. The word *μοδος* seems to have been taken from *το mod* which in Hebrew and Arabic signifies to *spread* or to *cover*: and as many of the eastern proverbs owe their formation to a mere coincidence of sound between words different in sense, it seems not improbable that it is founded on an allusion which *μοδος* bears to the original sense of *covering*. The clause, literally rendered, would then be, 'Neither do men light a candle and put it under *the cover*, or *that which covers it*, but in the *candle-holder*, or *that which holds the candle to view*.

VII. The noun defined by the article is understood when the context or the general turn of conversation rendered it obvious what noun is intended. Thus *τα* may mean *τα πραγματα*, *ὁ Φιλίππου ὁ υἱος Φιλίππου, το Αἰτωρχοι, το ονομα Αἰτωρχοι, ἡ σκηνή, ἡ κίβητα σκισμένη*. On the same principle it is that the article is often prefixed to *proper names*, referring to the common name implied; and this use of it takes place when a writer is desirous to fix the attention of his reader on the subject of his discourse, as is the case in the beginning of a discourse or a sentence, or when he wishes to hold forth the subject to notice not as an individual, but as a person distinguished by some known qualities. Hence the justice of the following remark of *Professor Porson*, whom *Dr. M.* praises, but by whose sagacity he did not know how to profit, '*Rato nisi propter emphasin quandam, aut initio sententiæ, ubi particula inseritur.*' This the professor asserts in opposition to *Valeknaer* who has said that in the tragic poets the article is never inserted before proper names. An example or two, will illustrate the principle here stated, and of which *Mr. Porson*, if we may judge from his silence, was not aware. In *ὁ Σολων* we have the name of an individual with whom experience had associated the character of an eminent lawgiver; and the use of the article is to fix the attention on this associated character, and thus render it prominent to the mind, the expression is then recognized as equal to *ὁ νομοθετης Σολων, the law-giver Solon*; for the same reason *τον Ὅμηρον* must mean *the poet Homer*, association or custom in every instance serving to point out the generic term corresponding to the expressed proper name. To feel the justness of this explanation we have only to recollect that the primary meaning of the article

answers to our *lo* or *behold*, and that it derives its defining power from its use in submitting things to the eye, and from the consequence of the eye's distinguishing the thing thus beheld from all other things. Conformably to its original application, it renders prominent the subject of discourse not as an individual, but in his associated relation to society, that is, in his generic or specific character. When the writer wishes to be more emphatic or perspicuous he inserts the generic term; but then it is the more usual to subjoin it with the article to the proper name, as Σάων ὁ τομοθετης, Ιωαννης ὁ βαπτιστης. The same may be said of adjectives, as Αλεξανδρος ὁ μεγας.

In poetry, the metre sometimes imposed on the author the necessity of inserting the article before the proper name, when in reality it qualifies the noun or adjective succeeding it; thus, Hector hoping to drive the Greeks to their ships, says, *ισομαι, ας ης μ' ὁ Τυδιδης κρατερος Διομηδης παρα των προς τειχος σπυσσεται*. Here the article though prefixed to Τυδιδης is yet intended to mark *κρατερος* and to make it prominent; and the meaning of Hector is, 'I shall see if Tycides *brave as he is*, (or *with all his bravery*,) will be able to repel me from the ships to the walls.' See Il. viii. 592. The same poet in Il. i. 11. accounting for the anger of Apollo, says, *οτινα τον Χρυσον πριμω' αρητηρα Ατρειδης*; had Homer written in prose he would have inserted the article before *αρητηρα*, as his object is by describing the office of Chryses to inform the reader who he was, and to hold him forth, on one hand, under a character which Agamemnon ought not to have dishonoured, and to show on the other the justice or reasonableness of Apollo's anger. His meaning then is, 'because Atrides dishonoured Chryses *the priest*, or *him that was priest*, or according to our idiom *his priest*, namely, the priest of Apollo.

In chap. iv. part i. Dr. M. has endeavoured to explain the reason why the article is prefixed to proper names, and here he has exceeded in absurdity and confusion of ideas every other part of this absurd and confused volume.

'On what occasions,' says he, p. 95, 'the Greeks prefixed the article to proper names is among the most curious enquiries connected with Greek literature;' and in p. 104, he adds. 'All the perplexity in which the question has been enveloped has arisen from not considering that the article is a genuine pronoun; and that the pronouns of the third person, being applicable to a multitude of individuals, frequently require the speaker, if he would avoid ambiguity to add the name of the individual meant. We first obscurely

intimate the person whom we *have in mind* and declare his name afterwards in order to prevent mistake.

Let us see how from this theory he explains the above passage in the beginning of the *Iliad*. After quoting it, he adds:

'*Heyne*, after observing that the article, especially as prefixed to proper names, was confessedly unknown to Homer, and after giving some conjectural emendations of preceding critics, concludes, '*Nihil expediti potest*:' whilst *Wolf* declares; '*Nihil dubito quin τοι Χρυση poeta dixerit, ut personam fama celebrem et auditoribus jam tum, quum primum ejus nomen audirent, notissimam.*' It is certainly a difficulty that *Chryses* is now for the first time mentioned: but whether this difficulty be so great, that we must introduce *δὲ* or *τοι* into the place of *τοι* without any authority from *Edt.* or *MSS.* deserves, not merely for the sake of this passage, to be carefully considered. Between prefixing the article to the name of a person there first mentioned, and making it the temporary representative of one, who though already mentioned has not been spoken of for some time past, the difference appears not to be great, and yet of the latter usage unquestionable instances abound. In *Il. N. 765, 8*, we have *Τοι δὲ ταχ' ἔτι μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερά δακρυοσποῖς διὸς Ἀλεξάνδρου*, where till *Ἀλεξάνδρου* is pronounced, the hearer can form no tolerable conjecture who is the person meant. That *τοι* has reference to *Χρυση* might as easily be inferred in the one case, as that it related to *Ἀλεξάνδρου* in the other: in neither, however, would such an inference be drawn. It is plain, therefore, that we are to consider what passes in the mind of the *speaker*: and the hearer is to be satisfied, if, when the sentence is completed, he can then account for the introduction of the article, however obscure till then, its reference might be. Now we have seen that in the eagerness to attribute an act, it is not unusual to employ a *symbol* of the person intended, and to defer the actual mention of his name; but if the person, though not hitherto mentioned, be already well known, and therefore of easy recognition, it seems scarcely less allowable that the speaker should first *allude*, even though the *allusion* may require to be explained immediately afterwards; it is as if the speaker should say, you know whom I mean, not indeed that we do or can know so much with certainty, till the name has been declared, but that we shall then perceive the reason of the anticipation. In the case before us the speaker felt that *Chryses* was known by all, who had heard of the pestilence just described, to have been the author of it, and though it be necessary to mention his name, yet the circumstance of his notoriety might at the same time be noticed.' p. 101, 2.

According to this reasoning *τοι* in the instance before us, being a pronoun stands for *Χρυση* succeeding it, and has a

reference to that name; and the reader might easily infer that reference, but he is not to draw such an inference; because he is to consider what passes in the mind of Homer till *Xquom* is inserted; and however obscure may be the reference between *rov* and *Xquom*, he ought to be satisfied if he can account for the introduction of the article. Homer was eager to attribute an act, and therefore uses *rov* as a symbol of *Xquom*, deferring the actual mention of *Xquom*. But as *Xquom*, though a person not hitherto mentioned was well known, and therefore easily recognized, Homer was allowed to allude to him, though he was afterwards under the necessity of explaining his *allusion* saying, 'you know whom I mean;' but fearing lest we did not fully know whom he meant, the poet declares his name, and the reader then perceives the reason of the anticipation!!!

This verbose reasoning, if it deserve the name, is as impertinent as it is vain and unmeaning: for our author has shifted the question. He proposed to enquire why the article is prefixed to proper names; and his answer tends to shew why proper names are necessary after the article. But this is an *crasion*, not a *solution* of the difficulty. For it may be asked was not a proper name sufficient for the writer clearly to express his meaning? If so, why not be content with that, and that alone? On this supposition, therefore, the article is *unnecessary*, or at best but an *idle, circuitous way* of expressing what after all he is obliged *directly* to express. The mistakes of Heyne and Wolf on the subject of the article really excite our surprise; at the same time their reputation for talents and learning claims our respectful indulgence. But with respect to Dr. M. especially on this part of his work, we have really no other feelings than those of pity and contempt.

VIII. For the same reason that proper names are too definite of themselves to need the article, abstract and general terms, and the names of qualities, which are most clearly expressed by opposition or contrast, stand in most need of the article to limit their signification. These terms indeed comprehend the proper province of the article though with respect to abstract terms our conclusion stands opposed to the opinion of our author, who says, 'that abstract nouns for the most part refuse the article.' Abstract nouns, however, are the chief materials of *science*, and hence in *scientific discourses*, such as in those of Plato and Aristotle the article abounds; whereas in poetry where the writer addresses

chiefly the imagination and consequently has little need of logical precision, it less frequently occurs.

IX. In a proposition it is in general sufficient to prefix the article to the subject; the predicate being adequately defined by the connecting verb expressed or implied; as *παλος εστι ο νομος*. When, however, it is the intention of the writer to render the predicate emphatic or prominent, or to mark them as two distinct things, though coalescing in the instance in question, he does not fail to prefix it to the predicate also. *Εγω ειμι ο ποιμην*. Here the speaker fixes the attention strongly on *ποιμην*, as being his real character, in opposition to an *impostor*, or *hireling*. He therefore puts the article before it, though the predicate of his proposition. The same remark applies to the following, and other such instances, *ο δ' αγρος εστι ο ποσμος; η αμαρτια εστι η ανομια*. Dr. M. indeed says that the article is here inserted, because the proposition is *convertible*; but this assertion is one of those instances in which he attempts to conceal a want of just discrimination under sounding or technical language.

X. With respect to the position of the article the rule is that it precedes the word it defines; and as things are distinguished by their qualities it is generally prefixed to the adjective; and the adjective itself thus defined, succeeds the qualified noun, where the writer intends emphasis or opposition. Thus *εγω ειμι ο ποιμην ο παλος*, the first article holds forth the speaker as a *shepherd*, in opposition to one that was not so, or one that was so in name, the second exhibits him as *honourable*, *faithful*, and *disinterested*, in opposition to one that is *base*, *selfish* and *treacherous*. John viii. *Εαν υμεις μεινητε εν τω λογω τω εμω αληθως μαθηται μου εστι*. The article before *λογω* holds forth *doctrine* as what you ought to continue in, and before *εμω*, *my doctrine*, in opposition to the false doctrine of those who shall teach in my name.

‘If you continue in that doctrine which is mine, you will be in reality, as well as in profession, my disciples.’

Dr. M. cites the following judgment of *Hermann* on the position of the article.

‘A most acute critic makes *ο αγαθος πολιτης* to be the suitable expression, when *goodness* is the idea, with which chiefly the mind is occupied; while *ο πολιτης ο αγαθος* implies that the principal stress lies on *citizen*.’

This remark shews that this acute critic's ideas respecting

the article were not more correct than those of his German brethren ; for we scruple not to say that the reverse of this assertion is true. In ὁ ἀγαθὸς πούτης, as in ὁ πούτης, the attention is principally fixed upon one that is a citizen, in opposition to a foreigner or a slave ; whereas ὁ πούτης ὁ ἀγαθός implies not only a citizen, but a good citizen, in opposition to a bad one. In the same manner τὸ ἅγιον πνεῦμα means the holy spirit ; while τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον, in Mat. xii. 32. means the spirit that is holy, or the holy spirit, in opposition to Beelzebub, the impure spirit, to which the enemies of Jesus ascribed his miracles.

XI. When two nouns succeed each other the article prefixed to the first is to be supplied in the second, on the same principle that an adjective qualifying one term is understood to qualify any other that may come after it in the same case. Thus in 2 Cor. i. 2. ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ, stands for ὁ θεὸς καὶ ὁ πατὴρ ; and in fact the apostle himself has thus supplied it in the ensuing clause, having at the same time omitted it before θεός. Nevertheless when a writer wishes to be emphatic he repeats it before the second term ; as ὁ πνεῦμα διὰ Μωϋσῆος ἐδόθη ἡ χάρις καὶ ἡ ἀληθεία διὰ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ σωτῆρος, John i. 17. Here ἡ χάρις and ἡ ἀληθεία are two distinct names of the same thing, namely the gospel, each having the article before it, to mark its character in opposition to the types and ceremonies of the Mosaic law.

The cases in which it is reasonable to expect the article to be omitted are those where the second term is but a different description of the same person or thing with the first ; and on the other hand to be inserted in those where both express different persons or things. And this in general will be found to be the fact. Thus ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ are but different descriptions of the same being ; whereas the apostle, if he intended by these two distinct beings, would have written ὁ θεὸς καὶ ὁ πατὴρ. We have said that this in general will be found to be the fact ; for it is not always so. The following example is an exception, Prov. xxiv. 21. φοβου τον δεον, ἡμε, καὶ βασιλεα ; and another occurs in Mat. v. 20.

Mr. Granville Sharp, a very good man but a very bad critic, without attending to the principles here laid down, has concluded that the absence of the article before the second noun intimates it to be descriptive of the same person with the first. Thus in 2 Thess. i. 12. κατὰ τὴν χάριν του θεου ἡμων καὶ κυριου Ἰησου Χριστου : because the article is not repeated before κυριου, he infers that God and Lord are the same person, and

he thus renders the passage. 'According to the grace of our God and Lord Jesus Christ.' On the other hand, where the article is repeated the same critic supposes the repetition to indicate that the names are descriptive of two distinct things. For instance :

'And he that was dead came forth bound (*δεσμεύων τοὺς πόδας αὐτοῦ χυγὰς*) in feet and in hands with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin.'

According to Mr. Sharp the evangelist being not quite sure that his readers would know the hands of Lazarus to be different things from his feet, repeated the article to give them a full assurance on the subject.

But to us it appears that the evangelist inserts the article before *πόδας* and *χυγὰς* in order to render the condition in which Lazarus came forth more definite and prominent. See Jones's 'Illustrations of the Gospels,' p. 457.

Here we see that Mr. Sharp has discovered a powerful argument for the *divinity of Christ*, in the Greek article, or more properly in the absence of the Greek article, and this discovery it is the object of Dr. M. to support, and which we suspect gave birth to the voluminous performance before us. The temper of his mind on the subject may be seen in the manner in which he speaks of Mr. Sharp's anonymous, but powerful opponent.

'An unknown writer,' says he, 'who in a pamphlet, entitled, *Six more letters*, has attacked Messrs. Sharp and Wordsworth on their respective publications, and whose petulance is scarcely surpassed by his profound ignorance of the subject, gravely challenges his readers to assign a reason why the article was here omitted before *παντρεα*. That the reason will be satisfactory to him is more than I dare hope: it is, that the writer, or rather translator of Matthew's gospel, understood Greek somewhat better than does the author of the *Six more letters*. I shall take occasion to adduce other proofs of the unknown writer's extraordinary erudition; the tone of confidence, and even of triumph with which his remarks are delivered, gives him a claim to some consideration.' P. 208.

Though this unknown author is assuredly not acquainted with the full force of the article, yet he has throughout his publication shewn great humour, learning, and talents; and Dr. M. must have had a high sense of his own importance and superiority to justify the above inceremonious treatment of so distinguished a writer.

XII. As our ideas of a person or thing are often rendered

sufficiently definite by connecting them with *time* or *place*, the article being a definitive is sometimes employed to mark such a connection. Mat. xv. 1. Τοις ~~μαθηταῖς~~ ~~καὶ~~ ~~τοῖς~~ ~~γραμματεῖς~~ ~~καὶ~~ ~~φαραῖσιν~~. Here the article is used not to mark the persons who came to Jesus as Scribes and Pharisees, but as Scribes and Pharisees belonging to Jerusalem, where they resided, and whence they came to our Lord; and the passage should be rendered, 'then came to Jesus Scribes and Pharisees who are of Jerusalem.' The evangelist, representing them as men from the seat of government, meant to represent them as men of influence and dignity in the church and state. And this idea is necessary to account in the sequel for the timidity of the disciples, the severity of the animadversions which our Saviour made on his opponents, and the caution he delivered to the people against their doctrine, John i. 45. Εὐαγγελιστὴν ~~ἔκ~~ ~~τε~~ ~~τοῦ~~ ~~νόμου~~ ~~τοῦ~~ ~~αὐτοῦ~~ ~~Ναζαρεθ~~, 'we have found Jesus the son of Joseph, *him* from Nazareth, or *that man* from Nazareth.' It is evident that the evangelist has employed the article here in the very sense in which it is so often used by *Homer*, and which we may express by the *personal pronoun*. It is also manifest that the expression is elliptical, for τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ Ναζαρεθ, *that man who is from Nazareth*.

We are sorry to observe the religious rancour which our author betrays in the course of the second part; and if any thing can enhance our sorrow it is the consideration that his animosity is openly and indecently directed against a man who is no longer among the living to defend himself, and who has a large claim on the gratitude and veneration of the public. Speaking of Mr. Wakefield he thus writes in p. 603.

'It is painful to behold a man, whose general character and conduct betrayed no want of pride, thus condescending to subterfuge after subterfuge, and ready to submit to any expedient however humiliating, if it promised but for a moment to aid the cause which he had at heart. Αἰσχρογὰρ καὶ ψαγγογὰρ was the motto which Mr. Wakefield caused to be inscribed to his portrait: in the exercise of the latter of these he yielded to no controul; it were much to be wished that his adherence to the former had been equally unshaken. Candour indeed requires us to impute to ignorance that which cannot be proved to originate in malice. There is, however, in the ignorance of this writer, if so we must regard it, the consistency which usually marks design; his ignorance uniformly operates to a given end; and if this be the ground on which his advocates shall choose to defend his integrity, they must concede that his learning

was prodigiously over-rated, and must assign him a place among scholars of far more modest pretensions.'

In reading these unprovoked and unjustifiable reflections we felt an involuntary glow of indignation; but our feelings are appeased by the consideration that the author of them is also the author of the volume before us. The fate of the work, though it may insure temporary honours will, we venture to predict, be such as abundantly to avenge so gross an indignity offered to the shade of a great and good man; for however resentful we might be in behalf of injured and departed worth, the conviction that it will be either consigned to oblivion, or preserved only as a monument of perverted taste, senseless learning, and fruitless industry, is sufficient to disarm our resentment and convert it into regret and compassion for its object.

ART X.—*Travels through the South of France, and the Interior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years 1807 and 1808, by a Route never before performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isere, and the Garonne, through the greater Part of their Course. Made by permission of the French Government. By Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney of the North American Native Rangers. 4to. pp. 282. Purday. 1809.*

If we should gravely inform our readers that some years since, an Irishman proposed making 'a Tour through the West of England, and the interior of the countries of Devon and Cornwall by a route never before performed, being along the banks of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent, through the greater part of their course,' we should justly be censured for inventing a bull infinitely too extravagant to have been ever committed. It was impossible to suppose that an actual blunder equally gross with this imaginary one, could be incurred by a correct and calculating American; and therefore on opening the present volume, however astonished at the fact, we were nevertheless inclined to believe that the change produced by the late tremendous revolution in France had extended to the works of nature as well as those of human art and policy, that it had altered the course of rivers, and perhaps even shifted the points of the com-

pass. Anxious to arrive at the truth of these amazing phenomena, we entered on our task of perusal with more avidity than a book of travels usually inspires ; but we had not gone far before we began to suspect either mistake or fraud in the title-page ; and, indeed, so far from being ' a route never before performed,' the direct post-road to the Land's End through Salisbury and Exeter is hardly better known than the track pursued by Col. Pinkney, viz. from Calais, through Boulogne, Abbeville, and Amiens, to Paris,—from Paris to Nantes ; from Nantes, along the banks of the Loire to La Charité, thence to Lyons, from Lyons down the Rhone to Avignon, and so to Aix and Marseilles, where he quietly embarks for America. It is evident, therefore, that of all the wonders announced in his title-page, this ingenious traveller can only have dreamed ; (unless indeed, we except the banks of the Loire, which the road from Nantes to Lyons must have given him some opportunities of beholding)—that as for the Isere, though he crossed it in his progress, he can know no more of its course than of that of the Niger or Burrampooter, —and, with regard to the Garonne, that he must have been remarkably quick-sighted to have discovered it at all ; from a distance comprehending five good degrees of latitude,—that of Languedoc he has seen just as much as a man walking on the Surry-side of the river, from Westminster bridge to Putney, can see of Middlesex ; and is as well qualified to write the description of Provence from the little he has viewed of that country he would be to draw the picture of Yorkshire after travelling in the stage from Sheffield to Doncaster. Thus instead of being a Bruce, a Park, or an Alexander Selkirk, Mr. Pinkney must consent to mingle among the common mass of travellers who, in their progress through France, may have deviated a little from the line of ' the grand tour ;' and though no man ever has, or ever will have, performed the impossible route mentioned in the title-page, we advise him to be very cautious how he again boasts of originality in touring, unless to his ' never before performed' he adds, ' by an American,' in which case we probably may not have the means of contradicting his assertion.

Notwithstanding, however, this egregious deception, or more egregious error, which it may be more candid to ascribe to his publisher than to the traveller himself, enough remains in the sound of a ' Tour through France' (even by the most accustomed roads,) performed so lately, to justify a great degree of curiosity as to the contents of the volume. Perhaps, as readers, we should have been better pleased, had the colonel completed his journey in the same manner

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as he began it, alone, and on the back of his little Norman horse, than we are to find him so agreeably seated in Mr. Younge's barouche, listening to the chit-chat, or playing with the fan of the lively Mademoiselle St. Sillery, during all the most interesting part of his wanderings. But we are not of so selfish a spirit as those critics who, some time ago, had the decency to find fault with Mr. Cordiner for riding in a palanquin, when he might have walked on foot to be trodden to death by elephants for the king of Candy's amusement. We consider Mr. Pinkney to have travelled for his own pleasure, not for ours; we are much indebted to him for the information he has given us, and have no right to complain of him for not encreasing the weight of that debt, to the manifest detriment of his own comforts. Who thinks of abusing a friend for sending him a brace of partridges, when he might at a greater expence have furnished him with a turtle?

Our traveller sets out in the best of all possible humours, with the apparent determination of being pleased with every person and every occurrence he meets with. He accordingly has no sooner landed on French ground than he proposes (with an air of originality) the often agitated question, whether that gay complaisance which manifests itself on a hundred different opportunities every day be not on the whole productive of more happiness to mankind, than the exalted benevolence or real generosity of character, which, though of incalculably higher individual importance, can be exercised, comparatively, on so few occasions, or in his own words, 'which is the most useful being in society—the light good-humoured Frenchman, or the slow meditating Englishman?' though he leaves this point undecided in words, it is easy to guess from his manner of expressing himself to which side Mr. Pinkney would incline the balance; and we shall candidly avow that our philosophy, or our prejudices, leave us not a moment's space to hesitate in dissenting from him altogether. With us there can never be a question between the utility of a single Howard, and that of all the most accomplished French courtiers in existence.

Yet are we much farther than this declaration may seem to imply from despising or undervaluing that minor degree of utility, which we only think that Mr. Pinkney estimates too highly when he sets it in competition with that arising from the exercise of virtues which dignify humanity, and exalt it to an almost angelic perfection. On the contrary, we think it much to be regretted that in the inconsistency

and imperfection of our nature, we should so seldom see united with the exercise of nobler virtues, the practice of that *every-day benevolence*, which is so much the more valuable as it never wants objects or opportunities for its employment. We really feel some portion of national shame in confessing that Mr. Pinkney might have travelled all England over without the least chance of meeting with so agreeable an adventure as that which befel him on the second day after his arrival in France, and which is only characteristic of what might well have occurred to him during every week of his residence in that land of true politeness. We can only refer our readers to the recital of Mr. Pinkney's visit at the house of a gentleman resident near Calais, to whom he had letters of introduction, such as, in England, would be considered as *handsomely* answered by a formal invitation to dinner; when the stranger, after sitting two or three hours undistinguished among a crowd of other visitors, would be suffered to depart without further attention. The very different reception experienced by our traveller is described with a degree of minuteness which, while it illustrates in the strongest manner the elegance of French manners, precludes the possibility of our quoting it as an example of them.

The same easy, good-natured, (we had almost said, friendly and affectionate) civility which accompanies the behaviour of Frenchmen to a stranger by nation, characterizes equally their deportment towards each other. In England, ladies, and to a certain degree even gentlemen, seem afraid of paying the slightest attention to others, unless previously introduced to them, or known at least by name and reputation. In France it is enough to have the air of gentility to be immediately on the most familiar terms of acquaintance with any other of the same rank whom chance may have thrown in one's way. This is, surely, the more sensible plan. It is easy enough to be upon the guard against any improper or unreasonable act of complaisance, and it need not disgrace a man to be on terms of civility with persons of bad or even infamous characters before he knows them to be so.

One instance, among many, of this kind of first-sight acquaintance (though somewhat late in the volume) we shall here introduce before we proceed to considerations of another nature. Our traveller is now in company with a family of persons of fashion, with whom he performed the

greatest part of his journey. It consists of Mr. Younge, secretary to the American embassy, his lady, (the beautiful niece of the celebrated Lally-Tolendal), and Mademoiselle St. Sillery, (the no less beautiful niece of Mrs. Younge). Had these ladies been Englishwomen, they would probably have been rather displeased as well as astonished, at the frequent use which their fellow traveller makes of their names in a published work, and his free recital of a hundred little words and actions, which, though very harmless in reality, and undoubtedly contributing much to the pleasure of the tour while actually performing, were not, we should imagine, designed to appear in print. For instance, where he records that Mrs. Younge was jealous of her husband's attentions to a pretty chambermaid, and where he feelingly describes his emotion on discovering, or thinking that he discovers, a penchant in the charming Mademoiselle St. Sillery towards himself, our fair countrywomen might be apt to conceive that Colonel Pinkney had sacrificed the fidelity of a true chevalier to that of a true historian. But perhaps it is otherwise across the channel. Now to our tale—

'We entered the forest of Ancennis as the sun was setting. This forest is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the haunt of fairies and the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. The road through it was over a green turf in which the marks of a wheel were scarcely visible, the forest on each side was very thick. At short intervals narrow footpaths struck into the wood; our carriage had been sent before to Ancennis, and we were walking merrily on, when the well-known sound of the French-horn arrested our steps and attention. Mademoiselle Sillery immediately guessed it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies and a gentleman, who issued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tastily habited in the favourite French dress after the Dian of David; whilst the blue silk jacket and hunting-cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance necessarily took their attention, and after an exchange of salutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either side, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refreshing themselves in an adjoining dell. "We have had a party at archery," said one of them, "and Madame St. Amande has won the silver bugle and bow, the party is now at supper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not suffer us to repent having met you, by refusing to accompany us." Mademoiselle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation and looked rather blank when Mrs. Younge declined it, as she wished to proceed on

her road as quickly as possible. "You will at least accompany us merely to see the party." "By all means," said Mademoiselle Sillery. "I must really regret that I cannot," said Mrs. Younge. "If it must be so," resumed the lady who was inviting us, "let us exchange tokens, and we may meet again." This proposal so perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crescents, which had the appearance of being of considerable value. Madame Younge returned something which I did not see. Mademoiselle Sillery gave a silver cupid, which had served her for an essence-bottle. The gentleman then shaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted mutually satisfied. "Who are these ladies?" demanded I. "You know them as well as we do; replied Mademoiselle Sillery. "And is it thus," said I, "that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?" "Yes," replied she, "all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we; it is to general advantage to be pleased and to please each other."—"But you embraced them as if you really felt an affection for them."—"And I did feel that affection for them," said she, "as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power and would even have made sacrifices to serve them."—"And yet if you were to see them again, you would perhaps not know them."—"Very possibly;" replied she, "but I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly transient, but not insincere."

If credit be given to Mr. Pinkney's observations, in any thing like their full extent, those among us have formed very wrong and very fanciful conclusions who are so fond of haranguing on the misery of our neighbours under the tyrannic government of Bonaparte. The fact much more probably is, that in that extraordinary man the French nation has at last found a ruler exactly suited to its character and disposition. Our traveller is not very frequent in his philosophical or political remarks; but his book abounds in statements from which, if considered as correct, such deductions may easily be made by the reader, and this we have always held to be a much more instructive, as well as entertaining mode of writing travels than the grave and sententious method adopted by the generality of our English tourists.

From his accounts of the peasantry in various parts of the empire which he visited, we should be inclined to believe that class of inhabitants most essentially improved in their condition by the progress of the revolution. Let us take a few extracts by way of specimen. Speaking of a pretty female companion whom he overtook on a walk near Calais, he says,

' I learned in the course of my walk that she was the daughter of a small farmer : the farm was small indeed, being about half an arpent, or acre. She had been to Calais to take some butter, and had the same journey three mornings in the week. Her father had one cow of his own, and rented two others, for each of which he paid a louis annually. The two latter fed by the road-sides. Her father earned twenty sols a day as a labourer, and had a small pension from the government as a veteran and wounded soldier. Upon this little they seemed, according to her answers, to live very comfortably, not to say substantially. Poultry, chesnuts, milk, and dried fruit, formed their daily support. " We never buy meat," said she, " because we can raise more poultry than we can sell."

' I passed several cottages, and entered some. The inhabitants seemed happy, and to possess some substantial comforts. The greater part of these cottages had a walnut or chesnut tree before them, around which was a rustic seat, and which, as overshadowed by the broad branches and luxuriant foliage, composed a very pleasing image. The manner in which the sod was partially worn under most of them explained their nightly purpose ; or, if there could be any doubt, the flute and fiddle, pendant in almost every house, spoke a still more intelligible language. I entered no house so poor, and met with no inhabitant so inhospitable, as not to receive the offer, either of milk, or some sort of wine ; and every one seemed to take a refusal as if they had solicited, and not obtained, an act of kindness. If the French are not the most hospitable people in the world, they have at least the art of appearing so. I speak here only of the peasantry, and from first impressions.—The rent of one of these cottages of two floors and two rooms on each, is thirty-five livres. They have generally a small garden and about a hundred yards of common land, between the road and the house, on which grows the indispensable walnut or chesnut. The windows are glazed, but the glass is usually taken out in summer. The walls are generally sea-stone, but are clothed with grape-vines, or other shrubs, which curling around the casements, render them shady and picturesque. The bread is made of wheat-meal, but in some cottages consisted of thin cakes, without leaven, made of buck wheat. Their common beverage is a weak wine, sweet and pleasant to the taste. In some houses it very nearly resembled the good metheglin, very common in the northern counties of England. Eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables, seemed in great plenty; and, as I understood, composed the dinners of the peasantry twice a week at least. I was surprised at this evident abundance in a class in which I should not have expected it. Something of it, I fear must be imputed to the extraordinary profits of the smuggling which is carried on along the coast.'

In the foregoing passages, he is only speaking of the peasants of one particular district, that of the environs of Calais ; but the reader will find, as he proceeds, that this is a tolerably faithful picture of those in the other provinces, es-

pecially Anjou, Touraine, and the Bourbonnais. The great fertility of the soil and delightful temperature of these regions, contribute, undoubtedly, no less to the essential comforts of the inhabitants than to that peculiar enjoyment which, throughout every class of society in France, springs from a *gaieté de coeur*, that no circumstances of distress or adversity can entirely banish from the soul of a Frenchman. The rustic dance, which one is apt to consider in this country as the mere fiction of an opera or masquerade, forms part of the daily occupation of a French peasant, whose hardest labour is cheered by the prospect of this national recreation at the close of evening. In it he seems to lose the memory of every care and sorrow, and even the recollection of his own condition. It is here that equality, (that vain shadow which some time ago led astray the heated populace,) has an actual existence : the sound of the fiddle levels every distinction, when, animated by a common impulse, the lords and ladies of the place are often seen to mingle without ceremony in the joyous circle around them.

The state of husbandry throughout France appears by the report of this writer to be a full century behind that either of our own country or of America. It is in this point, probably, that the influence of war and of the system of conscription is most severely felt. The price of labour is very high in comparison with the rates of provisions and the value of land. Mr. Pinkney more than once strongly combats the expectations of those who, from the extreme cheapness of living and fertility of soil, might be tempted to settle in France with a view to agriculture.

‘ Nothing is so absurd,’ he says, ‘ as the expectation of a foreign purchaser, and particularly of a gentleman, that he will be able to transfer the improved system of cultivation of his own country into a kingdom, at least a century behind the former. As far as his own manual labour goes, as far as he will take the plough, the harrow, and the broad-cast himself, so far may he procure the execution of his own ideas. But it is in vain to endeavour to infuse this knowledge or this practice into French labourers; you might as well put a pen into the hands of a Hottentot and expect him to write his name. The ill success of half the foreign purchasers must be imputed to this oversight. An American or an Englishman passes over a French or German farm, and sees land of the most productive powers reduced to sterility by slovenly management. A suggestion immediately arises in his mind, how much this land might be made to produce under a more intelligent cultivation? Full of this idea, he perhaps enquires the price, and finding it about *one-tenth* of what such land would cost in England, immediately makes his purchase, settles, and begins his operations. Here his eyes are soon opened.

He must send to England for all his implements; and even then his French labourers neither can nor will learn the use of them. An English ploughman becomes necessary; the English ploughman accordingly comes, but shortly after becomes miserable among French habits and French fellow-labourers. In this manner have failed innumerable attempts of this kind within my own knowledge. It is impossible to transplant the whole of the system of one country into another. The English or the American farmer may settle in France and bring over his English plough and English habits; but he will still find a French soil, a French climate, French markets, and French labourers. The course of his crops will be disturbed by the necessity of some subservience to the peculiar wants of the country and the demands of the market. He cannot, for example, persevere in his turnips, where he can find no cattle to eat them, no purchasers for his cattle, and where, from the openness of the climate in winter, the crop must necessarily rot before he can consume it. For the same reason his clover cultivation becomes useless. To say all in a word, I know not how an English or an American farmer could make a favourable purchase in France, though the French government should come forward with its protection. The habits of the country have become so accommodated to its agriculture, that they each mutually support the other, and a more improved system can only be introduced in the proportion in which these national habits can be fundamentally changed. But such changes must necessarily be gradual and slow, and must not be reckoned upon by an individual.'

The long continuance of war must operate as a fatal check to that spirit of improvement which the revolution seemed calculated to excite, and which it is the policy, and apparently the desire of the French government to encourage. It is not to be expected that agriculture will advance while so large a proportion both of the cultivators of the soil, and of the great landed proprietors are engaged in personal service at a distance from their native country. It remains to be proved whether the present ruler of the empire understands the true interests of the people whom he governs, or will ever evince the same anxiety to promote them that he has already shewn in the advancement of establishments more flattering by their exterior splendour and magnificence to the characteristic vanity of the nation.

The state of the highways, (which, we believe, have been more than once remarked to flourish most under governments approaching to depotic), was always distinguished for its excellence under the Bourbons, and has (we are informed) been brought to a yet higher pitch of improvement by Bonaparte. But the conveniences of travelling have by no means increased. Posting in France is as execrably bad as it was a

century ago; and at the same time it is almost as expensive as in England.

The accommodation to be met with in the French inns is such as would excite the spleen of most English travellers; yet, from the following apparently fair comparison between them and those to which we are accustomed, the advantages of each may seem more evenly balanced than the exterior of the former would promise.

‘In substantial provision and accommodation, the French inns are not a whit inferior to the English of the same degree; but they are inferior to them, in all the minor appendages. In point of eating and drinking the French inns infinitely exceed the English; their provisions are of a better kind and much cheaper; we scarcely slept any where, where we could not procure fowls of all kinds, eggs and wine.—Add to this the dessert, of which an English innkeeper except in the most expensive hotels, has not a single idea. In France, on the other hand, in the poorest inns, in the most ordinary hedge ale-house, you will have a dessert of every fruit in season, and always tastily and even elegantly served. The wine is infinitely better. In the article of beds, the French inns exceed the English; if a traveller carry his sheets with him, he is always secure of an excellent hair-mattress, or, if he prefer it, a clean feather-bed.—The French inns are inferior in their apartments,—The bed-room is too often the dining room. The walls merely whitewashed or covered with some execrable pictures. There are no such things as curtains, at least they are never considered as necessary, neither soap, water, nor towel. A Frenchman has no idea of washing himself before he breakfasts. The furniture in the worst condition, &c. &c. There are no bells; and the attendants are more frequently male than female, though this practice is gradually going out of vogue.’

To this balance of conveniences and inconveniences it must in justice be added that Mr. Pinkney estimates the comparative expence attending inns of the same rank in the two countries at one fourth in France of what it is in England.

The spirit of gallantry, i. e. licentiousness, has certainly been by no means checked in the progress of the revolution; and if we were to take some of Mr. Pinkney's statements in the sense which an Englishman would be inclined to ascribe to them, our conclusion would be that the scandalous maxim, ‘every woman has her price,’ has been reversed, in France, in a manner by no means favourable to morality. There it would seem as if ‘every woman may be had without any price at all.’ As this, however, is to suppose an almost impossible state of society, our opinion must be qualified, first, by restraining the generality of the expressions which gave

birth to it, and next and principally by referring to the difference of manners and customs. The very freedoms which in one place are considered as decisive evidence of criminality, may in another (such is the force of habit) be regarded with as much indifference as the coldest salute. Two general maxims are often repeated in this book as the foundation of the code of gallantry throughout the nation. Every woman must be addressed in the language of love ; and there is no distinction of rank in the sex. A *fille-de-chambre* is, universally, on an equality with the emperor of France.

We have long been of opinion that the present government is fixed on a much surer foundation than some sanguine calculators among us are ready to acknowledge. It is the policy, if not the inclination, of all Frenchmen to extol the virtues of their ruler and to express their entire satisfaction under the reigning system. The real sentiments of a nation cannot long be at variance with their general expressions. Whatever some may believe, and many more desire, with regard to the probability of a counter-revolution originating in the temper of the people, we believe that there never has been a period at which such an event was more unlikely to happen than the present. It is not that the more intelligent ranks of society are blind to the personal vices of Bonaparte, to the acts of injustice by which he usurped his station or the absolute tyranny by which he supports it. But there are none who do not remember the infinitely worse condition from which his genius has delivered them : and there accordingly appears to be a tacit convention among all orders of the nation to bury in silence every recollection which may have a tendency to disturb their present tranquillity. If to this be added the immediate interest which a very large proportion of the people have in the maintenance of the prevailing system, and the yet more powerful operations of national vanity and the love of an imaginary glory, it seems hardly possible that a reflecting mind should not immediately divest itself of every expectation which points towards a new convulsion in the interior government of the French empire. We are now speaking only of present appearances, by no means anticipating the consequences which may arise from the death of Bonaparte or from any signal reverse in the hitherto unconquered progress of his arms..

The following slight conversation is, we believe, no unfaithful specimen of the state of public opinion in France with respect to its ruler, and it should be remembered that the personage introduced was so far from being under obligations to Bonaparte that he had just been disappointed in

a suit of great importance, and apparently reasonable in its object. Our traveller is speaking of some houses in the neighbourhood of Montreuil.

‘ One of them belonged to one of the gentlemen who accompanied me from M. St. Quentin, and was his present residence, being all that remained to him of a noble property in the vicinity. This property had been sold by the nation, and the recovery of it had become impossible, though the gentleman was in tolerable favour with the government, Bonaparte had answered one of this gentleman’s memorials by subscribing it with a sentence in his own writing : ‘ We cannot re-purchase the nation.’ This gentleman, spoke highly, but perhaps unjustly, of the vigour of Bonaparte’s government, of his inflexible love of justice, and his personal attention to the administration. I compelled him, however, to acknowledge that, in his own immediate concerns, the justice of the French chief was not proof against his passions. I mentioned the duke of Enghien : the gentleman pushed on his horse, and begged me to say no more of the matter.’

The detestation of tyranny, so natural and so honourable to Englishmen, has often led them to form very erroneous conclusions, never, perhaps, more so than in the overcharged representations, to which it has given rise, of the horrors of the French conscription. There can be no question but that the measure is, in itself, very arbitrary and oppressive ; and we believe that in the nations newly submitted to the imperial yoke, especially among such of them as have ever enjoyed the blessing of a free constitution, the effects of it have been, and will long continue to be, most severely felt and most indignantly submitted to, whenever it may be deemed expedient to recur to it. But the case, we are persuaded, is far otherwise in France itself. Out of the number on whom the lot of conscription falls, a very large proportion are more dazzled by the prospect of military glory which it opens to their view than terrified by the concomitant evils of war or afflicted by the interruption of their domestic happiness. Many circumstances in the military system of Bonaparte tend to alleviate the hardships of the service, and to reconcile even parents, friends, and lovers, to a separation of no very dreadful continuance, and which opens the road to every degree and species of honour, glory, and emolument. We have actually shuddered at many stories which been related to us of the expedients at times resorted to for the purpose of evading this tremendous law, before we reflected that there is hardly one of those stories which may not be strictly paralleled in the history of our own militia system. At other times we have heard much of the hardship

that young persons of family and condition should be forced to serve in the ranks with their inferiors and even with the very refuse of the state. The generality of this evil, however, must be acknowledged very greatly to diminish its pressure. Substitution is to be obtained, though at an enormous price, and if personal service is preferred, or rendered necessary by the circumstances of the conscript, he has no sooner joined his division than he meets with many others in the very same situation with himself, and use soon reconciles whatever else remains that is repugnant to his feelings. We have been led into this train of reflection by recollecting the dreadful picture which an essay-writer not long since presented to our imaginations of the state of these very conscripts. On every road, near every great town in France, we were told, the traveller's philanthropy will be shocked by meeting crowds of worse than galley-slaves, chained by the feet to massy balls of iron or lead, and making the air resound with lamentations more piercing than ever were uttered by the Israelites of old, in their Egyptian bondage or Babylonish captivity. It happened that on his departure from Montreuil, Mr. Pinkney fell in with a gang of these miserable wretches, probably at that very time on their way to the frontiers, there to be killed off for the amusement of the emperor. We ought to apologize for presenting a picture so heart-rending to the eyes of the sympathizing reader.

As I wished to reach Paris as soon as possible, I had ordered the chambermaid to call me up at an early hour in the morning; but was awakened previous to the appointed time by some still earlier travellers, a very numerous detachment of conscripts, who were on their march for the central dépôt of the department. The greater part of them were boys, and were merry and noisy in a manner characteristic of the French youth. Seeing me at the window, one of them struck up a lively *reveillée*, and was immediately joined by others who composed their marching band. They were attended, and their baggage carried, by a peculiar kind of cart, a platform erected on wheels, and on which they ascended when fatigued. The vehicles were prepared, the horses harnessed, and the young conscripts impatiently waiting for the word to march. When I came down into the inn yard, no one was stirring in the house except the ostler, who, upon my mentioning the component items of my entertainment, very fairly, as I thought, reckoned them up, and received the amount, taking care to remind me of the chambermaid. Having with some difficulty likewise procured from him a glass of milk, I mounted and followed the conscripts, who, with drum and fife, were merrily but regularly marching before me. The regularity of the march continued only till they got beyond the town, and down the hill, when the music ceased, the ranks broke, and every

one walked or ran as he pleased. As they were somewhat too noisy for a meditative traveller, I put my horse to his mettle, and soon left them at a convenient distance.'

Notwithstanding the evident weight of misery which these poor wretches vainly endeavoured to conceal under the affectation of singing, and the yet more ponderous balls of iron, doubtless attached to the feet of every sufferer, though Mr. Pinkney was so blind as not to see them, we do not believe that Bonaparte incurs any risk of setting France on fire by his conscription.

Upon the whole, Mr. Pinkney's book affords a good deal of information without any deep research or laborious investigation. As a traveller, he sees little more than the surface of things, and does not pretend to discoveries more profound than it is possible for a mere traveller to make. His style is, in general, light, pleasing, and unaffected. He falls into occasional inaccuracies, and sometimes is even guilty of vulgarisms in expression, which we should expect an English gentleman to have avoided, but the instances are rare; and by no means so striking as we have frequent occasions of remarking in most American writers. He pretends to nothing beyond a simple narrative of what he saw and remarked during the course of an extremely pleasant tour through some of the most lovely countries in Europe; and we have been more entertained, perhaps more instructed also, by these communications than by the sage reflections of many a more assuming traveller.

ART. XI.—*Facts and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in feeding Cattle: with Hints for the Cultivation of Waste Lands; and for improving the Condition of the lower Orders of Peasantry, in Great Britain and Ireland.* pp. 121. Harding. 1809.

IT is the object of this work, to recommend the use of sugar to the notice of the public, as a more economical mode of feeding cattle, than any which is at present employed. The patriotic author tells us that heath or lyng, which usually grows in the most barren spots, may, by 'the assistance of molasses or sugar,' be converted into the most nutritious food. With respect to horses we are informed, that 'a certain quantity of sugar makes much less corn answer the purpose.'

‘ It may be given either in their drink in the stable-bucket, mixed with water, or properly diluted and sprinkled among their chaff; in which case, the quantity of hay may be reduced if you please, until, by degrees, you give none at all; the molasses communicating to cut straw that nourishment which is, at present, derived from the hay, and by that means saves an immense deal of expence: for beyond all doubt, hay is the dearest food that can be given to horses, or indeed, to any other kind of beast: and if it was once properly known that a substitute could be had, better and cheaper, as well as more easily attainable, I believe, in a very short time, we should find a great deal of what is now kept up for meadow land, and carrying a most wretched crop for want of manure, put under tillage, and paying the farmer double or treble what it now does, when he finds that his straw will support, not only his horses, but also his cows, heifers, and calves: and bring them through the winter better and cheaper than he formerly did upon hay. Besides, it frequently happens, that a farmer calculates in such a manner, that the quantity of hay he lays in, is barely sufficient for the winter; and should the spring happen, as is frequently the case, to be cold and backward, and the grass late in coming forward, he is, in that case, reduced to the necessity of buying more hay, when the scarcity makes it, perhaps, nearly at a double price; or if he cannot afford that, he is compelled to sell his cattle at a very reduced value, rather than have them starved. That such cases are very common, every man, acquainted with farming concerns, must know; but independent of the cheapness of this mode of feeding, there is another consideration, which is no less worthy of attention, to which, every man, interested in the subject, ought to look; and that is, when cattle are brought *well* through the winter, the superiority of their appearance and condition in spring, either when put to grass or brought to market, is such as to command a price far above cattle of the same description indifferently wintered; and if young cattle, the difference in their growth is particularly remarkable. And I have no hesitation in saying, that molasses will shew itself in the condition of an animal, more than any other kind of food we know of. Cattle fed upon it, will come out in the spring, in fine condition; strong, healthy, and full of spirits; and of course, when put to grass, *they will begin to fill and thrive forthwith; whilst cattle taken from a straw-yard, where they have been indifferently fed during the winter, must be a considerable time on the grass, before they recover the starvation, and, consequently, take up so much time and food to no other purpose, which a thriving animal will convert to immediate profit.* This naturally leads me to remark, that wherever lyng or brackens can be had conveniently, farmers ought by all means to take advantage of them; or even rushes, when to be had, in any quantity; or dried leaves of trees, such as are to be found in autumn in plantations, are also an excellent food for cattle in winter, and I will venture to say, equal to any thing to be had as a substitute for hay; for let it be understood, *the nourishment is in the molasses.* What is hay itself, if you deprive it of its saccharine

quality? The coarse food only serves to fill up the stomach, and give it that distention which is absolutely necessary. That this is fact, may be proved by a very simple experiment. Let any man boil his hay for a short time, and after it has drained, give the liquid to one bullock, and the hay, thus boiled, to another, he will soon find, that the virtue has been communicated to the wash; and that the residuum is a matter without any nutritive qualities; and if he will continue to boil the wash before giving it to the animal, until it is reduced to one-fourth or one-eighth the quantity, he will soon find, that the nutritive part of the hay, is actually sugar; then let him see whether the value of such a quantity of hay laid out in West India sugar, would not produce him a much greater quantity of wash than he has been able to obtain from the hay; for as to its value after boiling, it is, as food, literally nothing: why then not use a cheaper substitute?

The author relates the following instance of the wonder-working virtue of molasses on a horse, of seventeen or eighteen years of age. He

had been an old hunter, and consequently exposed to violent and sudden heats and colds, which had at last brought him into such a state of health, that no art or mode of feeding would put flesh on his bones. He became a mere skeleton, was turned out to grass, but all in vain; he was then taken into the stable, and, though most plentifully fed with hay and corn, he seemed to become daily worse; after some time he was condemned to be shot, as being considered of no use: it was then determined to try what effect sugar would have, as a fitter subject could not, perhaps, be found to prove its wonderful powers. The first week, he was fed upon hay and straw chaff, mixed in equal quantities; this was given to him in a box, with about one quarter of a pound of molasses, diluted in water, and sprinkled over it, at six different times in the day, in small quantities; his allowance of oats was diminished to a quart per day. In this way he was kept till the eighth day, when the molasses was increased to half a pound in the day; his allowance of corn the same as the first week. At the end of a fortnight, there was a visible alteration in the appearance of the horse; though not perceptibly fatter, his coat began to shine, his hair to lie smooth, and a great quantity of dust started from his skin in cleaning; he began to lie down more frequently, and the colour of his dung changed from what it was. The third week, the quantity of molasses was increased to three quarters of a pound each day, at the expiration of which he was to all appearance beginning to gather flesh; his corn this week was one quart in the twenty-four hours; his allowance of molasses was now increased to a pound in the day, which was mixed up with chaff made solely from straw; this allowance of corn was increased to two quarts, Winchester measure; at which rate of feeding he was continued, and in six weeks from the commencement of the trial on molasses, he was in as fine condition as any horse could be, to the astonishment of those who were accustomed to see him only a skeleton. The effect of the molasses was

truly wonderful, and what was the more remarkable, his condition continued good for a length of time after, at least as long as he remained in that neighbourhood.'

The author strongly recommends the practice of this mode, of feeding to the cow-keepers of this country, particularly in the vicinity of large towns.—These persons are at present in the habit of employing distillers wash, but the author suggests that they might prepare from molasses a much more wholesome and nutritious wash than they could procure from the distillers. Under this system we are led to believe that the cows will give a richer milk and in greater quantity.

'But when dairy farmers come to ascertain, that by the use of molasses they can save so much expence in the article of hay, and have their butter so much increased, it will be a most powerful recommendation to this practice; and certainly straw is equally good food, where a sufficient quantity of molasses is used. It is also much in favour of this mode of feeding, that cows can be housed in the heat of the day; which should invariably be the case: and I would recommend the same rule to be observed as in fattening beasts,—that in feeding they should get a little and often, supplying them with plenty of water, and keeping them well curried and clean.

'Sugar or molasses will never, from its purity, impart any bad taste to the milk; whilst turnips and cabbages, the principal dependance in winter, are both of them apt to give a most rank and disagreeable taste to both butter and milk,—a matter deserving particular attention; and as to cheapness, I shall be very much deceived indeed, if by industrious management the farmer may not feed his cows cheaper with this new method, than he ever did before. In using this sort of food, as it is of a very nourishing nature, it would be advisable to milk the cows four times in the day.

'It is a fact well known to those who have attentively studied the subject, that in all great dairy-countries, the young stock decreases in number: this is supposed to be owing to the dairy paying so much better than rearing cattle. This is a circumstance much to be regretted, as the diminution of stock is a manifest injury to the country, for reasons which I have already pointed out: therefore, if any mode could be adopted of uniting the business of the dairy with that of rearing stock, without interfering with the present profits of the dairy-farmer, I am inclined to think such a practice would be of the greatest benefit to the country at large. This I am pretty confident can be done by the use of molasses or sugar; because the skim-milk, after the cream has been taken off for the churn, can, by the addition of that article, be rendered sufficiently nutritive, not only for the purpose of rearing calves, but also of making them fit for the butcher; this, if ever properly understood, and regularly introduced to general practice, would be found an improvement of vast consequence; the rearing of calves being an object of much pro-

fit to all farmers, particularly when it can be accomplished without any defalcation of the regular supply of their milk. And although such a plan may experience the fate of many new inventions; yet when it has had a fair trial, and prejudice becomes once conquered by the power of practice, it will be found, I have no doubt, that a dairy-farmer may, if he pleases, rear the entire of his calves without in the least interfering with his usual profits; and not only rearing them, but, I will venture to say, rearing them in a superior manner as to their growth and general condition. And if we calculate the additional profit a man may derive from a dairy of one hundred cows where the calves are reared to the same dairy, where he cannot do it the difference will be very great indeed, and operate as a very strong recommendation to give the mode now pointed out, a fair and impartial trial. Besides, it would be an additional recommendation, as putting it into the farmer's power to have a much better stock of milk-cattle: for certainly the female calves of those cows that are known good milkers, ought at all times to be reared. But as things are now circumstanced, the farmer is in most cases obliged to supply himself at fairs and markets, taking his chance for the quality of the cows he purchases; but should he have at all times the power of rearing his own stock, he could then keep himself constantly supplied with a breed, the excellence of which he had been well acquainted with.

It is calculated, I believe, that from an acre and a half to two acres is allowed for the support of a dairy-cow. Now let us suppose that these two acres are appropriated to tillage instead of grass, and the straw cut into chaff for feeding the cows, mixed with a certain quantity of molasses; is it not reasonable to suppose, that by such management, the supply of butter will be at least as great as at present, and the profit to the farmer much increased by this mode of practice? but, above all, will the increase of our tillage not be a very material point gained on this occasion; not to take into consideration the consumption of the produce of our colonies, so much as our internal advantage? At present the principal use of straw is for making litter and to be trodden into dung: but will it not be a very great and serious improvement in the management of the farmer, if he can, whilst making his dung, be feeding his cattle and preparing fat beasts for the butcher? Will not his dung be improved by passing through the stomach of a cow or a horse, and his hay saved into the bargain? This theory at all events is well imagined, and I hope the practice is equally simple and easy.

In the appendix we have an account of an experiment which was made of this mode of feeding cattle by Edmund Thomas Walter, Esq. who fed two oxen with a portion of molasses which were afterwards exhibited at Lord Somerville's show in last March, where they were honoured with the prize.

As sugar contains a greater quantity of nourishment than any other known vegetable matter, there can be no doubt

at first sight that it might be employed to great advantage in the feeding of cattle, but whether with such extraordinary success or to such an extent as the author seems to imagine must be left to more numerous facts and experiments to determine. The author, like most men who make new discoveries, or give new life to old, is evidently very sanguine in his expectations; and we hope that time will prove that his hopes have not been more diffusively exuberant than the event will justify.—We know the natural temperament of all advocates for novel modes, whether in pharmacy, in agriculture, or in politics, and we know moreover, that where the delusion is very strong, it is too apt to render the mind inattentive to facts which militate against the favourite theory.—As we are not practical agriculturists, we can reason only from general principles; but we think that great praise is due to the philanthropy of the anonymous writer, and that his observations are well worthy the serious attention of the public.—Should his remarks be true, and his theory be practicable only to a very limited extent, much benefit must result both to the commercial, and to the agricultural interests from its adoption.—Nor is it one among the least of its secondary recommendations that it would apply a certain and efficient relief to the distresses of the West India planters, about which so much has been said, and to remedy which so many expedients have been proposed.—One of its primary advantages, would be that it would throw a much greater quantity of land into tillage; and that it would at the same time increase the growth of corn and the supply of meat.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 19.—EPIPHANY. *A Sermon, preached in Holy Trinity Church, Kingston-upon-Hull; on Tuesday, July 25, 1809, at the Primary Veneration of the Most Reverend Father in God, Edward Lord Archbishop of York; by the Rev. J. H. Bromby, M. A. Vicar of the said Church, and late Fellow of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 28. 2s. 6d. Johnson. 1809.*

IT does not often fall to our lot to peruse a sermon which is so well entitled to our approbation as the present. It is temperate, sen-

sible, pious, and benevolent. No discourse of superior excellence has been preached at the primary visitation of any bishop or arch-bishop in the period of our recollection.—The author commences his sermon with an enlightened and truly scriptural explanation of the nature of schism, which he defines not to consist in differences of opinion, but in a breach of charity.—The author then exhibits a brief, but just and luminous view of the original constitution of the christian church; and he says with a manliness of sentiment, which does him infinite honour, *when we consider the occasion on which he preached*; that the proposition

‘that any church or any individual possesses an authority over the rest in virtue of succession from Christ, or the apostles, has no foundation but in uncertain tradition.’

How was this doctrine relished by some of the auditors, if any such there were who believe in the *apostolical* succession of the English hierarchy, and who think that our bishops, like those of the Popish church, derive a certain mysterious virtue from the imposition of hands?—Mr. Bromby then enters on a very rational and eloquent defence of the ecclesiastical establishment, of its services in a moral and intellectual point of view, and of its superiority to other churches, which have been supported by the civil power, in encouraging the practice of toleration.

In the conclusion of his discourse the author touches on the important question of ecclesiastical reform. This he does with equal wisdom and moderation. His remarks on the former use of the articles are very sagacious and just; and his reasons, for rendering the terms of communion with the church of England in the present times, more comprehensive than they were left by the first reformers, are explained with perspicuity, and enforced with energy.

‘After two hundred and fifty years,’ says the author, ‘of enquiry and experience in matters of religion; after the pains and the labours of the pious and learned of all denominations amongst us; when the scriptures are in the hands of every one; and every one is encouraged and enabled to read and to understand them; and when of the different sectaries, who by the sanction of law and the spirit of the times are released from the penalties once imposed on the rejecters and impugnors of our articles, it can be said of none that they are not cordially attached to religion and to their country; shall we at this day affirm that the doors and the advantages of our church ought to be barred against any one on account of things, with which the fundamentals of religion have no concern?’

‘The best of men, it is to be expected, will differ, according to their respective views, as to the answer which ought to be given to this question. But it is to me a source of the truest satisfaction that the sentiments, which I entertain on this head, have the authority of men, whom I venerate as the friends of mankind and the most illustrious ornaments of our church. They have appeared to differ, it is true, with regard to the extent of the relaxation, which might

with perfect safety to the establishment be allowed ; but they have been unanimous in the expression of their hopes and wishes that some attempt might be made (seeing every other attempt has failed) to obviate schism by concession ; that the great changes, which length of time has produced in our manners and sentiments, and the situation of parties amongst us, may be attended with corresponding changes in our system of regulations and restrictions ; and that we may not as a body remain stationary, when every thing within our influence is, by the very aid afforded by ourselves, continually improving.

‘For my own part, so firm is my conviction that the more tolerant and friendly to liberty a church or a state is, the stronger and surer is the basis on which it rests : and so certain is it, that schism admits in the present day of no remedy from severity and coercion ; and feeling, as I do, the most earnest solicitude for the interest and prosperity of the church, of which I am a member, I cannot avoid expressing my individual wish, that the articles of the church, to which an assent is now required by law, were allowed to give place to others more simple and comprehensive. I could wish, for instance, that we of the church of England were authorized to give ‘the right hand of fellowship’ to all, whose life and conversation are such as deservedly to engage our esteem and affection ; that we could call by the name of brethren all, whom Christ will hereafter recognize as his servants ; and that we had the concurrence in our professional labours of all those sons of learning and of piety, of benevolence and peace, who testify the correctness and soundness of their religious principles by their good works ; whose creed is that of the apostles ; who acknowledge the existence and the providence of God, the messiahship of Jesus Christ, the son of God, through faith in whom they look for acceptance and salvation, and the infallible guidance to truth and happiness of the holy scriptures, interpreted according to the best lights, which each one possesses.’

‘By disentangling religious truth from secular interest, it would allow it to shine by its own light, and to make its way to the consciences of men by its own strength. It would abate the heat and soften the violence of religious controversy. It would give to the friends of religion and of the establishment a firmer support and steadier direction to their zeal, than they now possess. A benevolent person, who has many speculative points to defend, and consequently many opponents to encounter, feels it absolutely necessary to repress and restrain his zeal lest his charity should suffer abatement, and he should find himself irreconcilably at variance with multitudes of his fellow christians. Hence, doubtless, has proceeded the latitudinarianism prevailing in the church.—Besides, it has been always observed that zeal in support of abstract opinions is particularly apt to be carried to excess, and to become vindictive and intolerant. Others do not see certain truths in the same light with ourselves. They discern no force in the arguments which to us are convincing and incontrovertible. And consequently their obsti-

nacy is a direct attack upon the soundness of our judgment, and on our self-esteem : and we look upon as an enemy him, of whom we fail to make a convert. Hence we may date the origin of penal statutes, and prohibitory and persecuting restrictions on the promulgation of heretical opinions.

‘ But when articles of religion are few and plain, and evidently practical and beneficial in their tendency, our zeal for them cannot be too ardent and too active. Zeal for the welfare, the liberty, and the peace of mankind is received with a return of zeal, manifested in acts of grateful regard and affection. Thus harmony and mutual benevolence are extended and established amongst men. Christian love diffuses itself by reciprocal acts of kindness ; by the provocation of each other to good works. And hence zeal in this case may with perfect safety be increased without limit, and indulged without control, since it is strictly united with charity.’

These are sentiments which are truly worthy a righteous disciple of Christ and an enlightened minister of the establishment. Should they ever become general among the clergy, and they are certainly more widely diffused than they were even at the beginning of the present century, a moderate, rational, and scriptural alteration of the liturgy and the articles must be the result.—The pale of the ecclesiastical communion will be enlarged, and a much greater portion of talents and of worth will enter into the sanctuary of the establishment. If the church really thinks herself in danger from the increase of sectaries of any denomination, she cannot adopt a more effectual method of providing for her security than by enlarging the basis of her communion. She will thus place all the intellectual ability and moral probity of the country on her side.—She may then bid defiance to every assailant ; and the ‘*esto perpetua*’ of interested expectancy would be converted into the ardent and heartfelt wish of every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of the community.—We have always been sincere and zealous advocates for the establishment ; but then we have always wished that reason, scripture, and charity, instead of polemical absurdity and priestly intolerance, should constitute the great and broad basis of her liturgy and her articles.

ART. 13.—*The Unity of God, the Doctrine of Reason and Scripture, and the Foundation of Virtue and Happiness. A Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Chapel, Mansfield, May the 14th, and in the High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, July the 2d, 1809. By Joseph Bull. pp. 19. Eton.*

IT cannot be expected that the well-meaning author of this pamphlet should advance any new arguments on this subject ; but we commend every honest attempt to repress error and to diffuse truth.

ART. 14.—*The Character of Paul the Pharisee, and Paul the Christian considered. A Sermon preached at Nottingham, June 28, 1809, at a Meeting of Ministers, and of the Northern Unitarian Tract Society. By Isaac Worsley. pp. 30. Eaton. 1809.*

SAUL was a persecutor before he became acquainted with the merits of Christianity. His persecuting spirit originated in his Pharisaic pride, and in his ignorance of the genuine doctrines of Christ. All intolerance supposes the conceit of superior intellectual illumination, and, at the same time, a mind really destitute of that heavenly light which is emitted from the habit of meekness and of charity.—After his conversion the pharisaic pride of Paul was succeeded by the humility of Jesus; and his knowledge of the truth, though it made him zealous in defending it, yet it taught him patiently to endure persecution for its sake.—There is still a very general prejudice accompanied with a feeling of inveterate intolerance against that deserving body of men who are called Unitarian christians, many of whom, blessed be God! are to be found in the bosom of the establishment. But both this prejudice and intolerance are the effect of ignorance operating on pride or selfishness, or of pride and selfishness operating on ignorance. When the ignorance is diminished, which it must be by the light of scriptural truth which is daily becoming more resplendent, men will cherish the theology which they now revile. They will see its beauty, its utility, and its truth. They will no longer oppose it with the pride and intolerance of the Pharisaic Saul; but will support it with the ardour and the energy of the Christian Paul.

ART. 15.—*The Christian Code; or a regular Digest of the Christian Dispensation. By an old Graduate of Cambridge; 4to. pp. 360. 1l. 1s. Lackington. 1809.*

THE author, who is a layman, has displayed a very commendable degree of scriptural diligence in this ample digest of the Christian dispensation.—The book itself is hardly a fit subject for criticism. We do not agree with some of the doctrinal tenets, which the author seems to espouse; but we think that his work will form a useful book of reference for the clergy and other expositors of scripture.

ART. 16.—*Modern Orthodoxy Identified with Antichrist. A Discourse delivered the 22d of June, 1809, at a Meeting of Unitarian Ministers, assembled in Boston, and published at their united Request. By John Grundy. 12mo. pp. 27. 1s. Eaton. 1809.*

IN this sermon there is much plain good sense without any striking attempts at originality of remark or novelty of illustration. The following passage, as it relates to a writer whose exertions in the cause of sound Christianity have obtained a considerable share of public attention, ought not to be passed over without some remark.

‘ Would that this champion had acted consistently in arming him-

self with Christian weapons only, instead of inviting the aid of any foreign power.' In a note Mr. Grundy informs us that this remark alludes to the 'Barrister's Hints to the Public and Legislature,' when he adds, 'strange that one, who had before argued so ably and rationally, should afterwards contend that every man may entertain his own opinions, but not dare to publish them.'

If there was any real foundation for this reproof we should be among the first to give effect to it. A perfect freedom of discussion and of opinion on all subjects is a privilege, for which we shall ever be among the foremost to contend. But we are really at a loss to conceive from what page of the work alluded to any wish to suppress or abridge this privilege can be collected. The barrister appears to us to have expressed himself decidedly hostile to any attempt of this kind, and to have expressed his sentiments on the subject in terms as unequivocal and as direct as language can furnish. The strong desire which we feel to contribute to the public benefit which the labours of this writer appear likely to produce, makes us the more urgent to do him justice in this particular; we feel anxious at the same time to do justice to ourselves, for had we really discovered that the 'Hints' were inimical to the right of private judgment, and to the fullest freedom of opinion on religious subjects, we should never have bestowed upon it that unequivocal praise which it has hitherto extorted from us. The writer, we remember, has met the objection in the *third* part, and in our opinion has fully replied to it, and with the distinctions which are there taken, we think every sensible man will concur.

This sermon carries with it evidence of a mind accustomed to think and to think liberally. We wish that the perusal of it may induce its readers to go and do likewise.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*Vindication of the Hindoos from the Aspersions of the Reverend Claudius Buchanan, M. A. with a Refutation of the Arguments exhibited in his Memoir on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India, and the ultimate Civilization of the Natives, by their Conversion to Christianity. Also Remarks on an Address from the Missionaries in Bengal to the Natives of India, condemning their Errors, and inviting them to become Christians. The whole tending to evince the Excellence of the Moral system of the Hindoos, and the Danger of interfering with their Customs or Religion. By a Bengal Officer.* pp. 171. 6s. Rodwell. 1808.

ART. 18.—*A Vindication of the Hindoos: Part the Second, in Reply to the Observations of the Christian Observer: of Mr. Fuller, secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society; and of his Anonymous Friend; with some Remarks on a Sermon preached at Oxford. By the Rev. Dr. Barrow, on the Expediency of introducing Christianity among the Natives of India. By a Bengal Officer.* pp. 217. 6s. Black, Parry. &c. 1808.

THESE two pamphlets by a Bengal officer, of considerable abili-

ty and penetration, constitute altogether the best defence of the moral system of the Hindoos, and of its general influence on the lives and habits of the people, that has yet appeared.—The author boldly vindicates the Hindoo system, on the broad basis of its own merits; which he proves by a large induction of particulars.—He allows that 'there may be errors in their system, for what system is without them?' but he trusts that these will ultimately 'yield to the influence of improved reason and philosophy.'—'Religion,' says he, 'alone never corrected its own errors; nor ever will without the aid of reason; which first discovers those errors.—It is to this maturity of reason that we owe the Protestant religion; and yet the balance is kept in equipoise by half of Europe, who reject it.'—The Calvinistic missionaries tell the people of India that their Sastras are fit only for the amusement of children; and that they are the discourses of barbarians, which contain not the means of salvation. Yet the following are specimens of the religious and moral system of the Hindoos, which is reviled as puerile and barbarous.—

'When a man perceives in the reasonable soul, a disposition tending to virtuous love, unclouded with any malignant passion, clear as the purest light, let him recognise it as the quality of goodness.'

'A true knowledge of ONE SUPREME GOD is the most exalted of all sciences, because it ensures immortality.' 'In the knowledge and adoration of ONE GOD, which the Veda teaches, *all the rules of good conduct are fully comprised.*' 'Those whose undertakings are in him, whose souls are in him, whose confidence is in him, and whose asylum is in him, are, by wisdom purified from all offences, and go from whence they shall never return.' 'He, my servant, is dear unto me, who is free from enmity, the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrong, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions, and firm resolves; and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone.'—Does the Calvinism of the missionaries contain any more rational, enlightened, or righteous sentiments than these?—Yet these are the sentiments which Mr. Claudius Buchanan and others represent as *childish tales and barbarous discourses.* Menu the great legislator of the Hindoos, says—'In proportion as a man who has committed a sin shall truly and voluntarily confess it, so far he is disengaged from that offence, like a snake from his slough.'—'In proportion as his heart lothes his evil deed, so far shall his vital spirit be freed from the taint of it.' 'Thus revolving in his mind the certainty of retribution in a future state, let him be constantly good, in THOUGHTS, words and actions.'—'To a man contaminated by sensuality, neither the Vedas, nor liberality, nor sacrifices, nor strict observations, nor pious austerities ever procure felicity.' 'As far as vital souls, addicted to sensuality, indulge

themselves in forbidden pleasure, even to the same degree shall the acuteness of their senses be raised in their future bodies, that they may endure analogous pains.' 'With whatever disposition of mind a man shall perform in this life, any act, religious, or moral, in a future body, endued with the same quality, shall he receive his retribution.' 'There are three passages to the infernal regions, lust, anger, and avarice; which are, the destroyers of the soul.'—Will the code of methodism make the Hindoos acquainted with any truths more salutary than these?—We will now add a few more specimens of those religious and moral truths, which are taught among the Hindoos, and which the missionaries have the audacity to represent as *puerile* and *barbarous*.

'Iniquity committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately; but, like the earth in due season; and advancing by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it.

'He grows rich for a while, through unrighteousness; then he beholdeth good things; then it is, that he vanquishes his foes; but he perishes at length, from his whole root upwards.

'Let a man continually take pleasure in truth; in justice, in laudable practices, and in purity; let him chastise those whom he may chastise, in a legal mode; let him keep in subjection, his speech, his arm, and his appetite.

'A wise man should constantly discharge all the moral duties, though he perform not constantly the ceremonies of religion; since he falls low, if, while he performs ceremonial acts only, he discharges not his moral duties.

'Giving no pain to any creature, let him collect virtue by degrees, for the sake of acquiring a companion to the next world.

'For, in his passage to the next world, neither his father, nor his mother, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his kinsman, will remain in his company; his virtue alone will adhere to him.

'Single is each man born; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil deeds.

'Continually therefore, by degrees, let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion; since with virtue for his guide he will traverse a gloom; how hard to be traversed!

'A man habitually virtuous, whose offences have been expiated by devotion, is instantly conveyed after death, to the highest world, with a radiant form, and a body of ethereal substance.

'Hospitality is commanded to be exercised, even towards an enemy; when he cometh to thy house: the tree doth not withdraw its shade, even from the wood-cutter.

'Whether he who is come to thy house, be of the highest, or even of the lowest rank in society, he is worthy to be treated with due respect; for, of all men, thy guest is the superior.

'It is declared by wise men, that the crime of him who shall forsake one, who, through want or danger, may come to him for protection, is the same as **THE MURDERER OF A BRAHMAN**; than which there is no greater crime on earth,

'To say, 'this is one of us,' or, 'this is a stranger,' is the mode of estimating practised by trifling minds ; to those of more generous principles, the whole world is but as one family.

'Whatever places of torture have been prepared for the SLAYER OF A PRIEST, for the MURDERER OF A WOMAN, OR OF A CHILD ; for the INJURER OF A FRIEND, and for an UNGRATEFUL MAN ; those places are ordained for a witness who gives false evidence.

'Headlong, in utter darkness, shall the impious wretch tumble into hell, who, being interrogated in a judicial enquiry, answers one question falsely.'

Had we space, we should quote numerous other passages ; but these are sufficient to prove that the religious code of the Hindoos encourages the most sublime piety, and the most comprehensive and refined humanity.—Whether the missionaries are likely to substitute any thing better in its stead we shall leave it to the reader to determine.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*Brighton: A Poem, descriptive of the Place and Parts adjacent, and other Poems.* By Mary Lloyd. pp. 88. 5s. Harding. 1809.

AS the fair authoress, Miss Mary Lloyd, says, that she 'is young in poesy,' and hopes that 'her readers will be to her faults a little blind,' we can assure her that we shall not maliciously give her pain by our animadversions.—Though we cannot praise her poetical powers very highly, yet her poem of Brighton at least excels in accuracy of delineation. Miss Mary Lloyd has caught the prominent features of the place and the inhabitants.—In the following verses her own *sensations* will, we trust, on reconsideration, 'tell her that she has placed the 'royal stables,' a little too near the venerable church.'

'Above the modest dome* on yonder hill
In pleasing prospect stands the busy mill ;
And where the verdant slope begins to lower,
The venerable church exalts her tower ;
Or let thine eye with pleas'd attention roam,
To where the royal stables rear their dome.'

In her delineation of the company on the Steyne, some will object to the following epithet which is applied to the citizen's wife :

'Here stalks the cit with his capacious bride.'

* The pavilion.

The following is perhaps altogether as favourable a specimen as we could extract of Miss Mary Lloyd's poetical powers.

' Now trembles the last ruddy gleam of day,
And on the ancient church the parting ray,
Sheds a mild radiance, loitering twilight creeps
From the grey confines of the eastern deeps ;
And here and there a twinkling star displays
His half-veil'd lustre, while the silver rays
Of modest Luna o'er the dark hills peep,
Now she climbs higher up the ethereal steep ;
Now reach'd her southern summit,—see a stream
Of silvery light across the ocean gleam.

' Now to the wild rocks let us rove again,
And view the beauties of the moonlight main ;
Ten thousand diamonds sparkle and expire,
Or dart from wave to wave their lambent fires:
And see where gliding o'er the shining space,
A vessel half becalmed, slow runs her race :
As if she loiter'd in the glitt'ring way,
Fearing to lose the soft, the cheering ray :
So gently moves the undulating deep,
As if the breeze had sung the wave to sleep ;
Or in soft whispers told the reflux tide,
Softly along the rocky shore to glide ;
While the fantastic rocks their shadows cast,
In deep repose along the stony waste.'

ART. 20.—*The Sons, or Family Feuds. A tragic Play, in five Acts. By T. Jones, Author of Poems, and Phantoms, or the Irishman in England, a Farce ; Confined in vain, or a Double to do, a Farce, &c. London. Sherwood. 1809.*

THIS dramatic performance is not destitute of interest ; the characters if they do not glow with animation, do not freeze with insipidity ; the sentiments are natural, and the language, though sometimes incorrect, is in general perspicuous and unaffected. The author has sometimes attempted to mingle wit with his gravity ; but this he had perhaps better not have essayed. It is difficult to excite at once two opposite sensations without weakening the force of either. The practical drift of the piece is the following, which we give in the words of the author.

' Hence learn ye parents, by the mournful scene,
The dreadful consequence of thwarted love ;
Think not the youthful mind, from virtuous paths,
Where honest inclination leads to turn
By harsh command, lest in the end events
Most dire, as now, shall mar your sanguine hopes.'

ART. 21.—*Poems; consisting of Translations, from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, with some originals. By Mrs. Ware, of Ware Hill, Herts. 12mo. pp. 230. Cadell. 1809.*

THESE translations consist of the *Batrochomyomachia* of Homer, the first, eleventh, and nineteenth *Idylls* of Theocritus; the first *Idyll* of Moschus; the first ode of Anacreon, the beautiful ode to health of Ariphron of Sicyon, the 'Ceyx and Alcyone,' the 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' the 'Persens and Andromeda,' with the speech of Ajax from Ovid, twelve odes of Horace, with two pieces from Ariosto and Guarini. We have read these versions, and compared some of them with the originals, and found them in general faithfully to preserve the sense, though they often lose much of their primary freshness and animation. But Mrs. Ware deserves at least the praise of diligence, particularly when we recollect what she says in her preface that 'her knowledge of the dead languages has been acquired purely from private study without instructor or assistant.'

The following little specimen may not be displeasing to our readers. It is taken from *Hor. Carm. lib. 1. ode XXXI.* We shall give the words of the original.

Quid dedicatum possit Apollinem
 Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
 Fundens liquorem? non opimæ
 Sardinia segetes seracis;
 Non æstuosæ grata Calabriae,
 Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
 Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
 Mordet aqua taciturnus amnes.

' Say, what will be the poet's prayer;
 When low he bows before thy shrine;
 Should'st thou divine Apollo, hear,
 When from the cup he pours the wine?
 ' He asks no rich Sardinian fields,
 Nor scorch'd Calabria's fatted flock;
 No spotless ivory India yields,
 Nor gold from out her plenteous stock.
 ' Nor yet those plains where Liris meets
 The sedgy shore with silent wave;
 Where the insidious current eats
 The land it only seems to lave.'

ART. 22.—*Rudigar the Dane, a legendary Tale. By Eaglesfield Smith, Esq. 12mo. 1809.*

THE following stanzas may serve as a specimen of this performance:

- ' The king of Denmark gave a feast
 In Elsinour's high tow'rs ;
 And by his side sat Rudigar,
 Who quell'd the Norway pow'rs.
 ' When swift, amidst the warrior crowd,
 A woe-fraught courier ran—
 " Bewail, bewail ! Lord Rudigar !
 " Thou art a childless man !
 ' " The fiery Saxons rose in arms,
 " And murder'd ev'ry Dane ;
 " I saw the Redwald tow'rs in flames,
 " Thy wife and child are slain !"
 ' Down sunk the head of Rudigar,
 All speechless at the sound ;
 And, gushing from his eyes, the tears
 Ran streaming to the ground.
 ' Year after year, the winter wind
 Did hear his heavy groans ;
 And Jutland's caves and winding shores
 Did echo to his moans.'

NOVEL.

ART. 23.—*Euston, a Novel, in two Volumes.* Chapple. 1809.

THIS work is written in a series of letters, which mode of communicating a story, unless *most excellently* finished, is apt to cast a dullness over the whole piece. This is not unperceived in the novel of Euston ; though there is some ability and much good sense exhibited in the performance.

The hero of the story, Euston, is supposed to be the natural son of a Lord Stanley, a confirmed debauchée. Euston is placed, when a child, under the care of a clergyman of the name of Simpson, who was the pander to Lord Stanley's vices, and gained his preferment in the church by marrying a young woman whom his lordship had seduced. Though Euston frequently importuned Mr. Simpson to inform him who were his parents, he was never able to obtain this desired wish of his heart, from the stubborn silence of his tutor. The hero of the piece afterwards enters the army, but as it was at the time when the French revolution burst forth, Euston, sanguine and inexperienced, thinks his profession unlawful and burns with a *new enthusiasm*. 'Glory was the word before, but now it was liberty.' He is represented also as cherishing a hopeless passion for the niece of Sir Edward Ashley, who is beloved by his particular friend and brother officer of the name of Sunderland. On this point one of the most interesting parts of the story hangs ; which develops the friendship of the two lovers and the evident partiality of Matilda for Euston. Euston flies from the object of his adoration, and his friend finding that Euston is loved by Matilda, determines to sacrifice his passion and make them both happy.

Euston at length finds his father through the means of a friend, and finds him also unwilling to receive him as his son, but desires to be himself the lover of Matilda. Euston speaks such strong things to his unnatural parent that Lord Stanley threatens him (if he does not give up Matilda) with his vengeance, and tells him—'I have means of chastising you, which were I but to name them, would shake your intrepidity. Young man you are in my toils; and might as easily escape the hand of fate as my vengeance.'

After a time Lord Stanley perceiving that he could not bring over Matilda to his views, employs ruffians to seize Euston, who put him on board a vessel freighted by Lord S. with the intention of transporting him to some American port. The vessel founders; and Euston with a few sailors is picked up by a boat and put on board an American vessel bound for Kingston, after touching at Madeira. The vessel in pursuing her passage is captured by a French privateer, carried into Brest, and Euston is made prisoner. He however escapes to the coast after a time, and is taken on board a smuggling vessel, in the captain of which he recognises one of the ruffians, who was employed to seize him by order of his father. The captain, however, promises that he will cross the channel and see him safe in an English port. This he performs, and Euston restored to his country, hastens to the seat of Matilda's uncle, who during his mysterious absence had found means to come to some explanation with his father, Lord Stanley. Lord S. owned himself the person who had planned and executed his son's banishment; and at the same time (being reduced by sickness) some compunctious visitings of conscience induce him to acknowledge that the mother of Euston had been *legally* his wife; and that, if ever Euston returned, he would find that he had done his mother and himself ample justice by clearing the sullied fame of the one, and acknowledging the other as his legitimate son and heir. Euston returns most opportunely to attend his father in his last illness and to close his eyes. He is of course made happy in the knowledge of Matilda's affection and the recovery of his friend Sunderland's health and returning reason, who is represented as having been afflicted by temporary derangement, from disappointment of his love for Matilda and an exertion of enthusiastic friendship towards the lovers.

The character of Lord Stanley is marked with strong lines, as a confirmed seducer, and an unbeliever of every thing serious in religion or morality. Before his death, we find him detecting the fallacy of his former opinions and repenting of his unnatural conduct to his son and wife. The character of Euston is also ably supported in many points; but there is a degree of prosing dullness about it which we do not think will be much admired by our pretty young novel readers.

The story of the old man, who lost his intended son-in-law, and his only daughter, is the best and most interesting part of the whole.

MEDICINE.

ART. 2d.—A plain Statement, intended for the Information of the Public, of the comparative Advantages of the Cow-pox, and Small-pox, Inoculation; with an Abstract of the Report of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the Opinions and Testimonials of many of the principal Physicians and Surgeons on the Cow-pox. By T. Smith, M. D. late Physician to the Nottingham General Hospital, Fellow of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, &c. Mawman. 1809.

THOUGH vaccination was first practised in this country, and though the advantages attending it, have been copiously explained, and confirmed by numerous experiments, yet it has been so powerfully opposed either by the obstinacy of ignorance, or by the malignity of prejudice, that since the year 1804, small pox inoculation has among numerous members of the community been substituted for the vaccine. It may seem strange that a poison should be preferred to its proper antidote, and particularly in this enlightened country, and in this most enlightened part of it, the capital of Great Britain. But the reason is to be found only in the zeal with which error either endeavours to extend its dominion or struggles to prolong its sway. We have often thought it strange that large masses of men, some of whom have had the blessing of a liberal education, should prefer the virus of methodism to the mild correctives of genuine Christianity; but the surprise is greatly diminished, when we find in a matter which does not concern speculative so much as experimental truth, men prefer their bane to their bliss, and to cleanliness, disease to health, and danger to security. This is evidently the case; for in the year 1804, when the vaccine inoculation was very general among the lower orders of the metropolis, the number of deaths by small pox amounted only to 629, while the annual mortality by the same disease, had previously on an average of six years been 1811. But in 1805, when small pox inoculation again rose into credit, owing to the arts which were employed to impair the credit of the vaccine, the number of deaths by small pox amounted to no less than 1680. But in other parts of the world, where the merits of the vaccine practice have not been traduced with similar violence or success, the ravages of small pox have been almost annihilated. We think that this pamphlet merits general circulation, as it is well calculated to remove prejudices against the vaccine practice, and to convince the less informed part of the community, who are always more influenced by example than by precept, and by authority than by reason, that the practice is expedient and safe, calculated at once to promote their health, their security and happiness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*Adam and Margaret; or the cruel Father punished for his unnatural Conduct to his innocent Daughter. A Narrative of real Incidents, with some Reflections, and a Proposal for cultivating a Department of Literature to be entitled Private Biography.* By Alexander Mollison. 8vo. pp. 10. 1s. 6d. Constable. 1809.

THIS narrative of Adam and Margaret, which is said to be authentic, depicts in a very forcible manner the evils of that intemperance by which many a family in the lowest ranks of life, who might have risen to a state of comparative comfort and affluence by constant habits of sobriety and diligence, is plunged into squalid wretchedness, and excruciating want. The present history at the same time exemplifies that moral retribution, which, though often imperceptibly and invisibly, is constantly going on in the world, and which shows that vice has always a more near or more remote connection with misery. Such pictures of human life, as the work entitled *Private Biography*, of which this is a specimen, is proposed to delineate, must have a very beneficial tendency and deserve general encouragement. It must assist in accumulating facts which will greatly add to the force of moral precepts; and prove to the thoughtless and the dissipated the noble sentiment of a heathen poet, that:

‘Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede Paena claudo.’

Hor. Carm. iii. 2.

ART. 26.—*Letters from an Irish Student in England to his Father in Ireland.* Vol. II. Cradock. 1809.

This Irish student does not appear much to have wearied the *thinking faculty* in the present performance.—It is one of those ephemeral works, which may be both written and read without much intellectual exertion.—The Irishman, however, if *Irishman Rebe*, has scraped together a variety of anecdotes, which may amuse the idle and the frivolous in a rainy day.—It is perhaps some merit to diminish the public stock of *ennui*.

The Alphabetical Catalogue of Books for this month, is printed at the end of the Appendix.

List of Articles which with many others will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Warburton's Letters.

Bowles's Poems.

Molina's History of Chili.

Barrett's Life of Swift.

Sir Richard Steele's Epistolary Correspondence.

Cowper's Milton.

Ormsby's Letters on Portugal and Spain.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1809.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. The second edition.* 8vo. London, 1809. Cadell. pp. 510.

WE have to apologize for the late notice of these valuable Letters; but the delay has been occasioned by circumstances which it is needless to explain.

The names of Warburton and of Hurd, (particularly the former,) possessed a splendour and a magnitude in the latter half of the last century, which they no longer retain in the first decade of the present.—They were giants in those days, but they are now reduced to the stature of ordinary men.—Of all that Warburton wrote, much as it was once applauded by his friends and reviled by his foes, nothing remains (with the exception of the present volume of Letters,) which excites any curiosity or interest. His divine Legation, which is such a vague and circuitous defence of revelation, that it rather weakens than corroborates the argument, may be sometimes quoted, but it is never read, except by a few reclusæ theologues and literati, who are still left, of the old school.—A sort of traditionary respect still adheres to the name of Warburton, among those, whose fathers or grandfathers thought him a detigod among critics and divines: but this feeling is daily becoming less general, and ere another generation has succeeded the present, it is probable that it will have entirely disappeared.—If his memory be at all cherished by posterity, we believe that he will be more indebted for the boon to the present posthumous Letters, than to all his other works. This is a serious warning to men of learning and genius, as Warburton certainly was, not to waste their time and their talents on topics, which excite only a fugitive interest, or have only an ephemeral importance, which

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they derive from the conflicts of heated sectaries and turbulent polemics.

Physical truth, when it is accurately and luminously displayed, and moral truth, when it is developed with sagacity and enforced with pathos, have a charm that is not readily dissolved; but the doctrinal peculiarities either of Christianity or of Judaism, or of any of the sects which have branched from either, are things which must at all times have rather a factitious, a fugitive, and limited, than a real, a durable and universal interest.—The laws of the moral world, though they are more intricate, obscure, and *apparently* contradictory than those of the physical, yet constitute the grandest and the most interesting subject, which can occupy the mind of intellectual and accountable man.—But those theological questions, which have no relation to the laws of the moral world, to the rules of human conduct, and to the means, or the constituents of human happiness, must be regarded by the wise and by the good, as a mere waste of learning, of talents and of time. The various topics of dispute, which are engendered by folly mingled with superstition; by superstition acting on folly, or by hypocrisy making use of both for some sinister purpose, may be regarded as foetid effluvia rising from a morass, which attract attention, disseminate contagion, or injure the community for a season, till the noxious waters are drawn off and the source of the evil is removed by the good sense, the genius or the industry of man. But when a more salubrious atmosphere is restored, the former pestilential vapour is neither heeded nor remembered any more.

But it is time to revert more immediately to the subject of the present Letters. The Letters exclusive of the Appendix, are 257 in number, and by much the larger part of them is from Warburton to Hurd. The first is dated June 1st, 1749, and the last, December 19th, 1776. When this correspondence commenced, Warburton was in his fifty-first and Hurd in his thirty-first year.—Warburton was in the zenith of his fame; Hurd was just emerging from obscurity. Their acquaintance originated in the praise which Hurd had bestowed on Warburton, in his edition of Horace's *Epistle to the Pisos*. Warburton, if we may judge from his first letter, was not only pleased, but pleased to rapture with the praise. His whole heart and soul instantly expanded towards the author of the elegant panegyric. He made Mr. Hurd an offer of his friendship, and he solicited his in return.

Hurd has not published the letter which he returned in answer to Warburton's first frank and warm-hearted epistle. Indeed, though this is the first, yet it is far from being the only occasion in which we have either to regret, or to repre-

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 hend, the suppression of *Hurd's own Letters* to Warburton. There are several instances in which Warburton indulges his abuse against particular individuals, when we may be convinced by the turn of his letters, by his allusions or replications, that Hurd himself had furnished the original incitement, and instigated the giant in his wrath to belabour his foes, and to shew no mercy to many of his friends. But the wary policy of Hurd, has kept back those letters in which he effused his malevolence, or his spleen against his contemporaries, and left Warburton alone to bear all the odium of that often illiberal, violent and uncharitable censure which Hurd himself had insidiously attempted to excite.

As we proceed in the examination of these letters, we shall either notice or extract some of those passages which contain any thing remarkable in the thought, the manner or the expression. In Letter V. Warburton rather exultingly maintains a charge of plagiarism against Bentley. Speaking of the contest of Bentley with the Oxonians respecting the epistles of Phalaris, Warburton says,

‘On this subject I must tell you a story.—The only thing the Oxford people hit off was Bentley’s plagiarism, from Vizzanius. And when they had done, they could not support it against Bentley’s defence: who solemnly denies it, avers it was a calumny, and gives this proof of his innocence, that the Greek passage quoted by him from Jamblicus, on which both he and Vizzanius had founded their discoveries, is differently translated by them. ‘The thing as I said it,’ says the Doctor, ‘is thus, the Pythagoreans enjoined all the Greeks that entered themselves into the society, to use every man his mother tongue [*παντες χρησεται τη μητρικα*], Ocellus therefore being a Dorian of Lucania must have writ in the Doric. This I took to be Jamblicus his meaning. But Vizzanius has represented it thus, That they enjoined all that came to them to use the mother tongue of Crotona, which was the Doric. Whether Vizzanius or I have hit upon the true meaning, perhaps all competent readers will not be of a mind.’ p. 384. of Dis. Def. To this the Oxford men had nothing to reply, though in the future editions they replied to many parts of the *Defence*. And yet I will venture to say this very Defence was his conviction.

‘Observe the diffidence of the concluding words; so contrary to the Doctor’s manner, that one would suspect he was convinced Vizzanius was right. The truth of the matter is this; the Doctor between his writing the Dissertation on Phalaris and this Def. had looked into Jamblicus; and found (as you will find if you look into him) that it admits of no other meaning. Yet I will venture to say the words of Jamblicus taken separately, just as they are quoted by Vizzanius without the context, would have been translated by every man, who understood the Greek

idiom, just as Dr. Bentley has translated them. From whence I conclude that when Dr. Bentley wrote the Dissertation on Phalaris, he had seen the words of Jamblichus no where but in Vizzanius, consequently the charge upon him was just.'

The charge against Bentley which is here adduced, amounts to this, that he quotes a passage from Jamblichus at second-hand, or through the medium of Vizzanius. But we are of opinion that Bentley *had not seen Vizzanius*, when he first wrote on Phalaris. Warburton however concludes with no small degree of assurance, that when Bentley wrote the Dissertation on Phalaris, he had seen the words of Jamblichus *no where but in Vizzanius!* This is a question of no great importance, and of very little interest to the general reader, but it is one of some critical nicety, as it affects the literary reputation both of Bentley and of Warburton. We will therefore examine it with more minuteness than it would otherwise deserve; and we must apologize to those readers who are not fond of such discussions, for the tediousness of the details.

Vizzanius edited Ocellus Lucanus 'de mundi natura,' Bononiæ, 1646. In his Preface, p. 14. Vizzanius vindicates the authenticity of the work, by comparing the sense of parts of it with a fragment de legibus, written in the Doric dialect and preserved in Stobæus. Egl. Physic. lib. 1. cap. 24; and he maintains on the evidence of what is contained in the last chapter, that Jamblichus had seen the works of Lucanus.—He proceeds ('Nec quonpiam turbari contingat, quod et de lege fragmentum eosque ulterius, quos retulit Stobæus textus, eadem quidem omnino vocibus, at diversa, Dorica scilicet dialecto videat expressos: Hinc enim nulla operi demenda fides, quod ipsa dogmata suo abunde vindicent auctori. Id, certe asserendum crediderim Ocellum, Dorica dialecto suum opus conscripsisse tum quia Pythagoræos quoslibet illi studuisse comperio, quos legerim, si tamen de antiquis sit sermo; tum quia id Pythagoræ suadeant instituta, qui semper Græcorum idiomatum Doricum maxime voluit sectari, tum antiquius tum etiam præstantius illud semper arbitratus, teste Jamblichus,') (here a reference in margin to cap. 34.) 'indeque tenui ac facili imitatione Ocelli opera ad Atticam traducta dialectum, ut scilicet, celeberrima dogmata illa exprimerentur dialecto, quam maxime familiarem Græciæ ejusdem elegantia constituerat, eo fere pacto, quo Lusitano idiomate ab eruditissimis viris conscripta opera in Castellanam amœniorem veluti dictionem transferri haud raro conspiciamus exemplo.' Again, p. 8. ('Ocellum Lucanum Pythagoræum fuisse nemini sit dubium, et huic Sectæ Doricam phrasim vel ex ipsius Pythagoræ præcepto familiarem fuisse' (no reference) quæ vete-

rum supersunt Pythagoræorum scripta aperte demonstrant.) In cap. 34. Jamblichus says of the Pythagoreans, that 'φωη χρησδαι τη πατρωα ακαστοις παρηγγαλλας οσοι των Ελληνων προσελθαι προς τω κοινηται ταυτων, το γαρ ξινειν ουκ ιδοιμαζος'. The father of Pythagoras was of Samos, though Jamblichus, in cap. 2. speaks of Pythagoras himself as born at Sidon in Phœnicia, and therefore though the Doric was the dialect of Crotona, where he is said to have resided for many years, yet it was not the native dialect of the philosopher, though it was that of his immediate followers. Ocellus, as a native of Lucania, must have written in the Doric, for it was in Magna Græcia that that dialect prevailed.

In the passages which we have quoted from Vizzanius, we particularly request the reader to remark, that he says nothing about *Crotona*, as the extract from Bentley would lead us to suppose: and that Vizzanius does *not quote the words of Jamblichus*, as Warburton asserts.—Hence, we infer that when Bentley wrote his defence, he gave the general sense of Vizzanius without referring to the book; and that Warburton himself did not look into Vizzanius when he wrote this letter to Hurd, but supposed from the way in which *Bentley had quoted* the words of Jamblichus (φωη χρησδαι τη πατρωα) without the context, that he had taken them immediately from Vizzanius without referring to Jamblichus. It is clear to demonstration that Bentley was no plagiarist from Vizzanius when he first wrote on Phalaris, but that he had subsequently seen Vizzanius, and that afterwards, when he wrote his defence, he gave his own explanation of the words of Jamblichus, as well as that of Vizzanius, but rather *as the latter occurred to his memory, than from an immediate reference to the book*. The specification of the mother tongue of *Crotona* is sufficient to prove this; and the assertion of Warburton that the words of Jamblichus *are quoted* by Vizzanius, *when they are only referred to in the margin*, abundantly proves that he did not look into Vizzanius when he endeavoured to convict Bentley of a plagiarism.—The unusual *diffidence* which Warburton remarks in the concluding words of Bentley, instead of being a proof that Bentley was a plagiarist from Vizzanius only shew that Bentley secretly believed the explanation which Vizzanius had given of the words of Jamblichus to be better than his own.

In Letter VI. Warburton says, that in the conclusion of his *Julian* he is 'strongly tempted to have a stroke at Hume.'—'I have a great mind to *do justice* to his argument, against miracles, which might be done in few words. But,' adds he 'does he deserve notice? Is he now amongst you? Pray answer me these questions. For, if his own weight keeps him

down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.—While Warburton was thus contemptuously talking of Hume, he little thought that, in the revolution of about half a century, Hume would be blazing like a star of the first magnitude in the literary hemisphere, while his own pale and languid fires were almost extinct.—Is not this the instructive fate of overweening arrogance, which in the full-blown vanity of its prosperous hour, thinks to destroy with the mere breath of its mouth the budding hopes of genius, less applauded by fashion and less favoured by fortune!!! But time is the final dispenser of justice to intellectual eminence.

To hear Warburton say of Hume, ‘Pray does he deserve notice?’—to hear him talk as if *his* notice would exalt him to celebrity, and at the same time, to recollect that the works of Hume are universally read and admired, while those of Warburton are almost as universally forgotten, is a lesson which not only shews the vanity of authorship, but should teach those authors to be humble, who seem raised above their peers, or even, in a mental sense, their superiors, by accidental circumstances, by great wealth or elevated rank.

In the VIIth Letter, as in other places, Warburton talks of the court in such an uncourtly style as hardly beseemed his episcopal mouth ‘The dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the C—— and the devil’—‘Not that I would fright you from that *earthly* pandemonium, a C ——,’ &c.

Letter VIII. is the first from Hurd which we find in the collection. Though written in what may be called the hey-day of youth, when the spirits are brisk and the circulation strong, it is like most of the Bishop’s other works, a wary, formal, hesitating, insinuating and cold-blooded production.—The praise of Warburton in the letters of Hurd is sometimes very artfully managed and delicately interwoven with apparently extenuating observations, but it is often very gross.—The praise which Warburton lavishes on Hurd, seems to come from the inmost heart, and to be effused without any scantiness or parsimony, from the exuberant stores of boundless panegyric.—Both these churchmen, who had no common voracity for mutual praise, seem to think that like two lovers they can never say kind, nor handsome things enough of each other. Both are oracles, and it seems a question which is the most infallible. Both are ready like two popes, who should have agreed to support each other’s infallibility, to sustain the honour of each other, against every assailant. Raised in their own conceit to a pinnacle of greatness far above any, or all

their contemporaries, they almost seem like the figure of Fame to touch the sky with their heads and the earth with their feet. The rest of mankind are but dwarfs and pigmies in the eyes of these incomparable doctors; and they treat them in general with as little ceremony, as if they inherited none of their imperfections.

In Letter VIII. Hurd says of Warburton's Discourse on Julian 'The introduction, which respects Dr. Middleton is extremely handsome. I agree with you that he ought to be pleased. *That he will be so there may be reason to doubt.* I suspect your candour hath put a distinction, which the learned inquirer never thought of. However a fair occasion is offered of explaining himself.' This is a little specimen of Hurd's dry, formal, insidious, hesitating, insinuating style, of his proneness to excite doubts not favourable to others, and to prevent satisfaction where it might otherwise have been felt. All this is covered with a thin veil of candour and openness. Why should *he* doubt the complacency of Middleton, if Warburton did not? Why would *he* suspect what could never have occurred to Warburton's more ingenuous mind? The mind of Hurd had a natural tincture of malevolence, with which he imbued every subject that he touched. Those who read his Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship, and his 'Letter to Dr. Leland,' in which he most pertinaciously endeavoured absolutely to torture two most amiable, modest, retired and enlightened scholars and divines, with the malice of his cavils, his insinuations and his sneers, will be convinced that the sycophant of Warburton and the calumniator of almost every other man of genius, of learning and of worth, was one of the least benevolent of his species, even though he rose to be a mitred peer.

In Letter XII. which was written Dec. 4th 1749, about six months after the correspondence had commenced between Warburton and Hurd, we find the former recommending the latter to the then bishop of London, for one of the preachings at Whitehall. The language which Warburton uses on this occasion, is that of the most zealous and warm-hearted friend. The fervid, generous, unreserved temperament of Warburton is, on this occasion, as it is throughout the Letters, well contrasted with the constitutional coldness, the measured pace, and the calculating caution of Hurd. Warburton tells the Bishop that Hurd is his 'intimate friend,' that 'he is one of the best scholars in the kingdom,' 'of parts and genius equal to his learning, and a moral character that adorns both.' The application was favourably received, and a little more publicity was thus given to the talents of Hurd.

In Letter XV. we have the following effusion of wit on the different expositions of Job :

‘ Poor Job ! It was his eternal fate to be persecuted by his friends. His three comforters passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he has been executing in *effigie* ever since. He was first bound to the stake by a long catena of Greek fathers ; then tortured by Pineda ; then strangled by Caryl, and afterwards cut up by Wesley, and anatomized by Garnet. Pray don’t reckon me amongst his hangmen. I only acted the tender part of his wife, and was for making short work with him. But he was ordained, I think, by a fate like that of Prometheus, to lie still upon his dunghill and have his brains sucked out by owls. One Hodges, a head of Oxford, now threatens us with a new *Auto de fe*.

In Letter XVI. we have the following gross flattery to Hurd, which is only a small specimen of the large cargo of reciprocal adulation with which this clerical and episcopal correspondence abounds. ‘ Nothing can be more useful than the note you propose about imitation in works of genius. *The thing is not at all understood. And no wonder ; it is deep ; and is reserved for you.*’

In Letter XX. Warburton calls Bishop Berkeley a great man ; and says that he is the only visionary he ever knew that was.—In Letter XXIII. Warburton says

‘ The warfare of us soldiers of the church militant is upon much worse terms than that of our predecessors. By the connivance at least of our superiors, our pay is lessened, and our duty doubled. Our predecessors had but one point to gain, which was to persuade people to save their souls. We have two : first, to persuade them they have souls to be saved ; which is so long a doing, that before we come to the second, we are ready to give place to another generation, and are both on our death-beds by the time this comes in question.’

In the following passage in Letter XXIV. where the writer is mentioning the last illness of Middleton, and his scepticism with respect to revealed religion, Warburton breaks out into a sort of rapturous eulogy on the power and excellence of Christianity, which has every appearance of expressing what he really felt, and so far bears testimony to the sincerity of his belief, which has been occasionally questioned.

‘ I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately at London (I suppose to consult Dr. Heberden about his health), and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him. But, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his brick-

layer will dispute the honour of his death with them. Seriously I am much concerned for the poor man, and wish he may recover with all my heart. Had he had, I will not say, piety, but greatness of mind enough not to suffer the pretended injuries of some churchmen to prejudice him against religion, I should love him living, and honour his memory when dead. But, good God! that man, for the discourtesies done him by his miserable fellow creatures, should be content to divest himself of the true viaticum, the comfort, the solace, the asylum from all the evils of human life, is perfectly astonishing! I believe no one (all things considered) has suffered more from the low and vile passions of the high and low amongst our brethren than myself. Yet God forbid it should ever suffer me to be cold in the gospel interests, which are indeed so much my own, that without it I should be disposed to consider humanity as the most forlorn part of the creation.'

What the learned editor of the Tracts by Warburton, &c. said of the *suspected infidelity* of this prelate several years ago, is greatly corroborated by the evidence of the letters which have been published since.

'Why Dr. Warburton,' says the learned theologian 'was ever suspected even of secret infidelity, I know not. But I am persuaded that his writings were sincerely intended to establish the truth of Christianity, and that many of them are worthy of the great and good cause in which they were honourably employed. What he was inclined to think upon subjects of religion, before, perhaps, he had either leisure or ability to examine them, depends only upon obscure surmise, or vague report. But we have the stubborn evidence of facts to ascertain what he really *did* think, after he had searched and believed. As to the charge of Heterodoxy, I shall leave his R. R. biographer to admit, or to confute it, as he may find himself able. But the accusation of Deism, which has more than once been brought against his writings, is too wicked to escape without some mark of reprobation, and too weak to deserve a serious and formal reply. It was indignantly broached at first by an English dunce, whose blunders and calumnies are now happily forgotten. It afterwards was petulantly repeated by a French buffoon, whose morality is not commensurate with his wit, and many of whose assertions in history and biography every man of sense reads with distrust, and sometimes with contempt.'

In Letter XXIV, the following lines are very affectionately quoted by Warburton to designate his regard for Hard, though we will not vouch for the appropriate justness of some parts of the encomium.

‘Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
Et benè nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis.’

In Letters XXX. XXXI. very kind and respectful mention is made of Balguy, who was already the friend of Hurd, and whose friendship was sought by Warburton. The open-heartedness of Warburton is very conspicuous on this, as on other occasions. Balguy was after this very intimate with Warburton, and in the year 1789, a great writer said that

‘No man living was in his opinion more able than Dr. Balguy to unfold with precision the character of Bishop Warburton, or to state with impartiality the merits of those controversies in which he was engaged.’

Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian, p. 183.

Of the friendship of Balguy and of Hurd, Warburton says, ‘these are all the pluralities, which are not sinecures, which I would accept; and the only ones I am ambitious of.’ In Letter XXXV. Warburton says,

‘I forgot to mention my approbation of one thing you said is one of yours, which implied your contempt for the character of Atticus. I confess, of all that were ever called virtuous men, his character to me is the least amiable: and I believe neither of us, though we might *want*, could *esteem* such a friend.’

It is not a little remarkable that this character of Atticus, which Hurd seemed to despise and which Warburton palpably abhorred, bore no small resemblance to that of Hurd himself, whom Warburton so unreservedly loved. A coldness which could hardly be exceeded by that of Atticus, or any other disciple of Epicurus, was the characteristic peculiarity of Hurd. It is chillingly felt in his most studied as well as in his less studied compositions. In his sermons, in his dialogues, in his letters, we shall find it difficult to produce a passage which excites any rapturous emotion, any enthusiastic glow. There is a frigid sameness in the sensations, which perhaps, was not less the effect of acquired wariness than of natural temperament. In one of his letters, Hurd, who had previously expressed his contempt for the insensate character of Atticus, complains of the coldness in Clarke’s Sermons, but the sermons of Clarke are, we think, calculated to produce more *aesthetic* excitement than those of Hurd. If Clarke’s Sermons are cold, the quality arises rather from the argumentative sedateness, than the natural temperament of the man,

But the sensations of Hurd were seldom above, but often below, the freezing point.

Opinions and certain mental modes may be communicated from one to another; and by living much with any particular individual, especially if of superior abilities, we insensibly imbibe his opinions or glide into his habits. But the *natural temperament* of the man is not changed nor modified with so much facility as his habits and opinions. That which we bring into the world we seem to carry out, whether it be frigid or fiery, sensitive or insensate. The remark may be exemplified by the intimacy of Hurd with Warburton. Hurd admired and esteemed Warburton; he always corresponded with him, often lived with him, and as much as possible conformed his *intellectual modes* to those of Warburton; but yet his *natural temperament*, remained chill as the snow on the Alps, though that of Warburton was hot as the crater of Vesuvius. Atticus, whose insensibility seems to have incurred the contempt even of Hurd, was tranquilly cold, when the passions of individuals were as hot and turbulent as the state of the commonwealth. But the cold and torpid Atticus was the friend and the correspondent of the ardent Brutus and of the sensitive Cicero. Hence we see that friendship may exist without similarity of temperament. But similarity of pursuits seems more essential to the existence of this hallowed union; and in this case the continuance may be promoted by dissimilarity of temperament. If Warburton had been as cold as Hurd, or Hurd as hot as Warburton, their friendship might have been less stable and permanent. There would have been more room for jealousy, if the powers which they exercised in a common cause had been the same in kind; but when each brought to the subject a different train of thinking or mode of expression arising from the difference of constitution and temperament, each could admire the other without undervaluing himself.

Warburton like Burke, seems to have found it more difficult to please himself than the public. He was indefatigable in the correction of his works, but we believe that the original materials were often better than those by which they were replaced. 'Second thoughts' are the safest and the best in the conduct of life, as they have less hazardous temerity, though they have at the same time often less genuine virtue than the first; but in literary composition, the first thoughts have, in the great majority of instances, more of the glow of genius than the second; and repeated subsequent correction, though it may increase the accuracy or the polish, often destroys the animation of the piece. 'I believe' says Warburton, 'there are some thousand alterations, in the language only in the se-

cond edition of Julian, and the first volume of the Divine Legation now in the press, is so transmogrified, that you will scarcely know it again.

The wit, and the arrogance of Warburton, as well as the inflated conceit of this mighty *dwumvirate*, are admirably characterized in the following, from Letter XXXV.

‘ I had forgot to tell you that our friend Browne is now on a visit (on invitation) at Mr. George Lyttelton’s. It is about 250 miles from him, and he is accompanied by his friend, Dr. Law, as far as Litchfield; who takes this opportunity to visit his friend, the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. Which will prove the better patron, the Layman or the Archpriest, for an even wager? And you shall choose your side. I think they might as well have gone to hell (I mean the classical hell) to consult Tiresias in the ways of *thriving*. God help them; for they are a couple of helpless creatures in the ways of this world; and nothing to bear their charges but a little honesty, which, like Don Quixote’s chivalry, will pass current in never an inn between Carlisle and London. Those who have the noble ambition to make their *regular stages*, must dash through thick and thin; must be soundly bespattered; and, what to an ingenuous mind is as grievous, must as heartily bespatter. But they deserve no pity. What is hard, in, that such travellers as you and I, who pick our way, and would ride at our ease; who fear nothing but being *benighted*; and for the rest, can sleep as soundly at the *Thatched-House*, as at the *Mitre-Inn*; that we should be bespattered by the busy, dirty, servile rascals, that post by us, and view us with an eye of jealousy if we ride briskly, or with contempt if we saunter, this I say is very provoking. What could make that important block-head (you know whom) preach against me at St. James’s? He never met me at Court, or at Powis or Newcastle-House. And what was it to him whether the Jews had a future life? It might be well for such as him, if the Christians had none neither. Nor, I dare say, does he much trouble himself about the matter, while he stands foremost amongst you, in the new *land of promise*; which however, to the mortification of these modern Jews, is a little distant from that of *performance*.

There is some wit in the quotation which we shall next give; and it marks, but not so much as many other passages in the book, the little respect in which Warburton held the members of the established hierarchy.

‘ The Bishop of Clogher, or some such heathenish name, in Ireland, has just published a book. It is made up out of the rubbish of old heresies; of a much ranker cast than common Arianism. Jesus Christ is Michael; and the Holy Ghost, Gabriel, &c. This might be heresy in an English bishop; but in an Irish, ’tis only a blunder. But thank God, our bishops are

all far from making or vending heresies; though for the good of the church, they have excellent eyes at spying it out whenever it skulks or lies hid.'

In Letter XLII. we have a very just distinction between simple passions as they may be viewed abstractedly by a metaphysician, and those passions as they are blended with numerous modifying influences and counteracting powers in the characters of individuals. The remarks themselves, though particularly applied to Atheism and Superstition may be very usefully and without much violence transferred to various subjects of philosophy and criticism.

'Amongst the several sophisms of Plutarch's comparison between Atheism and Superstition, this is one: where he speaks of the actual (not potential) effects of each, instead of considering what Atheistical and Superstitious men have ever done since there were two such characters, he only tells us what are the natural effects of two such passions in the abstract, simple, and unmixed, which they never are in the concrete; and would persuade us that what such simple passions naturally produce, they do produce in those men in whom they are found to be the reigning passions.'

In Letter XLVII. we have a very good humoured piece of pleasantry on Noah's ark, which according to the different dispositions of the reader, will produce either the arch sneer, the broad grin, or the loud laugh. We leave it to the bench of bishops to determine whether it be consistent with episcopal gravity.

'You mention Noah's ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared the church to it, as many a grave divine has done before me.—The Rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching. So that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half-boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his *hackney*: and see if it does not bring before you the church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion.'

From Letter L. we select two remarks. 'Princes pick off from dunghills the curiosities for their cabinet, and then complain of being bewrayed.' 'Warmth of friendship, after all

is what makes a two-legged animal deserve the name of man.' Letter LX. is very sprightly, animated and eloquent. The English language does not furnish many better. We shall quote a large part of it.

'I agree with you, that our good friend is a little whimsical as a philosopher, or a poet, in his project of improving himself in men and manners; though as a *fine gentleman*, extremely fashionable in his scheme. But as I dare say, this is a character he is above, tell him I would recommend to him a voyage now and then with me round the Park; of ten times more ease, and ten thousand times more profit, than making the *grand tour*; whether he chooses to consider it in a philosophico-poetical, or in an ecclesiastico-political light.

'Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for *pastoral* than the cows and the milk-women at your entrance from Spring-Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for comedy and farce, from one end of the *Mall* to the other; not to say satire; to which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity.

'As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at *Rosmond's-pond*, long consecrated to disastrous love, and *elegiac* poetry. The *Bird-cage walk*, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of Madrigal and Sonnet. When we come to *Duck-Island*, we have a double chance for success, in the georgic or didactic poetry, as the governor of it Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of his wild-fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing their generations.

'But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place indeed, the seed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of horse and foot-guards, the *Parade*. The place of heroes and demi-gods, the eternal source of the greater poetry, from whence springs that *acmé* of human things, an epic poem; to which our friend has consecrated all his happier hours.

'But suppose his visions for the bays be now changed for the brighter visions of the mitre, here still must be his circle; which on one side presents him with those august towers of St. James's, which, though neither seemly nor sublime, yet ornament that place where the balances are preserved, which weigh out liberty and property to the nations all abroad: and on the other, with that sacred venerable dome of St. Peter, which, though its head rises and remains in the clouds, yet carries in its bowels the very flower and quintessence of ecclesiastical policy.

'This is enough for any one who only wants to study men for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must go first and catch her undressed, nay quite naked, in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears cramp'd, contracted, and buttoned close up in the straight tunic of law and

custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out, and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm, amongst the Arabs and Saracens. Or lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back, naked to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, for the citizen of the world, to contemplate. The *tour of Europe* is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but pork differently disguised.'

The bishop is seldom very parsimonious in his ridicule of the court, when the subject comes in his way. Letter LXX. will furnish a specimen.

'You expect perhaps I should tell you of the wonders I met with in this new elysium. I found but two things to admire, as excellent in their kinds; the one is the beef-eaters, whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, *famine* and *thought*. The other curiosity is our table-decker, of so placid a mien and so entire a taciturnity (both of them improved by the late elopement of his wife), that he is much fitter for the service of a minister of state than of the gospel. In short, I found him the only reasonable man *not* to converse with.'

There is great sagacity in the observation of Warburton on the prohibited degrees of marriage among the Jews; he says,

'The constitution of Moses's prohibited degrees was admirable; as that people had no commerce with any other, there was a necessity of crossing the strain as much as possible; naturalists observing that even all plants as well as animals degenerate when that provision is not made.'

We doubt whether all divines will acquiesce in the following opinion:

'*Nature and human society alone seem not to determine against polygamy, why I said so was, because it was allowed to the Jews; and I apprehend nothing was indulged them against the law of nature.*

Letter LXXXI. contains some matter for serious reflection on the ecclesiastical policy which was followed at the reformation.

'Could any thing be more absurd than that, when the yoke of Rome was thrown off, they should govern the new church, erected in opposition to it, by the laws of the old. The pretence was that this was only by way of *interim*, till a body of ecclesiastical

laws could be formed. But whoever considers that the canon laws proceeded from, and had perpetual reference to, an *absolute spiritual monarch*, and were formed upon the genius, and did acknowledge the authority of the *civil laws*, the issue of *civil despotism*—I say, whoever considers this, will be inclined to think that the crown contrived this *interim* from the use the canon law was of to the extension of the prerogative. However, it is certain that the succeeding monarchs, Elizabeth, James, Charles, prevented our ever having a body of new ecclesiastical laws, from a sense of this utility in the old ones; and a consciousness, if ever they should submit a body of new laws to the legislature, the parliament would form them altogether upon the genius of a free church and state. This I take to be the true solution of this mysterious affair, that wears a face of so much absurdity and scandalous neglect.

The origin of the doctrine of *non-resistance* is developed with great sagacity in Letter LXXXIV.

‘After the reformation, the Protestant *divines*, as appears by the homilies composed by the wisest and most disinterested men, such as Cranmer and Latimer, preached up Non-resistance very strongly; but it was only to oppose to popery. The case was this: the pope threatened to excommunicate and depose Edward; he did put his threats in execution against Elizabeth. This was esteemed such a stretch of power, and so odious, that the Jesuits contrived all means to soften it.—One was, by searching into the origin of civil power, which they brought rightly (though for wicked purposes) from the people; as Mariana and others.—To combat this, and to save the person of the sovereign, the Protestant divines preached up divine right.—Hooker, superior to every thing, followed the truth.—But it is remarkable that this *Non-resistance* that at the reformation was employed to keep out popery, was, at the revolution, employed to bring it in.—so eternally is truth sacrificed to politicks.’

Letter LXXXIX. mentions the dissertation ‘on the delicacy of friendship,’ in which Hurd so effectually paid his court to Warburton, and in which it is difficult to determine whether there be a greater share of flattery or of malevolence. On this occasion, Warburton says ‘next to the pleasure of seeing myself so finely praised is the satisfaction in seeing Jortin mortified.’ In the next letter, Warburton, who never spared his foes, says that the conduct of Jortin towards him ‘was mean, low, and ungrateful.’—But there are no facts on record to substantiate this charge, except it be that there were subjects on which Jortin presumed to think for himself and to differ, though respectfully from Warburton. But the great dictator could not endure any thing but unconditional submission to his decrees, and hence his implacable rancour to—

wards one of the most unassuming of scholars and gentlemen. In p. 210, Jortin is characterized as 'insolent' and 'as vain as he is dirty.' But 'rancour of heart,' is imputed to him, in p. 270. In p. 457, Warburton writes thus, when Jortin had descended to that bourn where literary and personal animosity ought alike to end :

'I see by the papers that Jortin is dead. His over-rating his abilities and the publick's under-rating them, made so gloomy a temper eat, as the antients expressed it, *his own heart*.'

The wily wariness of Hurd mingled with a degree of malignity which he seems to have retained to the last breath of expiring life, is particularly conspicuous in that part of these Letters, in which the hallowed memory of Jortin is so wantonly outraged. Hurd does not, in his own person, inveigh against the gentle Jortin in the present correspondence, but he pours forth, without any qualification or reserve, the invectives of Warburton. Thus while the cautious subtlety of Hurd, caused him to suppress his own letters, in some of which it is clear that he must have vilified Jortin, he throws all the odium of the obloquy on the animosity of Warburton. There is a well-known observation in Tacitus, *Vit Agric. cap. 42.* 'Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris.' We fear that this sentiment predominated in the bosom of Hurd, when he recollected his malicious and unprovoked attack on Jortin, in the Dissertation '*on the Delicacy of Friendship*;' and the rancour, which Hurd supposed Jortin himself to retain, rankled in his own breast. Could Providence have inflicted any more dreadful penalty on the exercise of malevolent propensities? Hurd had injured Jortin without a cause; this, according to the observation of Tacitus, occasioned the tenacity of his hate; and impelled him to seek the gratification of even *posthumous* animosity by the publication of those letters of Warburton, in which that prelate had loaded Jortin with abuse, both when living and when dead. We had no personal acquaintance with Jortin, who was consigned to the tomb, long before we were of an age to appreciate his moral, or his literary excellence, but his character has been drawn with great splendour of eloquence, by the editor of the Warburtonian Tracts:

'Learned he was without pedantry. He was ingenious without the affectation of singularity. He was a lover of truth without hovering over the gloomy abyss of scepticism, and a friend to free-enquiry without roving into the dreary and pathless wilds of latitudinarianism. He had a heart which never disgraced the powers of his understanding. With a lively imagination, an ele-

gant taste, and a judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a school-boy.'—
 'Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle humours, those rankling jealousies and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him into every station in which he was placed, and every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferior, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with or without, the sacred name of a friend.'

Yet this is the man to whom Warburton imputes excessive vanity, meanness and malignity;—the little and the hateful qualities of which no man appears to have possessed a smaller share; and we must remember that these vindictive aspersions of Warburton were *printed* by Hurd*, when he was living, and *published* by his express orders after he was dead. This singular circumstance, independent of the bitter obloquy on Johnson, Leland, &c. &c. on which we have not room to expatiate, throws a dark shade over the moral memory of Hurd, which his warmest friends may regret, but which they can never dispel. Warburton was an open, and a generous, but Hurd was a clandestine and insidious enemy. Warburton scattered the torrents of his wrath with a lavish, a careless, and an intrepid hand; but there was more art and less courage in the malignity of Hurd:—he aimed his arrows in secret, and he often contrived to shoot them from the bow of another man rather than his own.

In Letter CXVII. Warburton flatters Hurd at the expence of the two universities and the bench of bishops who seem tagged to the end of the following sentence, like a tea-kettle to a dog's-tail.

'Mr. Allen finds in you what he imagined (till he experienced the contrary) was in all divines, because it ought to be there: and he tells me in a letter I received to day from him, *that he is not at all surprised at you*, for what would surprise the two Universities and the bench of Bishops to boot.'

In Letter CXXX. Warburton, says:

'I am afraid that both you and I shall outlive common sense, as well as learning, in our reverend brotherhood.'

Such is the insufferable arrogance in which this duumvirate of priests used to speak of all churchmen but themselves! In this Letter there are some just observations on Butler, occasioned by the then recent publication of his remains.

* The letters were printed at Kidderminster before the Bishop's death.

'There was,' says Warburton, 'something singular in this same Butler. Besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work, nor tell a story well. The first appears from his *Hudibras*, the other from his *Elephant in the Moon*. He evidently appears to have been dissatisfied with it, by turning it into *long* verse: from whence, you perceive, he thought the fault lay in the doggerel verse, but that was his *forte*; the fault lay in the *manner of telling*. Not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and in such a case the poetic world (as we have seen by a later instance) is always full of imitators. But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel, made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he had acquired a mastery in the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit, and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression; as where he defines the proud man to be *a fool in fermentation*; and where, speaking of the antiquary he says, *he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have out-lived their employments.*'

What Mrs. Warburton remarks about 'Poor Potter,' p. 284. whose 'death' she says '*has made her a moralist, &c.*' ought to have been suppressed by the editor, as Hurd could not but know the connection which subsisted between this same Potter and Mrs. Warburton.—If Hurd had secretly wished to hold up to ridicule the impotent credulity of his friend, he could not have taken a more effectual method to compass that end than he has in this, and in some other passages in the present correspondence.

From Letter CXXXVIII. in which Warburton communicates to Hurd some joyful intelligence respecting Dr. Richardson, the master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, it is clear that Hurd had never made Warburton acquainted with the little liking which he had for Richardson. The college-books teem with protests from the one against the other, and when there was a vacancy for the tutorship of Emmanuel, Richardson would not suffer Hurd to fill it up. It is a little remarkable that Hurd should not have opened this part of his history to Warburton. Richardson was a good scholar and a well-bred gentleman, though rather harsh in the treatment of the fellows of his college. These particulars respecting Richardson and Hurd were communicated to us by a learned friend.

In letter CXXXIX. Hurd, who, as appeared in the sequel, had none of the *nolo episcopari* in his composition, tells Warburton, when speaking of his mother,

‘ She is in a disposition rather to beg your blessing, than pay compliments. Though to conceal nothing I must tell you her infirmity, that she takes all bishops for such as she reads in her Bible, they should be. So that ’tis only by accident she does not misapply the veneration she professes for your lordship.’

To which Warburton answers,

‘ Her *mistake* about bishops pleases me the more, as an excellent woman like herself (my mother) lived and died in *this capital error*.’

In letter CXLVIII. Warburton says “ Sherlock was much more to blame for not letting his chaplain understand early that he was a blockhead by birth, than the chaplain*, for not giving his master the late intelligence that his parts were decayed by time; because the bishop, with all his infirmities of age could see the one;” but his chaplain, at his best, could never find out the other. In this letter we have an anecdote which is interesting, as it exhibits a specimen of plain and blunt language which is not probably often heard from the lips of a bishop in a drawing-room :

‘ On this occasion, I will tell you what (though perhaps I may have told it you before) I said in the drawing-room to a knot of courtiers, in the old king’s time. One chanced to say he heard the king was not well. Hush, said Colonel Robinson, it is not polite or decent to talk in this manner; the king is always well and in health; you are never to suppose that the diseases of his subjects ever approach his royal person. I perceive then, Colonel, replied I, there is some difference between your master and mine. Mine was subject to all human infirmities, sin excepted.’

In letter CL. Hurd gives Warburton the following just account of Rousseau’s *Nouvelle ‘ Illetoise*.’

‘ The *New Heloise* has afforded me much pleasure. There are many exquisite beauties in this odd romance; so odd, that one may be sure the story is two-thirds *fact* for one of *fiction*. Not to make amends for this defect, the sensibility of the passionate parts, and the sense, the nature, and the virtue of the rest, is above every thing we find in the *Crebillons* and *Voltaires*, those idol beaux-esprits of London and Paris.’

In the next letter Warburton says,

' I had so much to say on the *New Heloise*, that I said nothing. And your reading has made my saying more of it unnecessary. I agree entirely in your admiration of it. You judge truly, and you could not but judge so, that there is more of fact than fiction in it. There would never else have been so much of the domestic part. But, above all, the inartificial contexture of the story, and the not rounding and compleating its parts, shews the author had not a fiction to manage over which he was an absolute master. The truth, they say, is, that an intrigue with a fair pupil of family forced him to leave Switzerland. He lives at Paris a hermit as in a desert; and, in the midst of general admiration, he will gain literally his bread, by writing out music at sevenpence a sheet, though he be an excellent composer himself. And if for pence they offer him pistoles, which is frequently done, he returns all but the change. Indeed he is one of those glorious madmen, that Cervantes only saw in idea.'

In letter CXLIII Hurd gives his opinion on Clarke's Sermons, on which we have animadverted above. The passage is as follows :

' The common way of sermonizing is most wretched : neither sense, nor eloquence; reason, nor pathos. Even our better models are very defective. I have lately turned over Dr. Clarke's large collection, for the use of my parish; and yet, with much altering, and many additions, I have been able to pick out no more than eight or ten that I could think passable for that purpose. He is clear and happy enough in the explication of Scripture; but miserably cold and lifeless; no invention, no dignity, no force; utterly incapable of enlarging on a plain thought, or of striking out new ones: in short, much less of a genius than I had supposed him.'

In this letter Hurd expresses his opinion very distinctly and very correctly respecting the forgeries of Macpherson.

' I have' says Hurd 'by accident got a sight of this mighty *Fingal*. I believe I mentioned my suspicions of the *Fragments*: they are tenfold greater of this epic poem. To say nothing of the want of external evidence, or, which looks still worse, his shuffling over in such a manner the little evidence he pretends to give us, every page appears to me to afford internal evidence of forgery. His very citations of parallel passages bear against him. In poems of such rude antiquity, there might be some flashes of genius. But here they are continual, and clothed in very classical expression. Besides, no images, no sentiments, but what are matched in other writers, or may be accounted for from usages still subsisting, or well known from the story of other nations.

In short, nothing but what the enlightened editor can well explain himself. Above all, what are we to think of a long epic poem, disposed, in form, into six books, with a *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, and enlivened, in the classic taste, with episodes. Still this is nothing. What are we to think of a work of this length, preserved and handed down to us entire, by *oral tradition*, for 1400 years, without a chasm, or so much as a various reading, I should rather say, *speaking*?

The conceit and self sufficiency of Hurd are well shewn in the following :

'I have read,' says he, 'Toup's new book. He is certainly able in his way; but I doubt he is a coxcomb. How is it that there are so many coxcombs---indeed so many, that one hardly meets with any thing else? I set out in the world with a violent prejudice in favour of ingenious men: whether it be wisdom, or growing dulness in me, I now beat about for, and rarely find, a man of plain common sense.'

Warburton answers,

'What you say of Toup is undoubtedly true. But learning is so shamefully neglected by our church grandees, that I thought it useful to recommend it to their patronage wherever it was found. Wherever nature has sown her coxcomb-seeds, whether at court, or in the country, they will spring up; and the man in the world, and the man out of the world, who was born with them, will be coxcombs alike, though coxcombs of very different species. However, this maxim is verified in all, which I think I once laid down to you, in applying it to -----; *that Nature never yet put one grain of gratitude or generosity into the composition of a coxcomb.*'

Hurd appears to have been afraid lest Toup should rival him in the favour of Warburton; and there is something contemptibly little and malignantly petulant in the manner in which Hurd spoke of that sagacious scholar to the man who was his patron and his friend. The influence which Hurd had obtained over the mind of Warburton, is, at the same time, very manifest, in the facility with which he subscribes to the opinion of Hurd respecting Toup.

The manly character of Warburton is well delineated in the following;

'I brought, as usual, a bad cold with me to town; and this being the first day I ventured out of doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at court, it being a levee-day. A buffoon lord in waiting (you may guess whom I mean) was very busy marshaling the circle; and he said to me, without ceremony--

"Move forward; you clog up the door-way."---I replied, with as little, "*Did nobody clog up the King's door-steed more than I, there would be room for all honest men.*" This brought the man to himself.

'When the king came up to me, he asked "why I did not come to town before?" I said, "I understood there was no business going forward in the house, in which I could be of service to his majesty." He replied, "He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up." I replied, "I was under cover of a very warm house."

'You see, by all this, how unfit I am for courts; so, let us leave them.'

In letter CCXX, Hurd who had previously abused Priestley, makes the responsibility fall on Warburton. He calls Priestley a *wretched fellow*, though much as was the contempt which the bishop felt towards him, it is certain that the name of Priestley will outlive that of Warburton. In 1774 Hurd was nominated by the king to the bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry. He mentions the event in the following brief letter, which will conclude our extracts:

Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, Dec. 2d, 1774

'MY DEAR LORD,

'I would not omit to give your lordship and Mrs. Warburton the earliest information, that I have been to wait upon Lord North to-day; and that his lordship has acquainted me that the King has been pleased to nominate me to the bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry, upon the translation of Dr. North to Worcester. This is all I have time to say at present; and am ever,

My dear Lord,

Your most obliged and devoted humble servant,

R. HURD.'

Such is the cold and lifeless manner in which Hurd mentions this burst of prosperity, to the friend, the zealous, steady, indefatigable friend, from whom it took its rise. On such an occasion we believe that the sensibilities of almost any other man but Hurd would have overflowed, and that he would have wetted his page with tears of gratitude. Hurd owed every thing that he possessed, and no small portion of the fame which he enjoyed, to the early notice of Warburton. History, even literary history, will furnish few instances of such unintermitting regard as Warburton evinced to the fame and the interest of Hurd. Hurd was not indeed deficient in the sentiment of gratitude as appears from his letters and his publications, but his natural temperament was evidently not that of gratitude, nor of any of those warm feelings which constitute an amiable man. We have gone

into more detail in the discussion of these letters than we at first designed; but we were imperceptibly led from one topic to another till the article has been extended to its present length. Most of the interesting passages in the letters are either quoted or noticed in this critique. The men to whom it alludes were giants in their own estimation, and indeed, in the estimation of the public in *their day*; but time, which always ultimately dissipates the delusions of vanity, and the increasing light of knowledge, which reduces the disproportioned magnitudes which are shadowed on the mists of ignorance, has caused Warburton and Hurd to sink in the general opinion to the level of ordinary men. They were great luminaries in their own conceit; but they have long since been eclipsed by other and greater stars in the firmament of theology and literature.

ART. II.—*Latin and Italian Poems of Milton translated into English verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late Wm. Cowper, Esq. &c. &c. Johnson. 1808.*

OUR first sensation on opening this volume was dissatisfaction at the very expensive style in which the book is printed: we were really startled at that amazing breadth of margin amid which the text is almost lost. "*Minima est pars ipsa puella sui.*" But when we considered the honourable motives for the publication, and especially when we contemplated the classic elegance of Mr. Flaxman's designs, we confess that the disagreeable feeling above alluded to gave way to unmixed pleasure. At any rate we were delighted at again meeting with the muse of Cowper, nor was this delight a little augmented on seeing his name coupled with that of Milton. These poets in many features of their characters greatly resembled each other. We see in each the same abhorrence of low and sordid pursuits, the same love of liberty, the same purity of mind, the same eagerness to dedicate "the heavenly gift of poesy" to that high use for which, says the candid Dryden, it was first ordained, "for tongues of angels and for hymns of love." But here we think the comparison ceases. The style of their poetry is widely different. We can discover in Cowper no trace of the awful magnificence of Milton's diction, none of what Algarotti calls his gigantic sublimity, none of his stupendous audacity of conception, compared with which even Dante is tame. Let us suppose that Cowper had written an epic and had chosen the same subject as Milton for his poem. He would not like Milton

have wandered so long in the horrible regions of hell; he would not have painted with such dreadfully minute description, "the inflamed sea" and "the burning marle": but it would have been in the delicious groves and "level downs" of Eden that Cowper would have loved to linger: there he would have presented us with delightful pictures of connubial happiness. We do not mean that Milton has not done this and done it with exceeding beauty: but the greater tenderness of Cowper seems to us more fitted for scenes of this nature, and we think that Eve, lovely and gentle as she is in Milton, would in Cowper have been

' More winning soft, more amiably mild.'

But at present we have little to do with the general character of either of these poets. Milton is now to be considered only as a writer of Latin verses, and Cowper as his translator. We must premise that we are no great admirers of modern Latin verse. It is not so difficult as many imagine to string together thirty or forty lines with one hemistich stolen from Virgil, another from Ovid, another from Tibullus, and so on. We will venture to assert that the making of this patch-work poetry requires far less ingenuity and skill than the solving of a tolerably stiff quadratic equation. Yet as a school-exercise, we think the composition of Latin verse very useful: it calls the attention of the scholar to the beauties of the Roman poets, and improves his taste by teaching him selection of expression. With this general opinion of Latin verse, we think that Milton wrote it as well as most of the moderns have done. We think it far superior to Dr. Johnson's or Cowper's, who both wrote very poorly in Latin: It is about equal to Addison's and Gray's. Nothing appears to us so absurd as Mr. Hayley's notion that Milton surpassed Ovid and Tibullus. (p. 245) Wherein consists the excellence of modern Latin verse but in the choice of appropriate words and in the elegant turn of expression? and how is this propriety and elegance to be attained but by almost servile transcription from the best poets of Rome? so that a modern Latin poet then only shines when dressed in the borrowed trappings of the Roman muse; and yet with these borrowed or stolen graces he is to be set up as a formidable rival to those great masters who have furnished him with the means to shine. Those gentlemen who think so highly of modern writers of Latin poetry have forgotten the fable of the daw and its pilfered plumes. In Milton are to be found whole lines taken from Virgil and Ovid, especially from the latter: yet we are very willing to allow that in some of his

pieces, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the *Epistle to his Father*, and the *Scazons to Salzilli*, Milton has made a very beautiful use of his borrowed treasures. Independently however of the language, there are certainly many and various beauties of thought in these poems which well deserved an English dress. Cowper is not the first who has thought it worth while to translate these compositions of Milton. Langhorne has translated the *Epitaphium Damonis*, and several of the pieces have been rendered into English verse by Dr. Symmons, with more than ordinary spirit and elegance. The Rev. F. Wraugham has very well translated the sixth *Elegy* and the *Ode to Rouse*; and Rev. J. Thirling has given us an elegant English copy of the *Mansus*. Cowper's translation is upon the whole the best: it has his usual faults and beauties: it is occasionally rapid and prosaic, but it contains passages of extreme elegance and tenderness. There is one poem however, the *Address to his Father*, which we think is far better translated by Dr. Symmons than by Cowper. The poem in Cowper, with the exception of a very few lines of extreme beauty, seems to us exceedingly tame. The language is for the most part inelegant and even prosaic: we are aware that one of the great beauties of Cowper's verse is an occasional judicious mixture of prosaic diction with the more swelling phraseology of poetry, an excellence which he copied from Dryden: but in the translation to which we now allude, none of this skilful intermixture is discoverable: it is little better than mere prose from beginning to end. We cannot transcribe the whole poem; but the reader will be able to judge from two passages, which we shall select for comparison, with the more elegant and poetical version of Dr. Symmons.

‘ Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
 The Sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And useless, powers, by whom inspir’d thyself
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir by right
 Indisputable of Arion’s fame.
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
 Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin’d
 In close affinity, we sympathize
 In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
 Such distribution of himself to us
 Was Phœbus’ choice; thou hast thy gift and I
 Mine also, and between us we receive,
 Father and Son, the whole inspiring God.’

Cowp. p. 62.

Here follows Dr. Symmons' version (see Appendix to his Life of Milton.)

' Nor you affect to scorn the Aonian quire,
Blest by their smiles, and glowing with their fire;
You, who by them inspired with art profound
Can wield the magic of proportion'd sound :
Through thousand tones can teach the voice to stray,
And wind to harmony its mazy way,
Arion's tuneful heir ! then wonder not
A poet-child should be by you begot.
My kindred soul is warm with kindred flame,
And the Son treads the Father's track to fame.
Phœbus controuls us with a common sway ;
To you his lyre commends, to me his lay :
While in each bosom makes his just abode ;
And child and parent own the one, though varied God.'

The second passage is, except the two last lines, still worse.

' To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers, and the restless deep may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my w sh
Concurring with thy will ; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.'

Cowp. p. 63.

Can any of the admirers of Cowper, among whom we number ourselves, deny that the above lines are exceedingly insipid? Far more spirited is the translation of Dr. S.

' Not yet content, you led my curious eye
To scan the circling wonders of the sky :
Of air the lucid secrets to reveal,
And know what earth's and ocean's depths conceal.
Thus brought to science in her inmost seat
You broke, the cloud that veil'd her last retreat ;
And offer'd, in her plenitude of charms,
The naked goddess to my youthful arms ;
And if your power had match'd your will to bless,
Now should my arms the heav'nly fair possess.'

We have selected the above passages because they are translations of the best parts of the original poem. It is not because Dr. Symmons' version is more ornamented than we

prefer it; but for its grace and spirit; and much as we admire the in general amiable simplicity of Cowper's muse, we do think that in the instance before us, this simplicity has degenerated into mere tameness.

The Scazons to Salzilli which follow, are certainly the most finished and elegant of Milton's Latin productions. The diction is so beautifully select as to convince us that Milton possessed the purest classical taste. T. Warton who was himself an elegant writer of Latin verse, and an excellent critic, gives them only their due praise when he says that they are perfectly antique. These fine verses are very well translated by Cowper, though he has not been able to attain what we believe is unattainable, the concise energy of the original. We shall present the reader with the concluding lines, which contain a very pleasing compliment, together with much classic imagery.

' Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine !
Ye groves of Faunus and ye hills that melt
With vinous dew, where meek Exander dwelt !
If aught salub'rous in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poets woe,
That, rendered to the muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His lov'd Egeria, shall that strain admire :
So sooth'd, the humid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.'

Cowp. Transl. p. 66, 7.

Dr. Symmons' translation of the same passage is very good, and its versification perhaps superior to Cowper's: but he has not so well preserved the manner of Milton. What we mean will be presently obvious to any one who thinks it worth while to compare the two translations with the original.

The poem next in order is the "Mausus"; addressed to Manso the friend of Tasso and Marino, and from whom Milton received several civilities and kindnesses during his stay at Naples. This is by no means one of the best of Milton's Latin compositions, either for correctness or beauty of language: it contains very few excellent lines; those to-

wards the conclusion are the best, but they are worthy of note rather as giving a hint of some grand poetic work which he was projecting, than for any particular graces of expression. The passage to which we allude is translated as follows:

' O might so true a friend * to me belong
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being future wars,
With all his martial knights to be restored
Each to his seat around the fed'ral board,
And oh! if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plund'rers in triumphant verse, &c.'

Cowp. p. 72.

We see by these lines that Milton intended to adorn the romantic tale of Arthur with his splendid verse, and thus to have interested merely his countrymen instead of mankind. But he happily we think gave up this project, and the hero of the "round table" fell into the hands of the wretched Blackmore, being thus as unhappy in the poetical herald of his exploits, as he was in most of the adventures of his life. The versions of the above poem both by Cowper and Symmons appear to us to surpass the original.

We come now to the elegiac pastoral on the Death of his friend Diodati. Dr. Johnson's harsh censure of this poem is well known. Cowper thought very differently of it: he calls it a pastoral equal to any of Virgil's *Bucolics*, and speaking of the Doctor's contemptuous opinion says, "He who never saw any beauty in a rural scene was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral." This is certainly true: indeed Johnson's contempt was not so much directed against Milton's pastoral as against pastorals in general, a species of poetry which he so much abhorred, that even Virgil's *Bucolics* did not escape his animadversion. Still we wish that Milton had chosen to express his grief for his friend's death in some other way: we are aware that there may be much nature and beauty in a pastoral, but then only we think when painting the manners of real shepherds; and a man really and strongly affected, would never in our opinion, describe his affliction by assuming the fictitious garb of a rustic, and by prating of lions, wolves, goats, thickset hedges and shepherdesses: indeed the only valuable parts of this poem are those

* As Marso.

which contain no pastoral image: we mean the lines at the beginning of the concluding paragraph. It is not our wish to insinuate that Milton's sorrow was affected: but we suppose that it was considerably mellowed by time before he wrote this poem, since he has not only had leisure to insert the various *pastoral* objects before alluded to, but he has also introduced a long paragraph relating to himself and his projected poem. The fact is, Milton wished to write an elegy on the death of his friend, and Tasso, whose country he had just visited, had made it fashionable to introduce friends under the name of shepherds into pastoral poems. See Tasso's *Aminta*, where he has introduced his friendly rival Pigna, and himself, under the names of Elpino and Tirsi. Cowper has translated this elegy *con amore*: his version is we think a master-piece of elegant simplicity. We shall make no apology for giving the following beautiful passage (long as it is) which concludes the poem:

‘Thou also Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee---cease then my tears to flow,
Away with grief! on Damon ill-bestowed!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy
With hallow'd lips! Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours therefore by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the extatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire.’

Cowp. Transl. p. 86, 7.

The Italian sonnets which come next are said by Italians to show considerable knowledge and an easy command of

their poetic diction. Cowper has done them ample justice, and has given them in his version an air perfectly Miltonic. Witness the following :

TO CHARLES DIODATI

' Charles---and I say it wond'ring---thou must know
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
And scoff'd at love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the show
Of golden locks or damask cheek ; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair ;
A mien majestic with dark brows that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind ;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.'

The last sonnet is no less beautiful : it has been translated by Langhorne and Dr. Symmons as well as by Cowper, but we give the preference to Cowper's version. It is delightful, as Mr. Hayley well remarks, to see the dignified frankness and simplicity of conscious truth with which Milton praises himself. The sonnet is as follows :

' Enamour'd, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good and addicted to conceptions high .
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre and ev'ry muse,
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by love's immedicable dart.'

Cowp. Transl. p. 290, 1.

Before we conclude this article, we think it necessary to make a few observations on the " Fragment of a Commentary on the *Paradise lost*." We confess we are not sorry that this was never finished : for though it contains a few remarks which evince much critical skill and acumen, yet by far the greater part of it is dedicated to explaining and recommending the theological opinions of the Calvinistic poet, which

in our judgment had much better be forgotten or overlooked. We shall give two or three quotations as well to shew the taste of the commentator as the unfortunate bias of his mind to the tenets now alluded to.

The following notes, we think, manifest judgment and a keen relish for the beauties of the poet, whether in sentiment, diction, or harmony of versification.

1st on the line (202 B. 1.)

‘ Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream.’

‘ The author, speaking of a vast creature, speaks in numbers suited to the subject, and gives his line a singular and strange movement, by inserting the word *hugest* where it may have the clumsiest effect. He might easily have said in smoother verse,

Created hugest of the ocean stream ;

but smoothness was not the thing to be consulted when the Leviathan was in question. In like manner, speaking of the larger fishes, book 7, 410, he says,

part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy ! enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean.

What man of true taste would exchange such cumbersome verse on such an occasion for the most musical that ever was written.’

Cowp. Milt. p. 194, 5.

2d on the line (688, B. 2.)

‘ To whom the goblin full of wrath reply’d.’

‘ The poet contrives to be as much at a loss to denominate, as to describe his death, and seems to exhaust both invention and language for suitable appellations. He calls him, the shape, the monster, the goblin, the grisly terror, the hellish pest, the phantasm, and afterward in the tenth book, the grim feature.’

Cowp. p. 220.

Again on the line (988, B. 2.)

‘ The Anarch old.’

‘ Milton, as has been already observed, in the instance of Death, is extremely ingenious in the invention of names and titles suited to his ideal characters. An ordinary poet would have been contented to have called his chaos a monarch, despairing of a better appellative ; but how much more emphatical is the title here given him, which while it sets before our eyes the figure of this king in all confusion, keeps awake our attention also to the uncontrollable wildness of his subjects !’

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Cowp. p. 223, 4.

With respect to the other sort of remarks illustrative of the peculiar doctrines of Cowper, we could select whole pages, but we shall content ourselves with giving one Note which seems rather to contradict the religious system of the annotator.

Line 747, B. 2.

‘Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul?’

‘This is a very just and instructive part of the allegory, as most can testify from their own experience. Sin, pleasant in contemplation and enjoyment, is foul in retrospect, and man, while he suffers the remorse that attends it, stands amazed at himself, that he could be seduced by it.’

Cowp. p. 220.

‘Why! how is this! Can man, who, as this sect of religionists say, is *naturally* wholly corrupt, man, whose heart is, by *nature*, desperately wicked, can such a being be astonished at being seduced into sin! To such a creature can sin ever appear foul! We can conceive indeed that to a being so constructed, virtue would from its strangeness appear both difficult and disgusting: but surely sin from its congeniality will at all times, both when present and in retrospect, be pleasant and easy. We leave those who are the authors of such contradictions, to explain them. We shall make amends for the above note by inserting another, which appears to us highly beautiful, and perfectly characteristic.’

Line 883.

‘She open’d, but to shut
Excell’d her power.’

‘A beautiful observation. Sin opens the infernal doors, but mercy alone can shut them.’

Cowp. p. 222.

At the end of the volume there are several notes, some by Mr. Hayley himself, and many of them collected from different quarters. We wish Mr. H. had not selected so copiously from Warton’s edition of Milton’s *Juvenilia*, a book which is in almost every body’s hands. We also wish, that Mr. Hayley had thought proper to notice, with the distinction which it deserves, Dr. Symmons’ *Life of Milton*: a performance in which the character of the great bard and republican is ably and unanswerably vindicated. Mr. H.’s own notes dis-

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play all that variety of reading and elegance of mind which have, on several former occasions, delighted us, and with which we hope again to be delighted. We think, however, that we discover occasionally something like affectation in Mr. H.'s diction. For instance, we entreat that Mr. H. will expunge from his prose-vocabulary, such an expression as, 'the pensive favourites of fame.' (p. 299). It is absolutely sickening. Upon the whole, we feel obliged to Mr. H. for the care and elegance with which he has ushered into the world, this last work of his amiable friend.

ART. III.—*An Account of the Operations of the British Army, and of the State and Sentiments of the People of Portugal and Spain, during the Campaigns of 1808 and 1809. In a Series of Letters, by the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, A. M. Chaplain on the Staff, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Carpenter, Bond-street.*

IN these volumes there is a happy mixture of war, politics, topography, anecdote, onction, and badinage, which renders them very amusing, especially as the style is animated with that freshness and vivacity, which ever distinguish the observations of an eye-witness from the collections and compilations of the closet.

The ill-omened convention of Cintra affords Mr. Ormsby an opportunity of manifesting his sentiments in opposition to the generally received impression made upon the public mind by that transaction which, to speak most gently, was a disappointment in itself, and the cause of other and more fatal disappointments.

'Much, as you may perceive, is to be said on both sides; sufficient to convince me, that, under all the circumstances of the case, a convention was not only wise, but necessary; and as the proposal originated with the enemy, superior in strength to us, and possessing all the fortresses in the kingdom, I am persuaded that, in the present state of Europe, no merely British motives of fame or glory, no Portuguese objects of interest or revenge, could have justified us in the rejection of it. Had we been thus influenced, and the event had proved calamitous, our pledge of disinterestedness would have been forfeited, and we should be chargeable with having deserted and betrayed that common cause, of which we have so long been the proud and honourable champions. That there were oversights in the framing of the treaty, and inaccuracies in the construction of it, I do not pretend to deny; but this has nothing to do with the

main question of expedience; and really our nature or education must undergo a considerable improvement, before we can manage such matters with the dexterity of Frenchmen.'

This opinion, however, is not seconded by Sir Harry Burrard; if we may rely on the correctness of Mr. Ormsby's observations:

'I dined at Sir Harry Burrard's, who received me with that urbanity, for which he is conspicuous. The convention was not much the subject of conversation; but he spoke of it with that confidence and gratulation, which proved that he was satisfied with the part he had acted; and it was impossible to doubt from his manner, that he enjoyed the inestimable happiness of "*mens conscia recti*."

'One interesting and incontrovertible fact is, that whatever may be the feelings of the principal movers in the measure of the convention, the army entertains the most decided abhorrence of it. They condemn it in principle and detest it in detail.'

In page 94, we meet with an argument or rather fact, which we do not recollect to have seen stated in the public papers by the advocates of the convention, namely, that pending the negotiation, the commander of the Portuguese army was invited by Sir Hugh Dalrymple, to offer his objections in writing, which he declined to do. This man afterwards became the victim of his own treachery.

Mr. Ormsby affords rather contradictory evidence, respecting the sentiments of the people in Portugal and Spain. Writing from Lisbon, he reluctantly admits that,

'To confess the truth, resulting from a more general and intimate acquaintance, a distrust and jealousy of us pervade the public mind. This may appear inconsistent with the exultation and gratitude I so lately described; and certainly their joy was unbounded at the extermination of the French. But it by no means follows, that, because they hate them, they should love us; and had their plunderers and oppressors conducted themselves with more moderation, particularly towards church property, I am persuaded they would have been hailed as the deliverers of Portugal from an odious government, and that any proffers of assistance from us would have been indignantly rejected, &c. . . . But I go still farther and say, that, notwithstanding all their offences, there is a strong French party at this moment in Lisbon. . . . That this should be so, is strange, after all the awful lessons which Europe has received. Without attempting the solution of so difficult a problem, I can only assure you of the fact, and you will readily believe; that I have grounds for the assertion.'

In the country, however, he is better satisfied with the disposition of the people.

'With but a single exception, there was every reason to believe the gentry and peasantry sincere in their detestation of France, and their attachment to England. We found all ranks equally hospitable and civil, to the extent of their means; and this appeared to be not so much in compliment to our peculiar circumstances, as the result of their natural dispositions.'

With regard to the sentiments of the Spanish people, Mr. Ormsby, having described the animation and patriotism of the inhabitants of Corunna, continues:

'The fact is indisputable, that from Salamanca to Corunna, there has been little or no exertion, on the part of the natives, to oppose the enemy, or to assist us their allies. No man, who has a respect for truth or character, can affirm the contrary; but the motives of this inertness have not been considered, and conclusions have been drawn from it, unjust to the Spanish character, and unfavourable to the Spanish cause. To form a fair judgment, you must remember the period of our entrance into Spain: that, immediately subsequent to it, their armies of the north were defeated and dispersed. For this calamitous event, they were wholly unprepared; disunion reigned in the provincial juntas, from the intrigues of some ambitious and interested men; and even had their government been well organised, it was not reasonable to expect that their armies should be suddenly recruited so near the field of action, after such unlooked-for and fatal disasters. The long repose they had enjoyed, and their disuse of arms, had rendered them unequal matches for the French; and it will be the wonder of future ages, that, under these circumstances, such resistance was made by an undisciplined people to the armies, which had overrun Europe, and vanquished its best troops. . . . But the want of their assistance in the field is not so much insisted on, as their inhospitable reception of us, the abandonment of their houses, and the concealment of their provisions. Here too, in candour, I must be their apologist, and declare my conviction, that, in many instances, the charge is unfounded, and in all exaggerated. . . . Do they who are most loud in their complaints, honestly think, that an army of 30,000 Spaniards would be better received in England than we were in Spain? I doubt it much. Besides, in the hurry of our retreat, (and till then the grievance was but little felt) we moved in very large bodies; Sir David Baird's column had traversed a considerable part of the route from Astorga to Lugo, three times before, which might be well supposed to exhaust a country of greater resources; the rapidity of our march had no very exhilarating tendency; and the people dispirited and alarmed, began to look to self-preservation as the primary or sole object of their care. Add to this, the horror and

dismay which the excesses of our soldiers struck, and you will not be surprised that villages and towns were frequently deserted by a population of, say two hundred, to make room for ten times the number of men in arms, whom they justly dreaded. Religious prejudice had its share in the alienation complained of; and they had too much of melancholy evidence to support their ignorant persuasion that we were not Christians. . . . The few who remained fell victims to their rash confidence, or to the impossibility of removing the little property that was left them; being either *driven out of their houses to perish in the snow, or, in some instances, dispatched by a less tedious operation.*

The misconduct of the army is attributed to the disappointment of the men, when their hopes of a battle had been raised to the highest pitch; to their suspicion of treachery and cowardice, as the causes of the failure of co-operation on the part of the Spaniards; to their poignant sufferings upon the retreat from fatigue, cold, and hunger; to the impossibility of further exertion in the regimental officers than enabled them to bear the labours of their march, since they had no indulgence which was denied to the privates.

The country people of Portugal are said, by Mr. Ormsby, to be very uncleanly, though fond of ornament in their persons and houses, and inclined rather to saunter away than employ their lives. A husbandman in the field, or a woman at the distaff, was an infrequent sight. Their aversion to agriculture, from the labour it requires, entails hereditary poverty on successive generations; whilst the abundance of fruit and wine, which bountiful nature or moderate industry supplies, protects them from famine, and, in their own opinion, justifies their sloth. The population is consequently small. The villages are few and distant: in these they congregate; nor is a single farm-house any where to be seen. They are pious and moral—in the observance of their religious rites, scrupulously strict; and, though branded by us with the epithet of superstitious, as is our custom, they know no better, and obey what they are taught. There are nations to whom this praise is not so justly applicable. Of their dishonesty, Mr. Ormsby has heard some anecdotes related, but is certain that many more instances of rare fidelity are to be recorded. They were entrusted by officers with what to them must have appeared a treasure, to purchase such luxuries as the villages afforded; and, though they might have eloped with the money in perfect security, the confidence was not betrayed, and they returned, even after hours of absence and fatigue, with a satisfactory account. The peasantry are of such retired, domestic, and indolent habits, that they

dread trouble more than the march of an army to the capital ; and it would require the exertion of no common abilities to rouse them into action, and make them emulate the characters of the ancient Lusitanians. Of this they are not ambitious ; and, though loyal to their prince and devoted to their religion, it was only where they had smarted from the atrocities of Frenchmen, that the pure, and noble, and disinterested spirit of patriotism was to be found.

Mr. Ormsby has executed no full length of the Spanish character : but has given us several lively sketches of its leading features ; of which, the two following may serve as specimens :

‘ At Sanmonos, application was made to the Alcaldé, or Magistrate, to exert himself in providing billets for these officers, their horses, and servants ; and it was merely suggested, that the church might be opened for the reception of soldiers, and their quarters converted into stables. To this he did not condescend to make a reply : a solemn look of ineffable contempt sufficiently explained his meaning,’—ii. 14.

‘ We may be unreasonable in our expectations ; and are in general so utterly unacquainted with the national character, that we may frustrate our objects by the very means we use to obtain them. In any transaction with a Spaniard, the least display of impatience is answered by a provoking and insolent sang-froid ; and, till you can recover your temper, he will retain his gravity and slowness. Of this truth, I had repeated lessons in the conduct of my Gallician servant ; for so sure as I uttered the fatal word of “ prestamente,” I lost my breakfast, or left my baggage-mules behind.’

Much as we wish to accompany our author through his eventful journey to its termination at Corunna, we should arrive at the end of our paper long before we should reach his Brundisium : we must, therefore, confine ourselves to one more extract,

‘ It is not possible to give you an adequate idea of the miseries of this day’s march ; such scenes of horror perpetually recurring, as would have unmanned the stoutest heart. Soldiers, sinking under fatigue, reclining for refreshment, as they vainly hoped, upon a bed of snow, but never to rise again. The wretched women, struggling with a spirit beyond their sex, and yielding to exhausted nature. Here lies an infant upon a lifeless mother’s breast ; it fondly labours to imbibe the wonted nourishment, and weeps and wonders ! There are two new-born babes beside their mothers’ corpse, orphans by birth ! An awful silence pervades the ranks, which is only interrupted by the faint groans and fruitless exclamations of the dying. Humanity may sympathise, but can no more. Every individual is occupied and alarmed for his safety ; night has overtaken us before we have reached

the summit of the steep; we are pelted by the pitiless storm, have still six miles to go, and many are the victims whom despair consigns to death. In addition to these calamities, horses and mules innumerable are scattered along the road, some charitably shot, others left there to die; stores, ammunition, money, baggage, tumbling down the precipices: no possibility of saving those necessary articles, nor time, nor strength to rescue any thing, however valuable and tempting, from this universal wreck. To these combined afflictions we were exposed till nearly eight at night, when we halted at Dancos, and adjacent villages; and never did I enter the most luxurious drawing-room with such delight as a filthy hovel here, pre-occupied by soldiers and a numerous family. But there was shelter from the storm, and a fire upon the hearth; and, as our baggage had neither arrived, nor was expected, it was an agreeable surprise to find the house afforded abundance of potatoes, on which, with black salt and very cool water, we supped most heartily. At ten a soldier came in, who informed a married officer of our party, that his wife was on the top of a mountain six miles off, her horses having tired, and with her a nurse and two children. With some difficulty he procured a mule, and returned in about four hours, with these poor sufferers, almost exhausted. This was one of the few ladies, who accompanied their husbands, and sustained the hardships of the campaign with admirable firmness. Their adventurous spirit was condemned by many, and pity for their sorrows was less prevalent than censure for their rashness; but it should be recollected, that they were for the most part attracted by prudential motives or conjugal affection, and as such entitled to the applause of every reasonable and feeling mind. Even those who are loud in condemnation must admit, that their crime was their punishment.' ii. 133.

The interest which these volumes will create, is both of a temporary and permanent nature: no doubt they were written upon the spur of the occasion, but they will not cease to entertain when the political storms of the present day are passed over, and all the agitations of hope and fear have subsided into the settled gloom of despair, or into the happy calm of security and peace.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the earlier Part of the Life of Swift. By the Rev. John Barrett, D.D. and Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. To which are subjoined, several Pieces ascribed to Swift; Two of his Original Letters; and Extracts from his Remarks on Bishop Burnett's History.* 8vo. Johnson, &c. &c. &c. 1808.

IF it be insisted, that every particular relating to a great man's life must be interesting, it will however be granted, that

the interest attached to that portion of it which was passed before he had done any thing to render himself remarkable, is of very inferior magnitude. If this observation holds true in general, it is peculiarly just in the case of Swift, whose early life was not only undistinguished by any actions or occurrences worth recording, but did not even furnish that promise of future elevation, of which it is sometimes agreeable, if not instructive, to trace the beginning and progress. An enquiry into the 'early life of Swift,' can therefore afford little besides a dry investigation of obscure and unimportant facts. It little matters, at the present day, whether he was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, or only suspended. We know enough, both from his silent confessions and his more open avowals, to be well aware that he always held the venerable institution, to which he owed the latter part of his education, in dislike approaching to abhorrence; and that, if he met with any ill-treatment to account for the indulgence of so *unnatural* a feeling, it was at least excited in an equal degree, by the unpleasant recollection of his own misconduct.

As a mere unconnected piece of biography, therefore, we should consider this publication to afford evidence of a portion of time greatly mis-spent by the writer of it. But it is entitled; perhaps, to more courtesy when it is regarded merely as the accompaniment to a new edition of the whole of Swift's works, in which it is naturally to be expected, that every particular relating to his life and labours, which can be rescued from oblivion, will be raked up from his ashes, in compliance with the long-established custom of biographical editors. The volume now before us, in its present form, is intended only for the use of those who, possessing a former edition of the dean's works, might otherwise look with an evil eye on the more happy purchasers of that which is about to appear*. And though Dr. Barrett's name appears in the title-page as the author of the essay, the advertisement informs us, that it is to the 'elaborate' Mr. Malone we are indebted for its production to the world. To the same 'persevering' gentleman are we to offer our thanks, for two original letters, which, we are told, 'will be found highly interesting.'

The 'ignorance and uncertainty' under which we have long 'laboured,' respecting the college-life of Swift, and which appears to Dr. Barrett much more lamentable than it does to

* And has since made its appearance in 12 volumes, 8vo.

us, he ascribes to the circumstance of his early 'obscurity' and unimportance.

'His earliest production, the Tale of a Tub, he was afraid to avow; it was therefore sent into the world anonymously; as were also, many of his other juvenile pieces. At length, in the year 1710, we behold him emerging from obscurity, but this upwards of twenty years after he had left college, and the earliest of his college friends, who has favoured us with an account of his life, Dr. Delany, a person who was admitted into college 14 years after Swift had left it.'

Undoubtedly this accounts satisfactorily enough for our 'ignorance and uncertainty,' with respect to the period of Swift's life above alluded to—but we had no need to seek any reason at all for a deficiency which Swift's biography has so long laboured under, in common with that of most other poets, philosophers, and politicians. Who has heard any thing of *Milton's* college-life, except that he was whipped in the buttery of Christ's? Who wishes to hear more of Swift's than, that he was expelled from Trinity? Or, if we are told that he was only suspended, not expelled, who cares a jot for the information, or is able, from his heart, to thank the informant? We must beg Dr. Barrett to pardon us for our apparent neglect of his labours, if we content ourselves with acquainting our readers that, from a diligent inspection of the respectable and undeniable authorities following, (viz. 'the book of admission into college, or senior lecturer's book, from 1637 to 1725; 'the book of registry; or of the transactions of the provosts and senior fellows, from 1640 to 1740; and 'the buttery books, in which are written, every week, the names of the students, and the punishments inflicted on them for missing duties;') the doctor has, we believe, satisfactorily proved, not only the grand fact, (viz. that the doctor was not expelled, only suspended), but many other facts of minor importance, both respecting the dean himself, and also respecting Thomas Swift, and John Jones, and 'Dom. Web, Dom. Serjeant, Maynard, Spencer, et Fisher,'

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noemonaque, Prytanimque,

and a great number of other worthies, whose names are often repeated in the authentic documents to which he refers. We say, we *believe*; for, if the reader be really anxious to satisfy his mind on these important points, we must refer him to Dr. Barrett himself, having neither leisure nor patience to weigh the evidence before us.

With regard to the *Tripes* pronounced by John Jones, for

which that unfortunate wight was actually expelled the college, we agree with Dr. Barrett that there is almost enough of *internal* evidence in the composition, without buttery-book or registry-book, or any other book being called in to support it, to establish Swift as its real author. As in the Saturnalia, the slave was allowed to utter what fooleries he pleased without offence, so the Tripos, at Trinity-college, Dublin, was formerly the allowed vehicle of all the satire or ribaldry bottled up by the juniors during the whole of the preceding year. And as in one case we may suppose, that a tremendous flogging was sometimes the consequence of the slave's mistaking *liberty* for *licence*; so poor Jones was condemned to the several penalties which his offended seniors could inflict, for having been too stupid to make a distinction between so much jest as *they* could bear, and so much as Jonathan Swift could utter. At first, this transaction appears to cast a much blacker stain upon Swift's character, than expulsion with every possible mark of ignominy could alone have occasioned; since it exposes him to the imputation of suffering a friend to bear the punishment due to his personal offence; but, as it seems certain, that he long afterwards lived on the most intimate footing of friendship with the same Jones, it must be presumed that some circumstances of the affair still remain inscrutable even to Dr. Barrett's zeal, and Mr. Malone's elaborate perseverance.

Of the Tripos itself, an immense farrago of absurdity, occupying more than thirty pages of this small volume, it is difficult to find a passage for selection, the humour of which shall make any compensation for its grossness. Yet there is hardly a page that is not stamped with some broad mark of authenticity, and which does not prove that, at that early period, its author's fancy had already taken the bent for which he was distinguished through life. If the filthy character of a college steward had been wanting, we needed no further evidence than Bernard Doyle's breeches, which, as they can be inspected with less offence to delicacy than the most of what remains, we will present to our readers for their satisfaction.

Here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches; which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle; for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship; they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left; or to Dr. Mercer's yarn-stockings, that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprentice-

ship for itself; and therefore it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. * * * The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours, is the living emblem of these. Should every taylor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr. Doyle would be an Heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen, coming into his kennel before he rose, thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations, you would have thought they belonged to one of the freemasons who built Babel; but, by the multiplicity of white fleas, you would swear they had been campaigning with the vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off, he's in danger of losing them. Once, when he lay without them, they crept from the garret to the street-door; and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an habeas corpus, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe the ladies are for once tired of the breeches; and therefore, as dean Glandee says, 'This one word of comfort, and so I have done.' One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor Pug died of Pym's disease.'

We are indebted to Dr. Barrett for the preservation of this tripos, and also of the several poetical pieces which follow it; and are, as the advertisement states it, 'ascribed to Swift, on authorities which carry with them their own conviction.' They have all been transcribed by the doctor from 'a manuscript in three volumes, 4to. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin,' entitled 'The Whimsical Medley.' This manuscript Dr. Barrett, with evident triumph on the success of his own sagacity, tells us, first, that he *supposes* to have been entirely written by 'Theophilus, first lord Newtown Butler, elder brother to Brinsley, first viscount Lanesborough,' and immediately afterwards he assures us, that this *supposition* is a *fact* clearly established by circumstantial Evidence.' An incautious *Englishman* generally *supposes* that which is not proved. How much more modest the logician of Trinity, who begins by *supposing* only, when he has already arrived at absolute knowledge! But, after all, what has this triumphant conclusion to do with Swift, or with the authenticity of the poems here ascribed to him?

That they are authentic, at least the greater part of them, we are strongly inclined to believe, even in default of the 'authorities which carry their own conviction,' and which we can no where find. The internal Evidence is, certainly, very strongly in their favour; not the less so for their being so egregiously dull and uninteresting, that we often fell asleep in the course of their perusal. Many, we had nearly said, most, of the poems which are published in every former

edition of the works of Swift, are heavy and flat to an extreme. It is hardly then to be expected, that pieces newly discovered at this time of day, should be above the state of the worst of those raked together by the industry of former collectors. The letters between the dean and his friend Sheridan, are the least exceptionable and most humorous of them, but their humour ascends no higher than a few puns and doggerel rhymes; and we have specimens enough, and more than enough, of this harmless sort of wit, of which Swift was so preposterously fond, in the old editions. Upon the whole, we can find nothing worth transcribing among all these pieces, which occupy the space of near a hundred pages in the volume; but in the letter to the Rev. John Brandreth, dean of Emly, (one of those which we have before mentioned to have been contributed by Mr. Malone to this work) the reader will find so much that is peculiar and characteristic of its writer, that we shall not hesitate to present him with it.

‘Sir,—If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in it something to displease.—I think I was once in your county, Tipperary— which is like the rest of the whole kingdom—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations: filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape;—one insolent, ignorant, oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles riding:—a parish church to be found only in a summer-day’s journey, in comparison of which an English Farmer’s barn is a cathedral:—a bog of 15 miles round;—every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh;—and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief; and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London-bridge. *There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage, yet it is better improved than the people:* AND ALL THESE EVILS ARE EFFECTS OF ENGLISH TYRANNY!!! *so your sons and GRAND CHILDREN will find to their sorrow.* Cork was, indeed, a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. *I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar?* unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after.—You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can’t walk five yards

from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton.—Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bed-chamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning.—*I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*—I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature, within 30 miles of Knoctother, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding. * * * *

Was this a faithful picture, when it was painted, a century ago? Does it remain, to our *indelible disgrace*, a faithful picture still? alas! alas! poor Ireland!

Perhaps the most interesting part of the present publication is the concluding portion of it, consisting of “*Extracts from Swift's Remarks on 'Burnet's History of his Own Times,' from the original in the library of Lord Lansdown.*” They are conceived at once in the best and worst spirit of the writer, with all his acuteness, wit, and force, with all his bitterness, party-prejudice, and unfairness.

With a few selections from these extracts, we shall conclude our present article.

Preface, p. 3. *Burnet*. ‘Indeed the peevishness the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance.’—*Swift*. ‘I will take his warning.’

P. 23. *Burnet*. ‘This person (Mr. Stewart) who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable, that he was raised by degrees to be Earl of Traquair, and Lord Treasurer of Scotland; and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger.’—*Swift*. ‘A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat.’

P. 28. *Burnet*. ‘The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices.’—*Swift*. ‘As a man is free of a corporation, he means.’

P. 49. *Burnet*. ‘I will not enter further into the military

part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'—*Swift*. 'Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write.'

P. 5. *Burnet*. 'Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey.'—*Swift*. 'Was that the reason why he was sent?'

P. 63. *Burnet*. (speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices.'—*Swift*. 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

P. 163. *Burnet*. (speaking of *Paradise lost*.) 'It was esteemed the *beautifullest* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in our language.'—*Swift*. 'A mistake! for it is in *English*.'

P. 189. *Burnet*. 'Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, * * but a little too severe against those who differed from him... * He became afterwards more moderate.'—*Swift*. 'Yes...for he turned a rank whig.'

P. 263. *B*. 'And yet, after all, he (K. Charles II.) never treated her (Nell Gwyn) with the *decencies* of a mistress.'—*S*. 'Pray, what *decencies* are those?'

P. 327. *B*. 'It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns.'—*Swift*. 'What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman.'

P. 483. *B*. 'I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I aggravated, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion.'—*S*. 'A *BULL*!'

P. 525. *B*. 'Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence...Applications, 'tis true, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life: but he was not born under a *pardoning* planet.' *S*. 'Silly fop?'

P. 586. *B*. 'Baillie suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he

seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans.'—S. 'Take notice he was *our cousin*.'

P. 727. B. 'I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard of* revolution.'—S. 'The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it.'

P. 752. B. (doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the Queen's manner of lying-in,) 'All this while the Queen lay in bed; and in order, to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it.'—S. 'This, the ladies say, is very foolish.'

P. 799. B. 'When I had the first account of King James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great prince, more than I think fit to express.'—S. 'Or than I will believe.'

P. 816. B. 'It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be-enquired into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity.'—S. 'Well said bishop.'

Vol. II. p. 669. B. (speaking of the progress of his own life,) 'The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate.'—S. 'Not so soon with the wine of some elections.'

The volume closes with a Birth-day Address to Swift by Parnell, full of the toad-eating flattery which recommended the latter so highly to the poetical arbiters of the day, and with his character by Granger, almost equally adulatory and unjust.

ART. V. *The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. Translated from the original Italian of the Abbe Don J. Ignatius Molina. To which are added, Notes from the Spanish and French Versions, and two Appendixes, by the English Editor; the first, an Account of the Archipelago of Chiloe, from the description Historical of P. F. Pedro Gonzalez de Agueros; the second, an Account of the Native Tribes who inhabit the Southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's Description of Patagonia. Longman, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 706.*

‘THE author of the present work, Don Juan Ignatius Molina, was a native of Chili, distinguished for his literary acquirements, and particularly his knowledge of natural history, large collections in which he had made during his residence in that country. On the dissolution of the celebrated order of the Jesuits, of which he was a member, he shared the general fate of that community, in being expelled from the territories of Spain, and was, at the same time, deprived not only of his collections in natural history, but also of his manuscripts. The most important of the latter, relative to Chili, he had however, the good fortune to regain by accident, some time after his residence in Bologna, in Italy, whither he had gone on his arrival in Europe.

‘Furnished with these materials, he applied himself to writing the history of that country, which was published at two different periods; the first part, comprising the Natural History, in the year 1787, and the second, containing the Civil, for reasons mentioned in his Preface, not until some years after. This work, which was written in Italian, has obtained a very high reputation on the continent of Europe, where it has been translated into the French, German, and Spanish languages.’

‘In rendering this work into English, reference has been had both to the French and Spanish versions, which contain some valuable additional notes. Through the politeness of a gentleman of his acquaintance, the translator has also been furnished with an anonymous compendium of the History of Chili, printed in Bologna, in 1776, from which the supplementary notes to this volume are taken.’

“In addition to what is said above, the English Editor has to state, that he has, from documents in his possession, added a few occasional notes, which are distinguished by the letters *E. E.* He has also subjoined, from Falkner's description of Patagonia, a further elucidation of the language of the Auracanos; and two Appendixes, the first containing an Account of the Archipelago of Chiloe, from the Descripcion Historical of that province, by P. F. Pedro Gonzalez de Agueros, printed at Madrid, in 1791; and the second, an Account of the Native Tribes who inhabit the Southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's work.”

Such is the account which the translator has given of the work itself, and of his own additions and improvements.—The first volume which contains the geographical, and natural history of Chili, is divided into four chapters, which respectively treat of the situation, climate, natural phenomena, waters, earths, stones, salts, bitumens, metals, herbs, shrubs, trees, worms, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds and quadrupeds. The second volume, which comprises the civil history of Chili, is divided into four books, which describe the past and the present state of Chili, the changes which the country has undergone, the manners and institutions of the people, the noble stand which the Araucanians made in defence of their liberty, independence, &c. &c.

The present work from its relation to a country which is so little known, and of which the jealous policy of the Spaniards has conspired rather to conceal than to divulge the real situation, would, at all times have been interesting, but that interest is greatly increased by the present state of the mother country. If the mother country be subjected to the family of Napoleon, the Spanish South American colonies should more than probably assert and establish their independence. If this event should take place it is not to be expected that they will, nor to be wished that the different colonies should coalesce into one government. It is more probable that separate governments will be formed in Mexico, Peru, Chili and Buenos Ayres. Of these countries, that of Chili is well adapted by its local advantages for a compact government of sufficient but not immoderate extent. The Pacific Ocean constitutes its natural barrier on the West; the Cordilleras, or Andes on the East; on the North it is bounded by Peru, and on the South, by Cujo, Patagonia and the land of Magellan. The country itself is stretched out in a long line between the Cordilleras and the sea. This line varies in breadth in proportion as the ocean retires from the mountains, and varies from 120 to about 900 miles.

The Cordilleras are computed to be 120 miles in breadth, in that part of the chain which forms the Western barrier of Chili. All these mountains are of a prodigious height, and exhibit in their different aspects and situations all the beauties and the horrors of the picturesque.—Chili is partly occupied by the Spaniards and the Indians. The Spanish part is situated between the 24th and 37th degrees of South latitude, and is divided into thirteen provinces. The country is represented as one of the most fertile, and the climate one of the mildest and most agreeable in the world. Though so near the tropic, the people are not incommoded by the violence of the heat. A fresh breeze from the sea, which is called the country-

man's watch, springs up regularly about 12 at noon and at midnight, and continues for two or three hours.—Besides these breezes which moderate the temperature,

‘The abundant dews, and certain winds from the Andes, which are distinct from the east wind, cool the air so much in summer that, in the shade, no one is ever incommoded with perspiration. The dress of the inhabitants of the sea-coast is the same in winter as in summer; and in the interior, where the heat is more perceptible than elsewhere, Réaumur’s thermometer scarcely ever exceeds 25 degrees. The nights, throughout the country, are generally of a very agreeable temperature. Notwithstanding the moderate heat of Chili, all the fruits of warm countries, and even those of the tropics arrive to great perfection there.’

Earthquakes however, which cannot be reckoned among the terrestrial delights, on which the Abbe Molina has so largely expatiated, are so common, that the inhabitants are said usually to reckon upon three or four in the course of the year.—But the author tells us that ‘they are very slight, and little attention is paid to them.’ The cities are constructed with a view to the recurrence of these formidable visitations; for ‘the streets are left so broad that the inhabitants would be safe in the middle of them, should even the houses fall upon both sides.’

‘In addition to all this,’ says the author, ‘all the houses have spacious courts and gardens, which would serve as places of refuge. Those, who are wealthy, have usually in their gardens, several neat wooden barracks, whenever they are threatened with an earthquake. Under these circumstances the Chilians live without apprehension, &c.’

Hence we see how soon human nature accommodates itself to the idea of the most perilous contingencies. The *amor patriæ*, the patriotic affection of the Chilians is too strong to be shaken even by an earthquake; for the Abbe Molina says, that he is convinced the inhabitants ‘would not readily be induced to quit it for any other exempt from this calamity.’

‘Before the arrival of the Spaniards’ the Abbe Molina says, that ‘contagious disorders were unknown:’ but this can hardly be true; for the filth, in which all uncivilized nations live, must in particular states of the atmosphere, give rise to contagious diseases, independent of the constant sources of contagion in the noxious effluvia, which proceed from the stagnant waters of uncultivated districts. The Spaniards are said to have introduced the small-pox; but the Indians practise a

very effectual preventive against the diffusion of this destructive malady. For, whenever they suspect any person to be attacked with it, they set fire to his hut by means of poisoned arrows and burn the mansion along with the inhabitant. The *general good*, without any regard to the feelings of individuals, seems in this case to be their rule of action.

Syphilis, which is supposed to have been one of the *aborigines* of America is, according to the Abbe,

‘ But little known in the Spanish settlements, and still less among the Indians. As the last have no word in their language expressive of it, there is every reason to presume that this malady was not known among them until after the arrival of the Spaniards. The rickets, a disease which for three centuries has been a scourge to Europe, is as yet unknown within the boundaries in Chili, and lame or deformed persons are very rarely to be met with.* To many of the maladies, peculiar to hot countries, such as the Siam fever, the black vomit, and the leprosy, its inhabitants are likewise equally strangers. No instance of the hydrophobia has ever occurred, and M. de la Condamine justly observes, that in South America the dogs,† cats, and other animals are never afflicted with madness.’

Chili seems to be on the whole, a country eminently favoured with the possession not only of the choicest blessings which other parts of the world possess, but with an exemption from some of the most formidable enemies to which the inhabitants of other countries are subject.

‘ It has none of those dangerous or venomous animals which are so much dreaded in hot countries; and it has but one species of small serpent, which is perfectly harmless, as the French Academicians ascertained when they went to Peru, in 1736, to

* The Creoles are generally well shaped, and there are scarce any of those deformed persons, so common in other countries, to be seen among them; besides which, they almost all possess great flexibility and activity of limbs.—*Philosophical History*, book xi. chap. 18.

† Not only the Creoles, who are descended from the Europeans, but also the aborigines of the country, display equal perfection of form. Some authors pretend, that the reason why none who are deformed, or cripples, are to be found among these people, is owing to the savage custom which the parents have of destroying such unfortunate children at their birth; but this is a mere picture of the imagination; at least, among the Chilians no trace of so inhuman a practice has ever been discovered, as numbers who have lived with them for years have positively assured me.

† This fact is certain. Does it not follow that this dreadful malady is never generated without infection, and therefore that it is possible to annihilate it?—E. E.

measure a degree of the meridian.* The lions, which are sometimes met with in the thickest and least frequented forests, are distinguished from the African lion, both by their being without hair, and their timidity; there is no instance of their ever having attacked a man, and a man may not only travel, but lie down to sleep with perfect security, in any part of the plain, and even in the thickest forests of the mountains. Neither tigers, wolves, nor many other ferocious beasts that infest the neighbouring countries, are known there. Probably the great ridge of the Andes, which is every where extremely steep, and covered with snow, serves as a barrier to their passage. The mildness of the climate may also be unfavourable to them, as the greater part of these animals are natives of the hottest countries.

The surface of Chili is a sort of inclined plane, from the Andes to the sea. The country is variegated by innumerable rivers and streams, which are incessantly supplied from that inexhaustible reservoir which is contained in the snowy tops of the Andes. The rivers flow with great rapidity, till their course is slackened by the rising ground near the coast. They run, in general, over a stony bottom, the channels are broad, and the banks low. These are said to be covered with beautiful trees which are perennially green. The waters of these streams, which are chiefly composed of liquified snow, are said to be constantly drunk, and to be very salubrious. The *goitre*, which is sometimes thought to arise from snow-water, is a disease from which the Chilians are entirely free.

'Lakes of salt and fresh water are common in Chili. The first are situated in the marshes of the Spanish provinces.'

Some of these are from 12 to 20 miles in length. The largest fresh water lakes are in the country of the Araucanians.

'In a valley of the Andes, inhabited by the Pehuenches, in 34 deg. 40 min. latitude, are eleven springs of very clear and limpid water, which overflows the surface, and becomes crystallized into a salt as white as snow. This valley is about fifteen miles in circumference, and is entirely covered, for the depth of six feet, with a crust of salt, which is collected by the inhabitants in large pieces, and used for all domestic purposes. The surrounding mountains afford no external indication of mineral salt, but they must necessarily abound with it, from the great quantities deposited by these springs.'

'Mineral waters are common in Chili. The most celebrated

* This country is not infested by any kind of insect except the chiguan or pricker, or any poisonous reptile; and although in the woods and fields some snakes are to be found, their bite is by no means dangerous; nor does any savage or ferocious beast excite terror in its plains.—*Ulloa's Voyage*, part ii, vol. 3.

are those of the Spanish settlements of Peldchues and Cauquesnes. The source of the former is on the summit of one of the exterior mountains of the Andes, to the north of St. Jago. It consists of two springs of very different temperatures, one hot, and the other cold; the former is sixty degrees above the freezing point of Reaumur's thermometer, the latter four degrees below it. They are about eighty feet distant, and their waters are united, by means of canals, so as to form a tepid bath, which is found very efficacious in many disorders. The water of the hot spring is oily to the touch, and foams like soap suds; it abounds with mineral alkali, which appears to be combined with an unctuous substance in a state of solution.

The soil of Chili is said to be so exuberantly impregnated with the principles of fecundity, as not to require the aid of manure. It is alleged that the land in the vicinity of St. Jago, has

‘ Never been manured since the settlement of the Spaniards, a period of two hundred and thirty-nine years, though constantly cultivated by them, and for an unknown time by the Indians before them.’

The marine substances which are found in every part of Chili, prove that the narrow slip of land which passes under this name has been formerly covered by the ocean, which has gradually receded from the Andes.

‘ On the top of Descabezado, a very lofty mountain in the midst of the principal chain of the Andes, whose height appears to me not inferior to that of the celebrated Chimborazo of Quito, various shells, evidently the production of the sea, oysters, conchs, periwinkles, &c. are found in a calcined or petrified state.

‘ The summit of this mountain, whose form appears to be owing to some volcanic eruption, is flat, and exhibits a plain of more than six miles square; in the middle is a very deep lake, which, from every appearance, was formerly the crater of a volcano.

‘ The principal chain of the Andes is situated between two of less height that are parallel to it. These lateral chains are about twenty-five or thirty miles distant from the principal, but are connected with it by transverse ramifications, apparently of the same age and organization, although their bases are more extensive and variegated. From the lateral ridges many other branches extend outwardly, composed of small mountains, occasionally running in different directions.

‘ These external mountains, as well as the middle and maritime, are of a secondary formation, and an order essentially different. Their summits are generally more rounded, and they consist of horizontal strata of various substances and unequal

thickness, which abound with marine productions, and often exhibit the impressions of animals and vegetables. I have observed both in excavations formed by the water, and those made by the inhabitants, that the inferior stratum of these mountains is generally a kind of whetsone, of a reddish colour and a sandy grain, sometimes a quartzeous sand, or a compact dark grey sandstone; this is succeeded by layers of clay, marle, various kinds of marble, schistus, spar, gypsum, and coal; beneath the whole are found veins of ore, ochre, quartz, granite, porphyry, sand, and rocks of various degrees of hardness.

'The disposition of the strata varies very considerably in different places, and in these derangements the laws of gravitation are seldom observed, as what forms the upper stratum in one mountain, I have discovered to be the inferior in another. They in general, however, preserve a degree of regularity in their inclination, which is from south to north, a little tending towards the west, corresponding with the relative situation of the ocean, whose currents are from south to north.'

Gold is found in great abundance in Chili. The author says, that there is hardly a mountain or hill which does not contain it in a greater or less degree. It is found also in the sands, particularly in those which are washed down by the rivers and torrents. The gold is separated from the sand by being put into a vessel of wood or horn, which is placed in a running stream, and shaken till the "sand which contains no metallic particles, being lighter, is thrown out over the top, and the more weighty particles of the gold remain at the bottom." The working of the gold mines is very expensive, and the profit very uncertain; though there are a few which have been wrought to advantage ever since the conquest. The mines are very subject to inundations. The celebrated mine of Peledhus, in the vicinity of St. Jago, which yielded daily upwards of fifteen hundred pounds weight of gold, was some years ago suddenly inundated and necessarily abandoned.

'The matrix of the gold is very variable, and it may be said that there is no kind of stone or earth but what serves it for that purpose. It is to be seen every where, either in small grains or brilliant spangles, under singular forms, or in irregular masses that may be cut by the chissel. The most usual matrix is a very brittle red clay stone. The *salbanda*, or the exterior covering of the veins, called by miners *caras*, is as variable as the matrix; it is sometimes of spar or quartz, at others it consists chiefly of flint, marble, or hornblend. The principal veins are frequently ramified into a number of smaller ones that are generally very rich. They sometimes descend almost vertically into the earth, and in those instances require great labour and expense to be pursued; at others they take a circular direction a few feet under ground, and meet, particularly at the foot of mountains. The

usual course of the veins, though subject to some variations, is from south to north.'

The skill and the habits of the miners of Chili are thus described :

' They are expert in mining and in the art of assaying and refining metals ; but their knowledge is wholly practical, and they are entirely ignorant of the theory or the real principles of the art. They are divided into three classes, the first those who labour in the mine, the second the founders and refiners, the third the porters, or those who carry off the mineral. In general they are a bold, enterprising, and prodigal class of men. Familiarized to the sight of the precious metals, they learn to disregard them, and attach but little value to money. They are extravagant in their expenses, and passionately addicted to gaming, in which they pass almost all their leisure moments ; and instances are not unfrequent of a miner losing one or two thousand crowns of a night. Losses of this nature are considered by them as trifles, and on such occasions they gaily console themselves with a professional proverb, that, " the mountains never keep accounts." Nothing is more abhorrent to them than frugality, and whenever they find one of their companions who has amassed a sum of money by his economy, they leave no means untried to strip him of it, observing, that avarice is a vice peculiarly degrading to the character of a miner ; and so addicted are they to ebriety, that those who on first joining them are remarkable for their abstemiousness, are soon led, from the influence of example, to participate in the general intemperance. From these causes none of them acquire property, and they generally die in the greatest poverty and distress, while the profits of their labour are wholly absorbed by those who supply them with provisions and liquor.'

Countries whose subterraneous contents are rich in minerals, usually exhibit a sterile surface, if not totally destitute of vegetation. But in Chili, the plains, the vallies, and the mountains, are said to be covered with beautiful trees, while every season produces vegetables suited to the climate. The author enumerates the different herbs, shrubs and trees which are found in the country. The soil appears to be peculiarly favourable to the culture of the vine.

' The grapes in the highest estimation are those that grow upon the shores of the Itata. The wine obtained from them is the best in Chili, it is called Conception wine, and is usually red, of a good body, an excellent flavour, and not inferior to the first wines in Europe.' ' About twenty years since some vines of a black muscadel grape, of an excellent quality, were discovered in the valleys of the Andes, and from thence transported into the other provinces. As these valleys had never been inhabited, and till that time no such grape had been known

in any other part of the country, it is difficult to determine whether it is a native of Chili, or brought from Europe'.

Chili produces most of the European fruits. Forests of apple and quince trees of three to four leagues in extent are found in the provinces of the south.

'The tree (*alperchigos*) like the fig, bears twice a year; in the month of January it yields large and pulpy peaches, and in April a small fruit, resembling the almond, of a delicious taste, called *almendruchos*. The pears and cherries produce also twice a year, but the latter growth rarely obtains perfect maturity: Oranges, lemons, and citrons, of which there are many varieties in Chili, grow every where in the open fields, and their vegetation is not inferior to that of the other trees.'

The fourth chapter on the 'worms, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds and quadrupeds,' is full of curious and interesting details on these subjects. Man in Chili, when not addicted to those indulgences which shorten life, attains to a very advanced age.

'It appears beyond a doubt,' says the editor, 'from the concurrent testimony of all writers who have lived in South America, that the natives live to a hundred more frequently than Europeans to fourscore.'

This is probably more owing to the uniform mildness of the climate and to the less liberal use of spirituous liquors than to any other cause.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI. *The epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele; including his familiar Letters to his Wife and Daughters; to which are prefixed Fragments of three Plays; two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the third supposed to be Addison's. Faithfully printed from the Originals, and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F.S.A.E. and P. 2 vols. 8vo. 1809. Nichols and Son, pp. 696.*

Mr. NICHOLS, to whom the public is indebted for the present publication, tells us in his preface that these letters after the death of Sir Richard Steele, fell into the possession of his eldest daughter Elizabeth, who was married to the Hon. John Trevor, afterwards the third Lord Trevor. His lordship died in 1764, but his daughter survived him till January 1782. The greater part of the letters which are contained in these volumes were given by her ladyship a short

time before her death to the eldest son of Mrs. Thomas, who was the daughter of Mrs. Aynston*.

Mr. Nichols purchased the letters of Mr. Thomas, and presented the originals to the British Museum. Some of the letters have been extracted from various publications in which they had previously appeared.

* Steele's first wife was a lady of Barbados; by whom he acquired a valuable plantation there on the death of her brother, who was taken by the French at sea as he was coming to England, and died in France. She died a few months after their marriage.

Steele's second wife was a Mrs. Mary† Scurlock, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, esq. of the county of Caermarthen. She is said to have been at the age of eight or nine and twenty at the time when she became an object of the tender regards of Steele.

The first letter from Steele to this lady is supposed by Mr. Nichols to have been dated August 9, 1707. In this letter Steele solicits *permission to wait on her*. On the 14th of this month he appears to have obtained the interview which he desired; for in the letter of August 13, he thanks her "for yesterday's admission." Steele was undoubtedly well received, and made great progress in the siege which he laid to Mrs. Scurlock's heart; for in a letter which this lady is supposed to have addressed to her mother on the following day, she requests *her consent and blessing to her putting out of her power to delay, and so, perhaps, to lose her first and only inclination*.

The whole period of courtship does not appear to have exceeded the space of *one month*. But the address of Steele was probably such as few however could resist. The lady, as appears in the sequel, was a little of the prude, and at times either felt or affected a degree of reserve and coldness which were not much in unison with the generous, open disposition and ardent temperament of Steele.

The following may serve as a specimen of the manner in which Steele addressed the object of his regard during the period of courtship:

* This Mrs. Aynston was what is termed, the natural daughter of Sir Richard Steele, by a relation of Tonson the bookseller.

† She is styled in the letters not *Mrs*, but *Mrs. Scurlock*, though her mother was still living. The appellation of *Mrs* was then appropriated to the daughters of gentlemen under the age of ten, or given opprobriously to young gentlewomen reproachable for the giddiness or irregularity of their conduct.

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

Lord Sunderland's Office, 1707.

'With what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and, when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

Smith-street, Westminster, 1707.

'I lay down last night with your image in my thoughts, and have awaked this morning in the same contemplation. The pleasing transport with which I am delighted, has a sweetness in it, attended with a train of ten thousand soft desires, anxieties and cares. The day arises on my hopes with new brightness; youth, beauty, and innocence, are the charming objects that steal me from myself, and give me joys above the reach of ambition, pride, or glory. Believe me, fair one, to throw myself at your feet, is giving myself the highest bliss I know on earth. Oh, hasten ye minutes! bring on the happy morning wherein to be ever her's will make me look down on thrones! Dear Molly, I am passionately, faithfully thine,

RICH. STEELE.

When Steele wrote the following billet, his temples were probably crowned with the vine-leaves of the rosy god.

'DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,

Saturday-night, [Aug. 30, 1707.]

'I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*.

RICH. STEELE.

Steele is thought by the editor to have married *Mrs. Scurlock* on September 7, 1707. But several days seem to have elapsed after the celebration of the ecclesiastical ceremony before the lady would permit the enamoured author of the *Tatler* to exercise his conjugal rights. She is supposed to have designed to abstain from her husband's bed till her mother came from Caermarthen to her house in Swallow-street. But her scruples were probably vanquished before

this by the importunities of her lover. The amatory style of Steele does not however appear even after marriage to have undergone any alteration in fervent expressions of regard or admiration, notwithstanding the occasional display of prudery, peevishness and selfishness on the part of his helpmate. When he was absent he hardly suffered a day to elapse without writing to her. Whether he was idle or busy, drunk or sober, he appears never to have been unmindful of her. Her petulance and ill humour seem often to have harassed his peace, and occasionally to have provoked his aversion; but his sensations of repentment, if any he experienced, were always momentary and evanescent. Many of his letters are only short notes scribbled as he could snatch time from his business, or from those convivial pleasures to which he appears to have been always too prone. We shall quote a few of these scraps, which may serve as specimens of the whole, and which in our opinion place his character in a very amiable point of view.

' DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,

Oct. 16, 1707.

' Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

' DEAR RULER,

DEC. 8, 1707.

' I cannot wait upon you to-day to Hampton-Court. I have the West-Indian business on my hands*, and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall dine at our table at Court, where the bearer knows how to come to me with any orders for your obedient husband, and most humble servant,

' My duty to my mother.'

RICH. STEELE.'

TO MRS. STEELE†.

' MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,

Dec. 22, 1707.

' I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening); as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar, Jan. 3, 1707-8.

' DEAR PRUE,

' I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

' Send me word you have received this.'

* The plantation in Barbados, left to Steele by his first wife.

† At her house, 3d door from Germain-street, left hand in Berry-street.

' DEAR PRUE,

11 At night, Jan. 3, 1707-8.

' I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's. I will come within a pint of wine.

RICH. STEELE.'

' We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant.'

' DEAR PRUE, *Lord Sunderland's Office, May 19, 1708, 11 o'clock.*

' I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best periwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well dressed in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.'

St. James's, Gentleman-Usher's Table,

' MY DEAR PRUE,

May 24, 1708.

' I cannot dine at home, but am in haste to speak with one about business of moment. Dear Prue, be cheerful, for I am in pursuit of what will be good news to you. I am your most affectionate, obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

' Think of going with me this afternoon.'

' DEAR PRUE,

June 1, 1708.

' I shall be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifulest object that can present itself to my eyes---your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,

' We shall stay in town.'

RICH. STEELE.'

' DEAR PRUE,

June 5, 1708.

' What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy; and have nobody near you that you do not like, except I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

' I shall not come home till night.'

' DEAR PRUE,

Aug. 28, 1708.

' The afternoon coach shall bring you ten pounds. Your letter shews you are passionately in love with me. But we must take our portion of life as it runs, without repining; and I consider that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make an happiness too great for human life,

Your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.'

' DEAR PRUE,

Aug. 30, 1708.

' I sent ten pounds by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me might perhaps to another look like neglect and want of love ;

but I will not understand it so, but take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness, which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

'I hope we shall never be so long asunder more; for it is not in your power to make me otherwise than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

Steele's perpetual indiscretions kept him perpetually indigent; but his wife appears to have taken much better care of the main chance; and to have made a private purse out of which she was not always very willing to relieve the necessities of Sir Richard. In letter 299, Sir Richard writes to his lady:

'I beg of you to send for coals and all things necessary for the week, and keep us only to the end of it out of your abundance; and I shall ever add to it hereafter, instead of attempting to diminish it.'

In letter 294 the knight says,

'I have no hopes from that or any thing else, but by dint of riches to get the government of your ladyship.'

Nov. 17, 1716, letter 306, the

'obedient husband,' (for this is a frequent signature of Sir Richard) tells his parsimonious dame, 'we had not when you left us, an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat in the house.'

In letter 315 we have the following arch allusion to the mercantile severity with which Lady Steele settled her pecuniary accounts with her spouse.

'Your man Sam owes me three-pence, which must be deducted in the account between you and me; therefore pray take care to get it in, or stop it.'

The prodigality of Steele himself, and the rapacity of his wife, seem to have been continually stimulating his ingenuity in contriving schemes to get money. One of his plans was an invention, in which he was concerned with a Mr. Gillmore, for bringing fish to London. This experiment did not answer at the time, owing to some defect in the structure of the pool; but it appears to have been since carried to greater perfection. Sir Richard obtained a patent for his invention; and like most speculators, anticipated great profits from the success of his scheme.

The following extracts from letter 336 and 398, are very characteristic of the amiable character of Steele.

'Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with

a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his Primer; and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and play fellows.' 'My dear wife, preserve yourself for him that sincerely loves you, and to be an example to your little ones of religion and virtue. If it pleases God to bless us together with life and health, we will live a life of piety and cheerful virtue. Your daughter Bess gives her duty to you, and says she will be your comfort, but she is very sorry you are afflicted with the gout. The brats, my girls, stand on each side the table; and Molly says that what I am writing now is about her new coat. Bess is with me till she has new cloaths. Miss Moll has taken upon her to hold the sand-box, and is so impertinent in her office that I cannot write more.'

We had an instance of the prudery of Steele's wife immediately after the celebration of their nuptials; and she seems occasionally to have practised the same conduct in all subsequent periods of their intercourse. The next extract is from letter 399, dated Sept. 24, 1717, about ten years after their marriage.

'Now let me answer to what you say that I have not expressed any thing about a desire of our meeting again. There is nothing upon earth I wish so much, provided always that you will be what you ought to be to me, and not let me burn for what ought to be free to me; and that you will have the children in the house with us; for I am come to take great delight in them.'

It should seem that Sir Richard was sometimes under the necessity of paying for her ladyship's favours.

'As to the coldness', says he, 'on this subject I answer very sincerely, that your ladyship's coldness to me as a woman and a wife has made me think it necessary to suppress the expression of my heart towards you, because it could not end in the pleasures and enjoyments I ought to expect from it, and *which you obliged me to wear myself from, till I had so much money, &c.*'

Lady Steele died Dec. 26, 1718, at the age of forty years.

We have considered these letters principally as elucidating the domestic relations and the real character of Steele; but there are several parts of them, which tend to exalt our ideas of his honesty and his patriotism. Thus when in 1716-17, Mr. Walpole proposed to lower the interest given to the public creditor, Steele appears to have been the only man in the house who spoke against such an iniquitous proceeding. And he opposed it on the best and strongest ground—because it was a violation of the national faith. In 1717, when a petition was brought into the house from the Roman Catholics,

and when to say any thing in the favour of that obnoxious body was to incur the charge of toryism and of disaffection to the house of Hanover, Steele, who tells his wife that he had '*always an unfashionable thing called conscience, in all matters of judicature or justice,*' had the courage, the christianity and patriotism to say, that, 'to put severities upon men merely on account of religion is a most grievous and unwarrantable proceeding,' and that we ought not to 'pursue Roman Catholics with the spirit of Roman Catholics, but act towards them with the temper of our religion.'

'When,' says Steele, 'I had ventured to say this, others followed; and there is a bill directed for the relief of the petitioners. I suppose this gave an handle to the fame of my being a tory; but you may, perhaps, by this time, have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day in a meeting of a hundred Parliament men, I laboured as much for the Protestant Dissenters.'

In a letter to Lady Steele, dated April 22, 1717, Sir Richard says,

'The scene of business will be very warm at the next session; but my lesson is so short (that of following my conscience) that I shall go through the storm without losing a wink of sleep.'

Contrast has a powerful effect in displaying beauty or deformity of character or of countenance. This is particularly seen in the characters of Steele and his wife, as they are developed in these volumes. The virtues as well as the vices of Steele seem to have had the exact opposites in the woman whom he so much admired; and by whom Swift said, and the letters prove, that he was ruled with a sort of arbitrary sway. Steele was more a stranger than we could wish to two virtues, economy and temperance, to the praise of which his consort may prefer a more indisputable claim. She was a thrifty manager; but her parsimony appears to have taken too much the direction of selfishness and avarice, or we should not so often hear of the children being in rags, or of the larder being destitute of meat, the cellar of drink, and the coal-house of fuel. But Steele had many great and generous qualities, which throw all his foibles far into the shade. His beneficence was not sufficiently circumscribed by prudential considerations; but it was the fruit of that amiable disposition, which despised all selfish regards. But money, money, appears to have been the constant theme of his wife; and among the *duns* by whom poor Steele was infested, it does not appear that his beloved PRUE was the least formidable or importunate. The mode by which she appears

to have converted the uxorious propensities of her husband into a source of finance, is, we suppose, not one of the most common schemes of financial supply among the sensitive housewives of the day. Steele was an empassioned lover; but the grossness of the appetite appears to have been refined by sentiment; and the constancy of his attachment merits ample commendation. But his wife seems to have been either fond, or the contrary upon a principle of pecuniary calculation; and indeed she was a perfect adept in the art of domestic sway. Steele appears to have possessed that felicity of disposition which can furnish its own antidotes against the varied ills of life; but his *second self* was endued with a certain acerbity of temperament which infuses a double virus into the sting of every care. The cheerfulness of Steele could illumine the gloomy hour of misfortune and of indigence; but the habitually peevish temper of his wife was wont to darken even the sunshine of more fortunate circumstances. The letters prove her to have been perpetually dissatisfied, and to have been most pleased when she could make her spouse participate in her discontent. She knew and she practised the art of teasing with more than ordinary skill; and Steele was probably permitted to enjoy but little peace at home; and if we may judge from the details of the present correspondence, she often made no unsuccessful efforts to disturb his tranquillity abroad. Steele indeed was found occasionally to prove refractory to the imperious mandates of female sway; but it was not long before he was brought back again to a *right sense of his duty*; and made to apologize for his '*rebellion*.' The uxorious essayist never failed ultimately to be made a captive by his weak side, and to be ruled by the Dalilah whom he admired.

ART. VII.—*Poems (never before published) written chiefly at Bremhill, in Wiltshire, by the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.*
Vol. IV. Cadell, 1809, 12mo.

THERE was never yet a poet who had so little occasion to place his name in the title-page to a volume of his own compositions, as Mr. Bowles. Whoever has read one of his sonnets, is qualified to swear to the author of every thing that he has written. We blame him for nothing in the present volume so much as for the representation held out to his readers in the title of it. There is hardly a sentiment or an expression which it contains, that has not been three times published before, that is to say, once at the coming out of

each of his former volumes : not indeed in so many words—but the tone, the spirit, the *manner*; betray such strong marks of identity, that it requires a more than ordinary memory in the reader to distinguish the resemblance from a downright copy.

For example, we cannot undertake to affirm that Mr. Bowles, ever before saw "the Form of Time" precisely in the same posture as he now describes him—

‘ ——— his scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind, the tussocks green
Moved stirring to and fro: the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn ;
When touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent, &c.
" Old Time's Holiday," p. 5.

And yet if these lines had been repeated to us before we ever saw this fourth volume of his poetry, we should have had no hesitation in believing that they were taken from one of Mr. Bowles' former publications, and were already familiar to our ears.

In like manner, old William Sommers, of Bremhill, though we certainly never heard of him before, appears with the air of an old familiar acquaintance :

‘ When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs,
O aged man? Thy sand is almost run,
And many a year, in vain, to meet the sun,
Thine eyes have roll'd in darkness: want and cares
Have been thy visitants from morn to morn.
While, trembling on existence thou dost live,
Accept what human charity can give ;
But standing thus, time-palsied, and forlorn,
Like a scathed oak, of all its boughs bereft,
God and the grave are thy best refuge left.

* * * * *
O blind and aged man, bow'd down with cares,
When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs?’

This is exactly what we should have expected Mr. Bowles to have written, not upon William Sommers, of Bremhill, in particular, but upon any other old man whom he had chanced to meet by the road side.

Even 'Theocritus, in Mr. Bowles' hands, seems to have transmigrated after death, and to have become the very incumbent of Bremhill himself.

"Gentler, how sweet above the lucid spring,
The high pines wave with breezy murmuring !
So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
To the wild melodies of Pan's own reed.

More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody,
Than streams that fall from broken rocks on high.
Say, by the nymphs that guard the sacred scene,
Where lowly tamarisks shade these hillocks green,
At noontide shall we lie?——

No ; for o'erwearied with the forest chase,
PAN, the great hunter-god, sleeps in this place !
Beneath the branching elm (while thy sad verse,
O Thyrsis, Daphnis' sorrows shall rehearse)
Fronting the wood-nymph's solitary seat,
Whose fountains flash amid the dark retreat ;
Where the old statue leans, and brown oaks wave
Their ancient umbrage o'er the pastoral cave ;
There will we rest, and thou, as erst, prolong
The sweet enchantment of the Doric song !"

Mr. Bowles has it, in common with Mr. Wordsworth and some other poets of the present day, to rouse the reader's attention by something wild or strange, or peculiar in thought or diction at the opening of a poem ; but the trick, often repeated, is too well known to excite any expectation. At first, we ask the question, "How will this end?" with some feelings of curiosity ; but when we find the constant answer to be, as in the case of Mr. Wordsworth, "In the lowest trifling," and in that of Mr. Bowles, "in air and vapour," we soon cease to feel the least interest, and run out of doors at the cry of the wolf no longer. The reader, who is not so well used to this custom as we have been, will perhaps be struck by something apparently solemn and awful in the introduction of the following poem ; but if at the conclusion he asks himself "To what purpose was this grandeur and solemnity?" he will, we think, find reason enough in his answer to acquiesce in the truth of our observation. We will give the poem entire, as by no means an unfavourable specimen of the contents of the volume ; and because it is not so long as to oblige us to mutilate it in quotation, by which we are sensible that a fair representation can seldom be given of the merits of poetry : we also prefer the piece, as first printed in the body of the book, to that, which Mr. Bowles styles an *improved copy*, which is added in the appendix ; because we are far from agreeing with Mr. Bowles that his after-thoughts are by any means entitled to the appellation of im-

provements. And we would here beg leave to suggest to him, whether he has not in fact injured many of his pieces, more than he has benefited them, by too much refinement upon the finished copy?

‘ THE WINDS. ’

‘ When pale October bad the flowers adieu,
And Autumn sung amid the seaman’s shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments streaming light, amid the clouds;
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession they went by:
The first, as o’er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his shadowy trump a war-denouncing blast.
‘ Upon a *beaked** promontory high,
With streaming beard, and cloudy brow severe,
I marked the FATHER of the frowning year!
Dark vapours roll’d o’er the tempestuous sky,
When creeping winter from his cave came forth,
“ Stern herald of the storm, WHAT FROM THE NORTH?”
“ SHOUTS AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!” and again
He blew from his dark trump a deadlier blast;
“ SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!” the *loud*† morn
Seem’d with hoarse voice to answer as he past.
The moody South went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rock half hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the shower, as if he wept
The eternal havoc of this mortal scene;
As if he wish’d for ever thus to throw
His misty mantle o’er a world of woe.
‘ But rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold EURUS blew his sharp and *shrilling*‡ horn;
In his right hand he grasp’d an icy lance,
That far off glitter’d in the frost of morn;
The old man knew the clarion from afar,
“ WHAT FROM THE EAST?” he cry’d. “ SHOUTS, AND THE
NOISE OF WAR.”
‘ Who comes in soft and skiey vest,
From the mild region of the West?
An azure veil bends waving o’er his head,
And showers of violets at his feet are spread.
’Tis ZEPHYRUS, with a look as young and fair,
As when his lucid wings convey’d
That beautiful and gentle maid,

* Query *peaked*?

† Query *loud*?

‡ Query *shrilling*?

PSYCHE*, transported through the air,
The blissful couch of Love's own God to share.

He brings again the morn of May,
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the howling winds fly far away!

' I cried, " O FATHER of the world, whose might,

" The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,

" Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night

" Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!

" Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,

" And peace breathe soft, ' Summer is coming in ! " *

Our readers will observe, that of this poem much of the effect depends on the CAPITAL LETTERS with which it is so profusely garnished, and which we have taken all due care to preserve in our quotation. This, however, is by no means a new or unusual expedient with Mr. Bowles. Another which discovers, perhaps, greater artifice, and of which he has also been in frequent practice, is the substitution of surprising epithets to those which are natural, but therefore common and ill adapted for the purpose of rousing attention. It is of no consequence, in this view, whether the word be wholly unappropriate, or whether even it be expressly coined for the occasion. So, in the preceding extract, "*beaked promontory*," "*long main*," "*shrilling horn*," to which we have ventured to affix queries; not that we have any doubt of the poet's intentionally introducing them, (a doubt which, if we had entertained it, would be effectually removed by the repetition of the same words in the *improved* copy of the poem before-mentioned) but with an intent to shew by how slight a deviation it is possible to convert a natural and pleasing expression into one that is absolute conceit, or absolute nonsense.

We have compared Mr. Bowles, in one point of view, to a contemporary bard of no small celebrity; and it may perhaps be easy to remark some other features of resemblance between them. But, in the harmony of numbers, and the choice and abundance of poetical ornament, Mr. Bowles not only shews taste enough to disdain the low simplicity of Wordsworth, but may perhaps be permitted to excel most poets of the day. On the other hand, he seems in our opinion, to want a power of reflection and true feeling of na-

* Alluding to the beautiful fable of Psyche, carried by Zephyr to be married to Cupid.

† " Summer is commin inn."

Old Ballad.

tural and moral objects, which we think the bard of the lakes has given evidence of possessing in a high degree, however he may have debased his innate genius by affectation, and perverted it by sickly sensibility.

The most considerable pieces in the present volume, are "Old Time's Holiday," (from the commencement of which we made our first quotation,) a species of allegory or vision, of which it is very difficult to comprehend the sense or object; "The Visionary Boy," another poem of the same description, but more intelligible; in which there are some imitations of Collins' Ode to the Passions, not altogether unsuccessful, though disfigured by conceits; "The Sylph of Summer," a poem in blank verse, "written" as the author informs us, "as part of a projected poem on the ELEMENTS, AIR, EARTH, FIRE, WATER." It contains some descriptions not unworthy of Thomson, but we wholly disapprove of the *Texts of Scripture*, with which it is interlarded, however fashionable may be the practice, and however suitable to this age of cant. The last poem worthy, from its magnitude, of particular notice, is "The Harp of Hoel," a tale of mingled sentiment and terror, but, we must add, of very little interest.

ART. VIII.—*Tales of Fashionable Life*, by Miss Edgeworth, Author of *Practical Education*, *Belinda*, *Castle Rackrent*, *Essay on Irish Bulls*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Johnson, 1809, 2d Edition.

THE design and contents of these amusing volumes, cannot be better explained by us, than in the language of the author's venerable father, whose preface we shall therefore transcribe:

' My daughter asks me for a preface to the following volumes; from a pardonable weakness she calls upon me for parental protection; but, in fact, the public judges of every work, not from the sex, but from the merit of the author.

' What we feel, and see, and hear, and read, affects our conduct from the moment when we cease to think. It has, therefore, been my daughter's aim to promote, by all her writings, the progress of education, from the cradle to the grave.

' Miss Edgeworth's former works consist of tales for children—of stories for young men and women—and of tales suited to that great mass which does not move in the circles of fashion. The present volumes are intended to point out some of those errors to which the higher classes of society are exposed. All

the parts of this series of moral fictions, bear upon the faults and excellencies of different ages and classes; and they have all arisen from that view of society, which we have laid before the public in more didactic works of education. In the "*Parent's Assistant*," in "*Moral*" and in "*Popular Tales*," it was my daughter's aim to exemplify the principles contained in "*Practical Education*." In these volumes, and in others which are to follow, she endeavours to disseminate, in a familiar form, some of the ideas that are unfolded in "*Essays on Professional Education*."

' The first of these stories is called *Ennui*---The causes, curses, and cure of this disease are exemplified, I hope, in such a manner, as not to make the remedy worse than the disease. Thiebault, tells us, that a prize essay was read to the academy of Berlin, which put all the judges to sleep. *Almeria*---gives a view of the consequences, which usually follow the substitution of the gifts of fortune in the place of merit; and it shews the meanness of those, who imitate manners, and haunt company, above their station in society. Difference of rank is a continual excitement to laudable emulation; but those, who consider the being admitted into circles of fashion as the summit of human bliss and elevation, will here find how grievously such frivolous ambition may be disappointed and chastised.

' *Madam de Fleury*---points out some of the means, which may be employed by the rich for the real advantage of the poor. This story shews, that sowing gold does not always produce a golden harvest; but that knowledge and virtue, when early implanted in the human breast, seldom fail to make ample returns of prudence and felicity. *The Dun*---is intended as a lesson against the common folly of believing, that a debtor is able, by a few cant phrases, to alter the nature of right and wrong; we had once intended to give these books the title of "*Fashionable Tales*," alas! the Dun could never have found favour with fashionable readers.

' *Manœuvring*---is a vice to which the little great have recourse, to shew their second-rate abilities. Intrigues of gallantry upon the continent frequently lead to political intrigue; amongst us, the attempts to introduce this *improvement* of our manners, have not yet been successful; but there are, however, some, who, in every thing they say or do, show a predilection for "left handed wisdom." It is hoped, that the picture here represented of a *manœuvrer*, has not been made alluring. I may be permitted to add a word on the respect, with which Miss Edgeworth treats the public---their former indulgence has not made her careless or presuming. The dates subjoined to each of these stories shew, that they have not been hastily intruded upon the reader.'

The first of these tales, which occupies the whole of the first volume, is incomparably the best in the collection, dis-

playing all that insight into human nature, and all that vivacity of sentiment and expression which we have, on many former occasions, admired and praised in its fair author. Her hero, who relates the history of his own life and opinions, is represented as heir to an immense estate, accumulated during a long minority, which he has passed in all the idleness and folly too often allowed to young heirs of fortune and family, by the interest or carelessness of their guardians. The habits of his youth grow up with his advancing years. Soon after coming of age, he has exhausted, or thinks he has exhausted, all the enjoyments of life. To repair the injuries done to his property by extravagance, indolence, and want of arrangement, he "chuses a wife by the numeration table;" this expedient, while it answers its immediate purpose, only serves to heighten his disease till it becomes insupportable, and he resolves to cut short the miseries of idleness by suicide. Some readers may think this feature a little caricatured, but those who do, know less of human nature than Miss Edgeworth, whose painting is, in this, only a copy of more than one original within the limits of our own observation. But, to proceed—an accident, which nearly deprives him of life, prevents him from executing his purpose, to deprive himself of it. The cause of this accident is his old Irish nurse, (a character of admirable truth and humour) who attends him with constant fidelity and watchfulness during a dangerous illness, the consequence of his adventure. On his recovery, he is informed that his lady has employed this interval of time in a different manner, and is about to elope with his toad-eater, Captain Crawley. Yielding to the impulses of his natural good disposition, he endeavours to reclaim her—but in vain. The fashionable catastrophe is completed, and followed by its usual consequence, a divorce. A little roused from his torpid lassitude by these transactions, Lord Glenthorn remembers a promise he had made during sickness, to his old nurse, and resolves on a visit to his estates in Ireland. In her account of this journey, the authoress of *Castle Rackrent* finds herself, as may be expected, quite at home; for our own parts, we have hardly enjoyed any thing so much since we laughed with her at the extravagances of Sir Phelim and Sir Condy. For some time after his arrival at Glenthorn Castle, my lord's *Eunui* is a great deal disturbed, in spite of himself, by the strange diversity of manners and characters which he meets with in his new residence, and which he describes with so much humour and spirit, that the reader is sensible he must have felt and enjoyed it. The Irish characters are, indeed, most admirably sketched, but not more so

than that of M'Leod, the steward, a cold, calculating, honest, sturdy Scotchman. His old enemy, nevertheless, invades him again, and he with difficulty persuades himself to change the scene, by mixing in a fashionable group of visitants at the house of the dowager Lady Ormsby, one of his nearest neighbours. Here he becomes acquainted with a certain Lady Geraldine, a most delightful character, full of good sense, of exquisite feeling, of whim and of humour. He begins, even, to suffer ignorantly from the inroads of a passion, which all the world will admit to be a terrible enemy to Ennui; but when he has almost worked himself up to an avowal of his new-born sentiments, he discovers an attachment between Lady Geraldine and a very deserving young man, whose prospects both of fortune and marriage are blasted by the honesty and independence of his spirit. To the happiness of these lovers, Lord Glenthorn has the generosity to sacrifice, not only his love, but his ennui; and he actually *exerts himself* so powerfully and successfully in the service of Mr. Devereux, as to obtain for him a situation which enables him to possess the object of his wishes. Another great advantage attendant on Lord Glenthorn's visit at Ormsby Villa, is that, from the attentions both of Devereux and his mistress, who have penetration enough to discover and elicit the natural good sense which forms the basis of his character, he begins to think well of his own abilities, which is a great step towards the improvement of them.

The Ennui, which again begins to steal upon him after the marriage of Lady Geraldine, is shortly after diverted by circumstances which, whatever length of quotation they may lead us into, we cannot be so unjust as not to detail in Miss Edgeworth's own words.

'I remember to have heard, in some prologue to a tragedy, that the title of pity and of love, whilst it overwhelms, fertilizes the soul. That it may deposit the seeds of fertilization, I believe; but sometime must elapse before they germinate: on the first retreating of the tide, the prospect is barren and desolate. I was absolutely inert, and almost imbecile for a considerable time, after the extraordinary stimulus, by which I had been actuated, was withdrawn. I was in this state of apathy, when the rebellion broke out in Ireland; nor was I roused in the least by the first news of the disturbances; the intelligence, however, so much alarmed my English servants, that, with one accord, they left me; nothing could persuade them to remain longer in Ireland. The parting with my English gentleman affected my lethargic selfishness a little. His loss would have been grievous to such a helpless being as I was, had not his place been immediately supplied by that half-witted Irishman, Joe Kelly, who had ingra-

liated himself with me by a mixture of drollery and simplicity, and by suffering himself to be continually my laughing stock, at the same time when, in imitation of Lady Geraldine, I thought it necessary to have a butt. I remember he first caught my notice by a strange answer to a very simple question. I asked, "What noise is that I hear?" "My lord," said he, "it is only the singing in my ears; I have had it these six months." This fellow, the son of a bricklayer, had originally been intended for a priest, and he went, as he told me, to the college of Maynooth, to study his *humanities*; but, unluckily, the charms of some Irish Heloise came between him and the altar. He lived in a cabin on love, till he was weary of his smoke-dried Heloise, and then thought it convenient to turn *serving-man*, as he could play on the flute, and brush a coat remarkably well, which he *learned* at Maynooth, by brushing the coats of his superiors. Though he was willing to be laughed at, Joe Kelly could in his turn laugh; and he now ridiculed, without mercy, the pusillanimity of the English *Renegadoes*, as he called the servants who had just left my service. He assured me that, to his knowledge, there was no manner of danger, *except a man preferred being afraid of his own shadow, which some did, rather than have nothing to talk of or enter into resolutions about, with some of the spirited men in the chair.*

'Unwilling to be disturbed, I readily believed all that lulled me into security. I would not be at the trouble of reading the public papers, and when they were read to me, I did not credit any paragraph that militated against my own opinion. Nothing could awaken me. I remember, one day lying yawning on my sofa, repeating to Mr. McLeod, who endeavoured to open my eyes to the situation of the country, "Pshaw, my dear sir; there is no danger, be assured;—none at all—not at all. For mercy's sake, talk to me of something diverting, if you would keep me awake; time enough to think of these things, when they come nearer to us."

'Evils that were not immediately near me, had no power to affect my imagination. My tenantry had not yet been contaminated by the epidemic infection, which broke out soon after with such violence, as to threaten the total destruction of all civil order. I had lived in England---I was unacquainted with the causes and the progress of the disease, and I had no notion of my danger; all I knew was, that some houses had been robbed of arms, and that there was a set of desperate wretches called *desfenders*; but I was *annoyed* only by the rout that was now made about them. Having been used to the regular course of justice, which prevailed in England, I was more shocked at the summary proceedings of my neighbours, than alarmed at the symptoms of insurrection. Whilst my mind was in this mood, I was provoked by the conduct of some of the violent party, which wounded my personal pride, and infringed upon my imagined consequence. My foster-brother's forge was searched for pikes, his house ran-

sacked, bed and bellows, as possible hiding places, were cut open; by accident, or from private malice, he received a shot in his arm, and, though not the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him, the party left him with a broken arm, and the consolation of not being sent to jail as a defender. Without making any allowance for the peculiar circumstances of my country, my indignation was excited in the extreme, by the injury done to my foster-brother; his sufferings, the tears of his mother, the taunts of Mr. now Captain Hardcastle, and the opposition made by his party, called forth all the faculties of my mind and body. The poor fellow, who was the subject of this contest, shewed the best disposition imaginable; he was excessively grateful to me for interesting myself to get him justice; but as soon as he found that parties ran high against me, he earnestly dissuaded me from persisting. "Let it drop an't please your honour; my lord, let it drop, and don't be making of yourself *inimies* for the likes of me. Sure, what signifies my arm, and, before the next assizes, shan't I be as well as ever, arm and all," continued he, trying to appear to move the arm without pain. "And there's the new bellows your honour has give me; it does my heart good to look at 'em, and it won't be long before I will be blowing them again as stout as ever; and so God bless your honour, my lord, and think no more about it—let it drop entirely, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble." "Ay, don't be bringing yourself into trouble, dear," added Elinor, who seem'd half-distracted between her feelings for her son, and her fears for me; "it's a shame to think of the way they've treated Christy—but there's no help now, and it's best not to be making bad worse: and so, as Christy says, let the thing drop, jewel, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble; you don't know the nature of them people, dear—you are *too innocent* for them entirely, and myself does not know the mischief they might do *yees*." "True for ye," pursued Christy; "I would n't for the best cow ever I see, that your honour ever larn't a sentence about me or my arm; and it is not for such as we to be minding every little accident—so God lend you long life, and don't be plaguing yourself to death; let it drop, and I'll sleep well the night, which I did not do the week, for thinking of all the trouble you got, and would get, God preserve ye." This generous fellow's eloquence produced an effect directly contrary to what was intended; both my feelings and my pride were now more warmly interested in his cause. I insisted upon his swearing examinations before Mr. M'Leod, who was a justice of the peace. Mr. M'Leod behaved with the utmost steadiness and impartiality; and in this trying moment, when "it was infamy to seem my friend," he defended my conduct calmly, but resolutely, in private and in public, and gave his unequivocal testimony, in few but decided words, in favour of my injured tenant. I should have respected Mr. M'Leod more, if I had not attributed this conduct to his desire of being returned for one of my

boroughs at the approaching election. He endeavoured, with persevering goodness, to convince me of the reality of the danger of the country. My eyes were, with much difficulty, forced open so far as to perceive, that it was necessary to take an active part in public affairs to vindicate my loyalty, and to do away the prejudices that were entertained against me; nor did my incredulity, as to the magnitude of the peril, prevent me from making exertions essential to the defence of my own character, if not to that of the nation. How few act from purely patriotic and rational motives! At all events, I acted, and acted with energy; and certainly, at this period of my life, I felt no ennui. Party-spirit is an effectual cure for ennui; and, perhaps, it is for this reason, that so many are addicted to its intemperance. All my passions were roused, and my mind and body kept in continual activity. I was either galloping, or haranguing, or pacing, or hoping, or fighting, and so long as it was said that I could not sleep in my bed, I slept remarkably well, and never had so good an appetite as when I was in hourly danger of having nothing to eat. *The rebels were up, and the rebels were down*, and Lord Glenthorn's spirited conduct in the chair, and indefatigable exertions in the field, were the theme of daily eulogium among my convivial companions, and immediate dependants. But, unfortunately, my sudden activity gained me no credit amongst the violent party of my neighbours, who persisted in their suspicions; and my reputation was now still more injured by the alternate charge of being a trimmer, or a traitor. Nay, I was further exposed to another danger, of which, from my ignorance of the country, I could not possibly be aware. The disaffected themselves, as I afterwards found, really believed that, as I had not begun by persecuting the poor, I must be a favourite of the rebels; and all that I did to bring the guilty to justice, they thought was only to give a colour to the thing, till the proper moment should come for my declaring myself. Of this absurd and perverse mode of judging, I had not the slightest conception; and I only laughed when it was hinted to me. My treating the matter so lightly confirmed suspicion on both sides. At this time all objects were so magnified and distorted by the mist of prejudice, that no inexperienced eye could judge of their real proportions; neither party could believe the simple truth, that my hardness to act arose from the habitual inertia of my mind and body.

• Whilst prepossessions were thus strong, the time, the important time, in Ireland the most important season of the year, the assizes, arrived. My foster-brother's cause, or as it was now generally called, Lord Glenthorn's cause, came on to be tried. I spared no expense, I spared no exertions: I feed the ablest counsel; and, not content with having them to be instructed by my attorney, I explained the affair to them myself with indefatigable zeal. One of the lawyers, whom I had seen, or by whom I had been seen, in my former inert state of existence, at some water-

ing-place in England, could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at my change of character : he could scarcely believe that I was the same Lord Glenethorn, of whose indolence and ennui he had formerly heard and seen so much. Alas ! all my activity, all my energy, on the present occasion, proved ineffectual. After a dreadful quantity of false swearing, the jury professed themselves satisfied ; and, without retiring from the box, acquitted the persons who had assaulted my foster-brother. The mortification of this legal defeat was not all that I had to endure ; the victorious party mobbed me, as I passed sometime afterwards through a neighbouring town, where Captain Hardcastle and his friends had been carousing. I was booted, and pelted, and narrowly escaped with life. I, who but a few months ago, had imagined myself possessed of nearly despotic power ; but opinions had changed, and, on opinion, almost all power is founded. No individual, unless he possesses uncommon eloquence, joined to personal intrepidity, can withstand the combination of numbers and the force of prejudice.

‘ Such was the result of my first public exertions ! yet I was now happier and better satisfied with myself than I had ever been before. I was not only conscious of having acted in a manly and generous manner ; but the alarms of the rebels, and of the French, and of the loyalists ; and the parading, and the galloping, and the quarrelling, and the continual agitation in which I was kept, whilst my character and life were at stake, relieved me effectually from the intolerable burden of ennui.’

‘ Unfortunately for me,’ says Lord Glenethorn after this relation, ‘ the rebellion in Ireland was soon quelled’ — *Ennui* resumes her empire. A second visit at Ormsby villa does any thing rather than dissipate it, as may be evident from the humorous account which he gives of a party formed for his entertainment to visit the lakes of Killarney.

‘ I was assured, however, by Lady Ormsby, that I could not help being enchanted with the lake of Killarney. The party was arranged by this lady, who, having the preceding summer seen me captivated by Lady Geraldine, and pitying my disappointment, had formed the obliging design of restoring my spirits and marrying me to one of her near relations. She calculated, that, as I had been charmed by Lady Geraldine’s vivacity, I must be enchanted with the fine spirits of Lady Jocunda Lawler. So far were the thoughts of marriage from my imagination, I only was sorry to find a young lady smuggled into our party, because I was afraid she would be troublesome : but I resolved to be quite passive upon all occasions where attentions to the fair sex are sometimes expected. My arm, or my hand, or my assistance in any manner, I was determined not to offer, the lounging indifference, which some fashionable young men affect towards ladies, I really felt ; and besides nobody minds unma-

ried ladies, this fashion was most convenient to my indolence. In my state of torpor I was not, however, long left in peace. Lady Jocunda was a high-bred romp, who made it a rule to say and do what she pleased. In a hundred different ways I was called upon to admire her charming spirits. I hated to be called upon to admire any thing. The rattling voice, loud laughter, flippancy, wit, and boiden gaiety of Lady Jocunda, disgusted me beyond expression. A thousand times on the journey I wished myself quietly asleep in my own castle. Arrived at Killarney, such blowing of horns, such boating, such seeing of prospects, such prosing of guides, all telling us what to admire; then such exclamations, and such clambering, I was walked and talked till I was half dead. I wished the rocks, and the hanging woods, and the glens, and the water-falls, and the myrtles, and the upper and lower lakes, and the islands of Mucrusa, and Muoruss abbey; and the purple mountain, and the eagle's nest, and the grand Turk, and the lights and the shades, and the echoes, and above all, the Lady Jocunda, fairly at the devil. A nobleman in the neighbourhood had the politeness to invite us to see a stag-hunt upon the water. The account of this diversion, which I had met with in my guide to the lakes*, promised well, I consented to stay another day: that day I really was revived by this spectacle, for it was new. The sublime and the beautiful had no charms for me: novelty is the only power that could waken me from my lethargy; perhaps there was in this spectacle something more than novelty. The Romans had recourse to shows of

* The stag is roused from the woods that skirt the Glenna mountain, in which there are many of these animals that run wild; the bottoms and sides of the mountains are covered with woods, and the declivities are so long and steep, that no horse could either make his way to the bottom, or climb these impracticable hills, it is impossible to follow the hunt either by land or on horse-back. The spectator enjoys the diversion on the lake, where the cry of hounds, the harmony of the horn, resounding from the hills on every side, the universal shouts of joy along the valleys and mountains, which are often lined with foot people, who come in vast numbers to partake and assist at the diversion, re-echo from hill to hill, and give the highest glee and satisfaction, that the imagination can conceive possible to arise from the chase; and perhaps can no where be enjoyed with that spirit and sublime elevation of soul, that a thorough-bred sportsman feels at a stag-hunt at Killarney. There is, however, one imminent danger which awaits him, that in his raptures and extasies he may forget himself, and jump out of the boat: when hotly pursued and weary with the constant difficulty of making his way with his ramified antlers through the woods, the stag, terrified by the cry of his open-mouthed pursuers, almost at his heels, now looks towards the lake as his last resource—then pauses and looks upwards: but the bills are insurmountable, and the woods refuse to shelter him: the hounds roar with redoubled fury at the sight of their victim—he plunges into the lake. He escapes but for a few minutes from one merciless enemy to fall into the hands of another: the shouting boatmen surround their victim, throw cords round his majestic antlers—he is haltered and dragged to shore; while the big tears roll down his face, and his heaving sides and panting flanks speak his agonies; the keen-searching knife drinks his blood, and savages exult at his expiring groan.

wild-beasts and gladiators to relieve their ennui. At all events, I was kept awake this whole morning, though I cannot say that I *felt in such extasies as to be in any imminent danger of jumping out of the boat.* Of our journey back to Killarney, I remember nothing but my being discomfited by Lady Jocunda's practical jests and overpowering gaiety. When she addressed herself to me, my answers were as constrained and concise as possible; and as I was afterwards told, I seemed at the close of my reply to each interrogative of her Ladyship's, to answer with Oden's prophetic, "*Now my weary lips I close, leave me, leave me, to repose:*" This she never did till we parted, and at that moment I believe my satisfaction appeared so visible, that Lady Ormsby gave up all hopes of me. Arrived at my own castle, I threw myself on my bed, quite exhausted. I took three hours additional sleep every day for a week, to recruit my strength, and rest my nerves, after all that I had been made to suffer by this young lady's prodigious animal spirits.'

The story now draws towards its denouement. Lord Glenthorn is advertised by an anonymous letter, of a design against his life, formed by a gang of united Irishmen; and, on enquiry, discovers that his valet, Joe Kelly, is one of the number. With admirable invention and presence of mind, and great personal courage, he contrives the means to take the traitors in their own snare. Among the rest (in consequence of a mistake, as is afterwards found) Owen, one of my Lord's foster-brothers, and son to his nurse Elinor, is apprehended. The poor mother, in an agony of tears and lamentation, implores Lord Glenthorn to commit the criminal act of conniving at his escape. He resists her entreaties with great difficulty, but positively.

'It is impossible: my good Elinor, urge me no farther: ask any thing else, and it shall be granted, but this is impossible.' As I spoke, I endeavoured to raise her from the ground; but, with the sudden force of angry despair, she resisted. 'No, you shall not raise me,' cried she. 'Here let me lie, and break my heart with your cruelty!—'Tis a judgment upon me—it's a judgment, and its fit I should feel it as I do. But you shall feel it too, in spite of your hard heart: yes, your heart is harder than the marble: you want the natural touch, you do: for your mother has knelt at your feet, and you have denied her prayer.' 'My mother!' 'and what was her prayer?' 'To save the life of your brother.'

The truth is come out. Lord Glenthorn is *the son* of his nurse, who imposed on his reputed parents, by substituting him for the real infant committed to her care. The *real* infant was no other than the blacksmith Christy, mentioned

in one of the preceding extracts. This discovery rouses the truly noble nature of the supposition: he makes restitution to the rightful heir, who, with true Irish gratitude and openness, would fain refuse, but can prevail upon his sense of justice no farther than to make him accept an annuity of 300*l.* out of his former estates. With this provision, he leaves Glenthorn castle, with a resolution to make his fortune by generous exertion. He repairs to London, enters of an inn at court, pursues his legal studies with unremitting earnestness, is called to the bar, returns to Ireland, and there very shortly distinguishes himself most honourably in his new profession. By great good luck, Miss Dolanere, the next heir to the Glenthorn estates, should Christy die without issue, is niece to Lord Y ———, the venerable friend and patron of our young lawyer. She is a lady possessed of every accomplishment which can render the marriage-state happy. Need we say more? She discovers equal accomplishments in the counsellor, and in process of time, the consent of her guardian, Lord Y. seals their union. Christy dies in a very few years, the victim of intemperance; and our hero again becomes the master of Glenthorn, without any of the ennui which had hitherto attached to the title.

The other tales, especially the three short ones contained in the second volume, we think of inferior merit to the first. However, 'manœuvring,' the subject of the third volume possesses many admirable traits of character and manners. The length of quotation, in which we indulged ourselves, from our favourite story, prevents us from saying any more concerning the others, than, that it is impossible for Miss Edgeworth to write what it does not afford us high pleasure to read.

ART. IX. *Marmion Travestied, a Tale of Modern Times.*
By Peter Pry, Esq. London 1804. Tegg, 8vo. pp.
277. Demy 9s. Royal 12s.

THE art of travesty or parody is one of very ancient date. Athenæus in his *Deipnosophists**, says, that it was invented by Hipponax; that it was much used by Epicharmus, by Cratinus and by Hegeman of Thasus. Athenæus also mentions Eubœus of Paros among the celebrated writers of parodies; and in his fourth book, p. 134, he has preserved what he calls an elegant account of an Athenian sup-

* Lib. XV. p. 698. Ed. Casaub. 1598.

per, in which the author, Matron, has travestied some of the verses of Homer. It begins,

Διπτα μοι ἐνέει μούσα πολυτροφα, καὶ μάλα πολλὰ
 Ἀ Ξυκολῆς ἔργω ἢ Ἀθηνῆαις διπνέσσω ἡμᾶς.

Aristophanes has travestied many verses in the works of the Grecian tragedians.

H. Stephens composed a particular treatise on the parodies of the antients, which was published in 1575. J. C. Scaliger has discussed the same subject in the first book of his *Poetics*. In the 7th volume of the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, we have an essay on the origin and character of parody. Domaisson has expatiated on this topic in the second volume of his *Princ. des Belles Lettres*. Par. 1785, and the curious reader may consult Fabricii *Bibliothec. Græc. lib. II. c. 7. § 2*. The Italians have some works of travesty, particularly the *Æneid* by Lalli, which made its appearance at Rome in 1615. But the practice has been more prevalent in France, where it seems better to accord with the frivolous genius of the people. Scarron travestied the *Æneid* in 1648, and many poets, both of antient and modern times, have shared the same fate. Even the tragedies of Racine have not escaped the profanation of the travesty-muse; for in 1667 his *Andromache* was parodied under the title of *La folle querelle*. Sa *Mem. Histor. sur la Chanson*, in the 1st vol. of the *Anthol. Franc.* The once far-famed play of the *Rehearsal*, which gave rise to the *Critic* of Mr. Sheridan, may be reckoned among the happy efforts of the English, in travesty or parody. The *Æneid* has been travestied by Cotton, and Homer has been sufficiently burlesqued. The object of travesty is to produce an agreeable contrast to the work which is travestied. Thus a grave and serious poem may be most successfully travestied into an airy and a gay; and the solemn dignity of the epopee may be rendered infinitely ludicrous by a lively and humorous parody. But as the tendency of travesty is to make what is great little, what is stately and magnificent vulgar and mean, to deform what is beautiful and often to compose a sort of heterogeneous mass of ridiculous absurdities, we cannot in general commend the usefulness or morality of the attempt. There are indeed some occasions in which it may be advantageously employed. It may be applied to exhibit in a striking light the false taste of an extravagant and inflated style, to expose monstrous absurdities and puerile conceit.

Whether the *Marmion* of Mr. Walter Scott be a poem which offered a proper subject for travesty, we shall leave it

to our readers to determine; but whatever may be the poetical merit of Mr. S. he has certainly no reason to complain of an indignity which had been previously offered both to Homer and to Virgil. The story which is here exhibited in the *contrast of resemblance* to that of Marmion, is no less than the well known history of Mrs. C——ke and a certain gallant duke, which lately engrossed so much of the public attention. The travesty is composed in the same stanza as the grand epic ballad of Mr. Scott. It is contained in six cantos, to which are prefixed six introductions: to Sir F—S B—RD—TT; to R—DS—N, Esq.; to Major H—NG—R; to Sir D—D D—ND—S; to the RT. Hon. S—R P—L; to Lord ELL—OUGH.

The first canto is entitled 'GLOUCESTER PALACE;' and opens in the following manner, when the Marmion of the piece, P—E F—C, makes his first appearance, in a style, well worthy the chivalry of modern love:

' Night threw her veil o'er Cupid's seat,
Fam'd Gloucester-Palace—love's retreat,
And Portman's-Square so green;
Now Paddington and Dorset-Street
(The brothels where both sexes meet,)
And tumble beds, all soft and sweet,
In darkness lie unseen;
The watchmen, at Aurora's peep,
Dawling, "Past four," while half asleep,
Like lazy sluggards yawn;
Their lanterns to each door they raise
Which, with a farthing rush-light blaze,
Reflect the morning's dawn.

' In microscopic view, the trees
Ascend expanding by degrees
Their foliage more and more.
The matin light afforded means,
Of thus disclosing all those scenes,
Which were obscured before.
The servants from their chambers start,
They quick prepare each room;
And taking now an active part,
To show his skill and wond'rous art;
The porter with his broom
Sweeps out the passage and anon,
Hums, *Molly put the kettle on.*

' The chamber bell he ringing hears,
He looks around, and soon appears
One of his lady's dearest dears,
Just risen out of bed.—

A soldier-lover too, I wist,
 Who held a paper which he kiss'd ;
 Then of *promotion a long list*
 With great attention read :
 But having stoop'd, he unawares
 From hinder part, upon the stairs,
 A trumpet loudly blew ;
 The porter being rous'd withal,
 Now warn'd his lady in the hall :
 For well the *blast* he knew ;
 Then quickly did that lady call,
 The house-maid, cook, and servants all :

' Get ready breakfast, let me see
 Some toast that's nice and brown ;
 Some new laid eggs prepare for me,
 Plump and spermatie let them be,
 The chariot bring, with ease and glee,
 'Tis fit that we leave town ;
 Let Carter wait, and thrum on flute,
 The Yorkshire-march a fit salute,
 For lovey coming down.
 In their obedience so precise,
 Sped two maid-servants neat :
 The cloth was laid now in a trice,
 Eggs brought by Mary-Ann's advice,
 And toast that was both brown and nice
 The breakfast made complete.

' Along the hall P——e F——c trod,
 Appearing like a demi-god ;
 Loose did his morning wrapper flow ;
 Well, by his visage, you might know
 He was a lover smart and keen,
 And had in many a chamber been ;
 The smile upon his face express'd
 That Cupid triumph'd in his breast,
 His looks of love and eye of fire
 Betokened amorous desire ;
 But prudence still his actions sway'd,
 He kiss'd—but then he never paid.
 His breeches, evermore were bare,
 In vain they're ransack'd by the fair ;
 No cash, nor even notes are there ;
 Perhaps nor ever since—
 His empty pockets, always scant,
 Show'd he was not extravagant,
 But, in the night, a gay gallant,
 At day, a prudent P——e.

' Quite smart was he from top to toe,
 In looks, and dress a modern beau—

And his white hand, which oft he laid
Upon his throbbing heart display'd
A diamond ring—where, full of art,
A Cupid play'd a wanton part,
With bow prepar'd, and piercing dart:
E'en such a Cupid—who, to win
Compassion, cries *Pray let me in.*
The gay device, too, bore above
These words—"THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE."
White was the wrapper he did wear,
White ribbons deck'd it here and there;
The waistcoat, lovely to behold,
Was satin white, and trimm'd with gold.'

The liveried retinue of Mrs. C—ke, and the homiage
which was paid to the prince on his arrival at 'Gloucester
seat,' are thus described :

' A train of servants too there were,
All in rich liveries clad ;
And every man-cook that was there
Each day a guinea had.
To welcome this their royal guest,
The maids were ready found ;
For when the Prince the mansion blest
He spread good humour round :
" Welcome, brave Prince, to Glo'ster-seat,
Stout heart and open hand !
Well dost thou please our mistress sweet,
Thou flower of English land !'

The breakfast table is set out in great style, and F—e
F—c is

' — plac'd erect in grandest chair,
The ladies at each side :
Caress'd he was by all the fair,
And Mrs. C——e thus cried,
" Dear Mrs. F——y, I beg
You'll hand the toast about
And give my dearest man an egg,
I wish him to get stout :
For he is kind, there's none more so,
The kindest e'er I saw ;
And this to prove, you all must know
The case of Major Sh—we :
By my solicitation, he
Did his request obtain ;
Five hundred pounds were due to me,
For which I ask'd in vain.
But when I told my sweet of this,
His love he did display ;

For he that acted so amiss,
 Was put upon half-pay.
 Go Mrs. F—v—y, request,
 And tell the cook I'll have
 That little pig for dinner drest,
 Which Colonel S—nd—n gave.”
 ‘The toast was handed by the maid,
 The golden egg-cups brought,
 And on the table too, she laid
 Some napkins, as she ought.
 The mistress now began t’entreat,
 That he would nothing spare,
 But that his breakfast he would eat,
 As if he lik’d his fare.
 Now SAM came with his flute, and soon
 He play’d thereon a fav’rite tune.

“ Ah! sure a pair were never seen,
 So justly form’d to meet by nature;
 The youth excelling so in mien,
 The fair in every grace and feature!
 Oh! how happy to inherit
 At once such beauty and such merit;
 For surely she
 Was made for thee,
 And thou to bless this lovely creature.”

After the Marmion of the 19th century had been thus regaled with toast and eggs, with tea and music, Mrs. C—ke thinking that her lover was put into good humour by this varied treat, gives him a recital of her expenses and her debts, and concludes,

“ For thee my passion has no bounds,
 As every one may learn;
 Pray let me have a thousand pounds”—
 The prince’s brow grew stern.’

A little irritation now ensues; Mrs. C—ke takes the duke under the arm, and ‘chuck’d his chin the while’, when she rallies him upon his excessive fondness for the duchess, and he in his turn makes an arch allusion to Mr. D—wl—r.

‘ For Mary Ann
 Was said to love this gentleman.’

But Mary Ann was not to be vanquished in the war of words, and her luminous rejoinders soon dispel the lowering shades from the D—’s visage, who says with infinite complacency,

'Nay, though this William you approve,
I am not jealous, no my love;
So far from that, my dear, I'll make
Him commissariat for your sake.'

Some trusty friend was to be appointed to go to Mr.
D—wl—r, to 'tell him what he needs must do;' to

'Hint what in *public* he should say,
And what in *private* he should pay.'

After much hesitation, Mrs. F—v—ry suggests that the proper person to employ on this delicate business is a

'Doctor of great fame,
Who has an O before his name.

'A *wou'd-be* father he in God!—
For to a *mitre* he laid claim
A bishoprick was all his aim,
And which he would have had, we know,
But *crooked* letter tho' so *round*!
Because it had an Irish sound,
He lost it through his name with O
Then I advise you, let him see
'Twere best begin his name with P.
Pliant in pimping like an osier,
He thus may yet obtain the crossier.'

The doctor himself soon after shews his solemn face, and makes a very reverend appearance.

'In a new suit too, was he clad
Of black, and a large wig he had,
Which cover'd all his pate;
His looks did not his heart betray,
For he endeavour'd to display
A countenance sedate.
His hat was cock'd en clerical,
And fitted to a miracle;
A head, whose rotund form belied
The temperance of churchman's pride.
The cravat round his neck he wore,
Was tied with wondrous art before;
In short his *tout ensemble* prov'd,
That what was good, he dearly lov'd.'

The subject of canto II. is Miss Taylor's boarding-school at Chelsea; which is depicted with all the minute particularity of the Dutch school; and with as much nicety of detail as Mr. Walter Scott would display in portraying the costume, the armour, the habiliments, and heraldry of yore. The

scene opens with the Miss T—rs and their young ladies proceeding in a boat,

‘ From Westminster’s cloister’d pile
Making for Chelsea all the while.’

The miniature-painting of Peter Pindar, as well as of Walter Scott, is well preserved in the following :

‘ ’Twas droll to see these little fools,
Free now from school, from rigid rules
Like birds let loose from cage.
How many and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view
Their wonderment engage
One ey’d the boat and all therein,
With many a remark most shrewd ;
One at the waterman did grin,
As he tobacco chew’d.
Then laugh’d out loud---a hearty roar,
If water thrown up by the oar ;
Herself or neighbour dew’d ;
And one her tippet now would close,
For fear the breeze might aught expose ;
Perhaps the waterman’s rude eye,
Her pretty little breast might spy,
Perhaps, because the action grac’d
Her fair turn’d arm and pretty waist---
Light was each boom---without care
Save two, who ill might pleasure share
The mistress and the teacher there.’

The two Miss T—l—rs are then depicted with great apparent minuteness of resemblance. Next follows the boarding school, which is thus hung up to view in the page of Mr. Peter Pry :

‘ The Boarding School was neat and plain,
And but four rooms did it contain ;
Some tester beds were here and there,
Arrang’d along the garret, where
The little ones repos’d :
The room for school, altho’ but small,
Was still the largest of them all
As may be well suppos’d.
Upon the wainscot was display’d
The needle work of ev’ry maid ;
And some, which carefully were framed
Attention very justly claimed ;
The subjects various ; some, I wot,
From Thompson’s Seasons had been got ;

Others from Scripture---for, behold!
 Susannah with the Elders bold,
 And Moses in a bush on fire,
 And Isaac kneeling 'fore his sire,
 In every corner on the ground,
 A *Dyke* or *Entick* might be found,
 For young beginners, there's no doubt,
 Oft throw their spelling books about.
 Some toys on every seat were left
 And dolls, of hands or legs bereft;
 Yet still the school unrivall'd stood,
 For every girl was good.'

The coal-hole belonging to this seminary of education was called the 'Place of Penitence,' where the young ladies were confined who offended against the rigid discipline of the school. Into this dark hole, which

' Was visited by rats,
 A place of courtship eke for cats ;'

the tender passion impelled the adventurous Mr. Sam C—r to force his way, in order to obtain a stolen interview with one of Miss T—r's pupils, of whom the author says that,

' Naughty on purpose was this fair,
 And order'd to be lock'd up there.'

But the fond pair are unhappily discovered by the vigilance of the governess; and Mr. Sam C—r, who makes a very eloquent attempt to exculpate himself, is sent away, while Miss was ordered up stairs to undergo the punishment which certain great doctors still think an essential ingredient in the process of intellectual instruction.

In the third canto we find prince F—c at the Castle inn, at Brighton, where, in a public company at supper, a stranger fixes on the duke his 'austere, forbidding phiz,' which almost petrifies the company. But squire G—w—d, endeavours to dispel the sensations of gloom by a song, the tendency of which is to teach the duke to

' Forget Mrs. C—e,
 For Mrs. C—y ;'

' Then no longer repair
 To the vain Mary ;
 There are others as fair,
 Yes Mrs. C—y.'

The duke begins to feel some pangs of regret, or some sensations of apprehension on account of his connection with Mrs.

C—e, and for the traffic in which he is supposed to have permitted her to engage. The landlord tells a story in point about a publican. Prince F—c retires with his friend to drink 'one bottle more' in a private room :

'Uninterrupted there to be
Where they might argue and be free,
And talk now all those subjects o'er
Which they had touch'd upon before,
'Bout Mrs. C—y, Mrs. C—e,
Without a stranger's rude remark.'

Prince F—c now gives his friends this sage piece of advice :

'Take care, my worthy friends, take care,
For now I know the danger well,---
Ne'er to confide in any fair,
For tho' they fondle, vow and swear,
Yet they may secrets tell.
My word and honor here I give,
If I with Mrs. C—y live,
I'll not be wheedled and cajol'd,
Nor shall she my concerns be told;
For love should be a private scene
And not with business intervene.
Oh, shame! they're fools---if fools there be
Who are too credulous and free;
Who listen when a lady speaks,
And gives her every thing she seeks.'
'This said, he the postilion sought,
And left the inn as quick as thought.'

The fourth canto is entitled the 'War Office,' in which Mr. A— is sent to Mrs. C—e, whom he treats with very little ceremony; but Mary Anne says,

'Kind Northern sir, you need not chide;
But spite of all you think or say,
A man should for his kisses pay;
So tell my loving, faithful dear,
FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS I ask a year.'

Squire G—w—d warmly advocates the cause of Mrs. C—y. The '*Ambassador of Morocco*' makes his appearance, and relates the story of the Hampstead Baker. Prince F—c sets out to pay his dutiful respects at Windsor; 'where he had not been for many a day.'

In the fifth canto, Prince F—c, after reviewing the soldiers in Hyde park, proceeds to the house of squire G—d, where

'Refreshment's brought and good old wine.'

We next find the hero of the piece following his trusty squire to the house of Mrs. C—y, who plays upon the harp a song called 'the Bishop.' F—c cannot resist the lure which is thrown out for him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Sir D—d, who says,

'No longer to a mistress trust,
They're all deceitful and unjust.'

From the revels at Mrs. C—y's the author passes to poor Mary Ann, who now forsaken and forlorn, reveals her secrets to the stranger, whose appearance had made such a strong impression on the P— at the Castle inn. The stranger who now takes the name of GWYLLYM LLOYD, brings the business forward in parliament, and the investigation as well as the result are described with less humorous effect than some of the preceding parts. The sixth and last canto is entitled the *CONTEST*. Here Mr. Gwyllym Ll—yd appears the dupe of Mary Ann and of Mr. W—ght, the upholsterer. This adventure is succeeded by a speech of the colonel on public economy. Mrs. C—e now commences her memoirs. When they are finished she proceeds to a celebrated publisher with the MSS. The interview with Sir R—d Ph—ps is then described.

The work is advertised; F—c is enraged, confounded, and alarmed. A council is held. Promises and threats are alternately employed to suppress the publication.

'And where's Sir R——d Ph—ll—ps now?
At dinner! with his wife, I trow---
Eating fruit pies---his usual treat,
The which his lady makes so sweet---
It was for this he took her hand
As biographers understand,
And married her in haste.
He never touches butcher's meat---
Can only vegetables eat
And lady P——p's paste.
Though at a lord-mayor's dinner, he
With savory dishes ne'er made free---
For those he must not taste---
He from the meeting now kept clear,
Nor saw he Mrs. C——e for fear
Her counsellor he might appear;
For tho' the contest he began
By thus advising Mary Ann,
Still he'd be thought no party man:
A friend to both sides did he seem
In hopes of all to win th'esteem;

And yet, in fact, his only care
Was to befriend th' unhappy fair.'

P—— F——c and his sage counsellors are at last brought to comply with the exactions of Mrs. C——e; the agreement is signed, and a bon-fire is made of the two volumes, which

'Produc'd some game,
And made a lady of the dame.'

'A bottle now P—— F——c took
When told the *finis* of the book---
Is every morsel burn'd? he cried,
Then all my fears may now subside.'

The P——, concludes by invoking sweet vengeance on the head of W——le.—Part of this vengeance has been already executed for the P——e, by Mr. W——lt, the upholsterer, and the author closes his work with some pertinent remarks on the indiscretion of the Colonel in attacking the veracity of Mrs. C——e.

Of this performance the two first cantos are executed with most humour and sprightliness; but the whole is rendered so far interesting and diverting, that it will probably induce most persons who take it up to read it through.

ART. X.—*The History of Canine Madness and Hydrophobia: with the Methods of Treatment, Ancient and Modern.* By George Lipscomb, M. D. &c. &c. &c. 8vo. Budd, 1809.

THE object of this volume we presume to be, to inform that portion of the public who please to peruse it, or at least to read the title-page, that the *ci-devant* Mr. Lipscomb, the strenuous anti-vaccinist and coadjutor of the respectable phalanx of Moseley, Birch, &c. is elevated to the title of George Lipscomb, M. D. Most undoubtedly, if quoting an abundance of medical works, and speaking in a dictatorial tone of the most ridiculous self-importance, entitle a man to professional elevation, Doctor Lipscomb amply merits his new-blown honours. We must confess, also, that the doctor's style is copious, florid, and unembarrassed; he has words at will, and those well marshalled, and both in sound and signification sufficiently commanding. But further than this we cannot go. A more meagre production as to facts, or one more destitute of originality as to doctrines or opinions, it has seldom fallen to our lot to meet with.

That we may not be accused of precipitation, we will leap at once to the last chapter of the book, containing "The Author's practice." In this we are presented with the very *novel* advice, that a bitten part should be immediately destroyed, either by the kulse or the caustic; nor should the operator

'Desist, until he has completely destroyed the organization of the bitten part, and the surfaces which the poison has touched. Destruction is the object in view, and until it has been fully accomplished, *nothing* is done.'

The advice is excellent certainly, and we have extracted it to give it more currency, if possible, than it already possesses. But as it is already in the mouth of every surgeon, what a strange *cacoethes scribendi* must possess the man who thinks it right to preface it by a book!

However, this is not all that we are taught by the "Author's own Practice."

'Lest,' he goes on to tell us, 'any particle of the virus should have been absorbed, mercurial ointment by friction in such a manner as to penetrate into, and *completely pervade* the lymphatic system, should also be used. For this purpose, inunction performed boldly and copiously, will be found most effectual. It is totally useless to employ the ointment in the accustomed manner, in very small quantities, at distant intervals.'

In a word, the patient is to be salivated with all speed, to *prevent* the access of hydrophobia. But what facts or what analogies are there to support such a practice? It does not seem certain that even syphilitic symptoms can be prevented by a mercurial course, though commonly it is an absolute specific for the disease. Mercury has been said, in the language of Mr. Hunter, to cure the action, but to have no effect on the disposition; which is saying, in plain language, that it is no preventive. Nor has any one of the numerous morbid poisons, which infect the present established and diseased race of men, any preventive antidote. We do not know that any, but the syphilitic poison, admits of any remedy even after the actions of disease have commenced. They all go through their course, and, if the patient survives, the diseased actions gradually cease, and health is restored. But the hydrophobic poison has hitherto, in spite of the boastful pretensions of Charlatans, regular or irregular, proved uniformly fatal: nor have we a tittle of evidence, that even a mercurial course can prevent the access of the symptoms, more than the exploded sea-bathing, or the inert placebo, called the Ormskirk medicine. We regard therefore this specimen of

"the Author's own Practice," not merely as nugatory, but as mischievous; as subjecting the sufferer to what may be termed a most severe disease, to answer no good purpose whatever.

The practice, to which the unfortunate patient is to submit, when the disease has appeared, is the very same, as the pretended preventive method. He is to be salivated with all speed. Luckily for the poor distressed object, death so speedily comes to his relief, that all the activity of his doctors can add very little to his sufferings. But nothing can rest on a more feeble foundation than this pretended anti-hydrophobic power of mercury. It has been tried so often, and has so often failed, that it requires no ordinary powers of face to uphold its power. If any thing can tend to confirm us in our incredulity, it is to find its efficacy maintained by such advocates as Dr. Moseley, and *Doctor Lipscomb*.

Many persons, the *doctor* asserts, have come under his care; and it was originally his

* Intention to have inserted a list of patients, in whom either the symptoms of rabies itself, or of the venom being absorbed, have afforded the strongest conviction of the efficacy of the practice inculcated; but delicacy forbade it. Scepticism, either real or pretended, has too often prompted to personal enquiries, highly indecorous and distressing. I will not, therefore, expose the feelings of any one to the curiosity of the indelicate or impertinent.

Amiable and considerate sensibility! But we should have thought that the author's patriotic feelings might have overcome these coy and delicate scruples. It is not, however, the first time that the doctor has shewn himself shy in his proofs. If we are rightly informed, when requested to attend the college of physicians, to give his reasons for his opposition to vaccination, *delicacy* restrained him from appearing. In other words, he shrunk from the scrutinizing eye of men of honour, sense and science.

———— Spargere voces

In vulgum ambiguas

Seems to be a task more suited to his abilities, and more congenial with the frame of his mind.

The real contents of this volume our readers are now in possession of. We will put them in possession of a specimen of our author's erudition, both classical and medical.

We meet in the first pages with a crowd of quotations from classical authors, to prove points which require no proof at all. At p. 6, a dozen authorities are produced, to shew that the word *rabies* signifies anger. Juvenal we find quoted in

the following terms: *Juvenalis*, Sat. vi. *lib.* 2, l. 648, and that we may not impute this division to a printer's blunder, we have immediately following—*ibid.* Sat. xv. *lib.* v. l. 126. We may take for granted then, that the doctor never read a page of *Juvenal* in his life.

Now for the doctor's medical learning. He says,

‘*Boerhaave* mentions that the infection in some cases, has been said to be twenty years before it produced its effects on the system. This, probably, was copied from *Morgagni*.’

Unfortunately for this conjecture, poor *Boerhaave* was dead and gone before *Morgagni*'s great work was in existence. Why will not half-lettered and half-educated men, (the mongrels of literature, as we have heard them called) content themselves with quoting from the bottom of the page, without venturing upon conjectures of their own? The truth seems to be, that *Morgagni* either quoted in this place *Boerhaave*'s commentator, *Van Swieten*; or that both took the tale from the same source, the German *Ephemerides*, where it is to be found on the authority of *Schmidius*. We do not say that the doctor has not read even the very epistle of *Morgagni* which he affects to quote, though both the aphorisms of *Boerhaave*, and the observations of his commentator, are referred to in it: We do not say this, since reading and reasoning are not necessarily connected, and we see that some of the hard names, with which he has adorned his pages, are extracted from this epistle. If we may credit old *Gaspar á Reios*, the hydrophobic poison has been latent even forty years.

We will present our readers with what we deem the best passage of the work. It is a recent narrative taken from a provincial paper. The facts deserve to be recorded.

‘A hound, supposed to be mad, passed through my father's garden, skirmishing, as he passed, with several of my father's dogs, and with my spaniel; the former were all destroyed, but as I was not convinced that the hound was mad, I did not destroy the spaniel; and, as he had been wormed when a puppy, and had overtaken the hound, and had a second bite with him, I was confirmed in my opinion that there was no danger, from the general notion that dogs in health will not pursue a mad dog. I came up during this battle, and separated the dogs, when the hound snapped at me, and went off, and I could never get any subsequent intelligence of him. This was in the month of August. About three weeks after I went to the river to shoot wild fowls, taking the spaniel with me, but soon observed that he would not go into the water, as usual; and when driven in a little way, he soon returned, shivering, and I could not make him go in again. I had with me a young pointer, which the

spaniel made up to, on his return from the water; turned him on his back, and bit him several times. The next day, as the groom was trimming my horse, the spaniel came out of the stable, jumped up to the horse's lip, and left slight marks of his teeth, but which appeared like two mere scratches. Both dogs were confined. The spaniel daily got worse. About the fourth or fifth day, he got loose, with his chain on, went into the kitchen, and lay under the tables while the servants were at dinner. He did not molest any one, nor at all incline, like dogs that are not wormed, to run away, and snap indiscriminately, at every thing they pass; but, on being taken back, and fastened up, near the stable, he lay and bit the straw, refused food, and sprang from water, as if it would scald him. In a few days he died.

'The young pointer had all the symptoms of the malady usually described. Being convinced that he was perfectly mad, he was shot with a pistol.

'The horse was sent to an eminent farrier, who burnt the bitten part of the lip, and gave him the Ormekirk medicine. I drove him two or three months in a curricie, but observed that he continually rubbed his lip on the manger. At length, I found that he had imbibed the fatal poison. The time which had elapsed from the day he was bitten, till that when he was taken mad, was exactly six months and a fortnight. As his recovery was evidently impossible, I soon had him killed !!'

ART. XI.—*An Examination of Mr. Marsh's Hypothesis respecting the Origin of our three first Canonical Gospels: including an Attempt to explain the Phenomena observable in these Gospels by a new Hypothesis. By Daniel Veysie, B. D. Rector of Plymtree, Devon; and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, Rivington, 1808. pp. 109.*

IN this candid, liberal and well-digested pamphlet, Mr. Veysie argues, that the statement which Dr. Marsh has given of the phenomena observable in the three first gospels is inaccurate and incomplete; that his hypothesis will not account for all the phenomena, when more fully detailed; and, that another hypothesis will furnish a better solution.—If only a single document existed, to which the three evangelists were indebted for all the matters which they have in common, and if this document were, according to the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh, composed from the collective information, and ratified by the united authority of the apostles, the credibility and the sanction which it would have possessed, must have been so much superior to that which public opi-

tion would have ascribed to the production of any individual apostle, and much more of any other person less acquainted with the facts, or less honoured with the intercourse of Jesus, that we cannot make up our minds to account for its primary neglect, and its subsequent destruction. Its silent extinction, which seems to have excited no regret in the faithful, and no counteracting effort in the votaries of the doctrine, is a strong presumptive proof that it never existed. If it existed, it must have been regarded by the first Christians, with a high degree of confidence and veneration. But, how, according to the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh, was this veneration manifested?—by the unanimous, the deliberate and unresisted destruction of the document. Is this probable? considering the natural constitution of the human mind, is it possible? Had the first Christians so little regard for those immediate disciples of Jesus, and who, next to him, deserved their most profound reverence, and most affectionate esteem, as to suffer a document composed by their united labours, and written at a period when all the facts and doctrines were fresh in their memories, to perish without one effort to preserve it from oblivion? Instead of this highly authoritative, and, in every respect, credible and interesting document, would the Christian community have substituted three other narratives, of which all were written many years after the events which they record, and two of which, at least, were confessedly compiled by persons who were not in the number of the apostles. Is it common for men on such occasions to postpone the greater authority to the less? Is it usual for them to destroy a deed of the highest value, in order to give currency to one of subordinate importance? Did our ancestors commit magna charta to the flames or suffer every copy of it to be destroyed by the worm, or the mildew, after they had obtained the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, or the Act of Settlement?

It is not enough for Dr. Marsh to say, that the substance of this original apostolical document was incorporated in three other relations, and therefore, that the preservation of the original was no longer a matter of importance. For, in the first place, supposing the substance of this document to be actually incorporated in the three first gospels,—this incorporation does not appear to render the preservation of the document itself superfluous: for can the authority or the testimony of Matthew, of Mark, and Luke, either individually or conjointly, be reckoned a satisfactory substitute or a reasonable equivalent for that of the twelve apostles? Though this document of the twelve apostles might not have contained such a copious account of the discourses, or such numerous

details of the miracles of Jesus, as the more minute relations of Matthew, of Mark, and Luke: yet, who does not prefer an original to a compilation? Who would not have placed a much higher value on the most brief and compendious account of the doctrine, and the miracles of Jesus, under the hand and seal of the twelve apostles, than on the most diffuse and circumstantial accounts of any other writers of inferior credibility? Does Dr. Marsh, or do any of the converts to his theory, think that, if Jesus himself had written any epitome of his own life and doctrine, the preservation of it would have been esteemed superfluous, or of no moment, because a more copious history had been composed by some of his followers, at the expiration of from thirty to fifty or sixty years after his death? But a document which would deserve the next degree of credence, to one written by Jesus himself, would be a narrative composed by his apostles, or his personal friends and associates, who heard his teaching and saw his miracles.—Such a document Dr. Marsh supposes to have existed; but, strange to tell, he supposes the neglect or the impiety of the first Christians to have been such, as to have strangled it in its birth; or to have suffered three persons named Matthew, Mark and Luke, to consign it to the grave of oblivion, without one sigh of regret for its loss, or one grateful effort to preserve even the memory of so inestimable a gift.

From what we have said above, it will be seen that we consider the existence of any such document as Dr. Marsh supposes, to have been highly improbable; and the reader, who will consult this very able tract of Mr. Veysie, will find that the hypothesis of the Margaret professor is very unsatisfactory, as it will not account for the phenomena, of which Dr. Marsh seems to have had the vanity to think, that it furnished the only possible explanation.

If a document of such high and, indeed, unrivalled authority, as Dr. Marsh supposes, did exist, and was possessed by Matthew, by Mark, and Luke, how came they in the relations of some of the same facts (which, according to Dr. Marsh, existed in the document) to differ so materially from each other, and consequently from the document? For, if a document did exist which had received the sanction of the twelve apostles, we cannot believe that either Matthew, Mark, or Luke would have paid so little deference to their united authority as to alter their statements, or in any respect to contradict their testimony. Mr. Veysie has put this in a strong light. Let us hear what he says on the subject:—

‘There occur,’ says he, ‘in the gospel, incongruities and

Apparent contradictions, which in the opinion of the best critics form a strong objection against the supposition that the Evangelists copied from each other's gospels: and in my judgment they form an objection no less strong against the supposition that they all copied from one and the same document. For if, as Mr. Marsh's hypothesis requires, they all adhered to their document, no difference could have arisen between them; but they would all have agreed in relating the same thing in the same manner, as much as they must have done, if they had copied from each other. If, in order to avoid this difficulty, it be supposed that they did not all adhere to their document, but that occasionally some one (or more) of them gave a different representation of some fact either from his own knowledge or from information derived from another source; this appears to sap the very foundation of the edifice: for in this case what becomes of the authority of the document? and, how can all three Evangelists be said to have derived from it alone all the matter which they have in common?

We shall now quote, for the satisfaction of the reader, the new hypothesis which Mr. Veysie has set up in opposition to that of Dr. Marsh; and which he endeavours to erect on the basis of a plurality of documents.

The apostles, both in their public preaching, and in their private conversations, were doubtless accustomed frequently to instruct and improve their hearers by the recital of some action or discourse of our blessed Saviour. And many pious Christians, unwilling to trust to memory alone for the preservation of these valuable communications respecting their Redeemer, were induced to commit to writing the preaching of the apostles while it was fresh in their memory. And thus at a very early period, before any of our canonical gospels were written, believers were in possession of many narratives of detached parts of the history of Jesus. And because the apostles were accustomed to preach to the inhabitants of Judea in Hebrew, and to the inhabitants of other countries in the language or dialect of their respective countries, and perhaps most commonly in Greek, hence these narratives were drawn up, some in the Hebrew language, and others in Greek. Of the Hebrew narratives, the most important were soon translated into Greek, for the benefit of the Greek Christians, to whom they were unintelligible in the original, and vice versa. But these narratives, whether original or translated, coming from the hands of plain unlettered men, were simple and unadorned, not remarkable for either purity or elegance.

In process of time, when these communications from the apostles were multiplied, it became the wish of many persons to collect them into a body, and to arrange them in due order. And this was the occasion of those attempts of which St. Luke

speaks in his preface: attempts to compile an orderly narrative of the transactions of Christ from materials furnished by those who had been eye-witnesses of his actions, and attendants upon his person. But since this was a work for which very few were properly qualified, it was doubtless for the most part very imperfectly performed. Among many well authenticated narratives which had gone abroad, there were probably some of doubtful authority, and others not intirely free from suspicion of error. To select therefore out of the mass of materials such pieces as were credible, and adapted to the exigencies of the church; to make the necessary alterations and additions; and to digest and arrange the whole in a proper manner, required a person, possessed of ample means of information, and of a disposition to use these means with industry and fidelity; and acting withal under the direction of the Spirit of God, to preserve him from essential error.

Of the three first evangelists, Matthew alone was an eye-witness; and therefore he alone could write from a personal knowledge of the facts which he recorded. But even he judged it not expedient to draw altogether from his own stores; but to set the seal of an apostle to writings already extant in a more public and permanent manner than had hitherto been done. Accordingly he inserted in his gospel many narratives, which had been drawn up by others from his own preaching and that of the other apostles, amending and enlarging as he saw expedient, and interweaving such additional facts and discourses as the Holy Ghost brought to his remembrance. He intended his gospel for the use of believers of his own nation: he therefore wrote in his native language, commonly known by the name of Hebrew. Being more solicitous about things than words, he used his Hebrew narratives with no other alteration of the expression than the circumstances of the case required; and he gave a literal translation of his Greek documents, or used some literal version of them already made.

He arranged his facts for the most part in chronological order: but as he wrote for the use of the Hebrew Christians, who were in danger from the doctrines and morals of the Pharisees, our Lord's greatest enemies; in one portion of his gospel, namely, from the latter end of the fourth chapter to the beginning of the fourteenth, which is appropriated to an exposition of the doctrine and a vindication of the person and character of his divine Master, he departed from a chronological arrangement, and adopted an order more subservient to his principal design. He has not given in detail the acts of our Lord's ministry during his journey from Galilee to the country beyond Jordan: but, being in possession of documents relating to them, he occasionally inserted them in other parts of his gospel, whenever a fit opportunity offered; either for the sake of the instruction which they contained; or that he might give a collected view of our Lord's doctrine upon any particular subject.

A written gospel then became necessary, when the church was about to be deprived of the personal teaching of the apostles: accordingly, we find that St. Matthew wrote his gospel, for the use of the believers in Judea, when he was about to leave them in order to go to other people *, perhaps, agreeably to the testimony of Irenæus †, about the year 61 or 62.

St. Mark had no knowledge of St. Matthew's gospel: for before its publication he had accompanied St. Peter to Rome, taking with him the materials which he had collected for a Life of Christ; of which the greater part was the same as St. Matthew had used. As he intended his gospel for the use of the Gentiles, he omitted many things which more immediately concerned the Jews; and inserted occasionally explanations of Jewish customs and names. He added various circumstances relating to the facts which he recorded, the knowledge of which he probably acquired from St. Peter. He has not recorded the acts of our Lord's ministry during his journey from Galilee to the country beyond Jordan, nor has he inserted any of them in any other part of his gospel. He published his gospel at Rome for the benefit of the believers there, at no great distance of time from the publication of St. Matthew's gospel in Judea.

About the same time, whether before or after is not certain, St. Luke, in another part of the Roman empire, was moved, as he himself informs us, by the attempts of many, who had undertaken to give a regular narrative of the acts of Christ, to engage in the same work; for which his constant attendance upon St. Paul had eminently qualified him. The materials which he employed were many of them the same as had been used by the other evangelists; but some of the narratives had been drawn up by different persons, and perhaps from the preaching of other apostles. And being diligent in his enquiries and researches, he was enabled to add greatly to the number. We have from this evangelist an account of the acts and discourses of our Lord, during the time which elapsed between his preparation to leave Galilee and his last journey to Jerusalem from the country beyond Jordan. This occupies a large portion of his gospel: namely, ch. ix. 51—xviii. 14.

Both St. Mark and St. Luke wrote in Greek. But, St. Mark being a plain unlettered man, and but meanly skilled in the Greek language, was for the most part satisfied with the very words of his Greek documents, and with giving a literal version of such as he translated from the Hebrew. Whereas St. Luke being a greater master of the Greek language, was more attentive to the diction, and frequently expressed the meaning of his documents in more pure words, and a more elegant form. Only he adhered more closely to the very expression of his documents, when he came to insert quotations from the Old

* *Eus. Eccl. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 24.*

† *Adv. Hær. lib. iii. cap. 1.*

Testament, or to recite discourses and conversations, and especially the discourses of our blessed Saviour. Both St. Mark and St. Luke adhered to the arrangement which they found in those documents which contained more facts than one. The documents themselves they arranged in chronological order. All the evangelists connected the documents one with another, each for himself, and in his own way.

'After the publication of the two last gospels, St. Matthew's gospel was fitted for general use by being translated into Greek. As St. Matthew had much matter in common sometimes with St. Mark, and sometimes with St. Luke, and sometimes with both; his translator made great use of their gospels, frequently copying the very words where they suited his purpose: but perceiving that the form of St. Mark's narrative bore a greater resemblance to St. Matthew's than that of St. Luke, he commonly preferred St. Mark's gospel; and made no use of St. Luke's, except where he could derive no assistance from St. Mark. But the use which he made of the other gospels was by no means constant; for where he had no doubt, or perceived no difficulty, he frequently translated for himself, without looking for assistance from either St. Mark or St. Luke.'

We shall not offer any opinion of our own on this new hypothesis of Mr. Veysie, except that we think it much more satisfactory than that of the Margaret professor. We have often been surprised and amused by the polemical subtlety of Dr. Marsh, and we respect the variety, the extent and the depth of his theological lore, but we think that he is inferior to Mr. Veysie, and to many other divines whom we could name, in strength of intellect, and solidity of judgment.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*Two Letters to a Barrister, containing Strictures on his Work in three Parts, entitled, Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Looker-on.* London, Black and Parry, 1809.

IF we did not know the very great liberties which the priests of this sect take with the docility of their disciples, we should consider such a gross attempt at a defence as this is, as an insult on the common sense of their readers. Really these *anti-moralists*, as they are very justly termed, seem to set both religion and reason equally at defiance.

We suspect this *Looker-on* to have looked only on *one side*. He styles himself indeed an Anti-Calvinist, and by that expedient seeks to obtain credit for candour, but he is every now and then off his guard, the mask is dropped, and he betrays himself to the most superficial observer.

That the strong fortress of Calvinistic methodism has been shaken by the 'HINTS,' and that the popularity of some of its most active teachers has been considerably lowered, we can readily believe, but it is not by such feeble advocates as have hitherto come forward in defence of the cause that any good can be done; they are not defending the interests of religion, but are striving to support a system by which they are themselves supported, and which they contrive to turn to very good account. This naturally makes them very zealous; but they have manifested more zeal than wisdom, and, where they might have concealed their imbecility by their silence, have foolishly written themselves into disrepute, and have publicly exposed their weakness by shewing how little could be done by a muster of all their strength. As a specimen of the reasoning contained in these two Epistles to the Barrister, we shall select the following defence of Dr. Hawker.

'For so very peculiarly directed to the sinner, and to him only, is the blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus, that, unless you are a sinner, you are not interested in its saving truths.' On this passage you comment thus: 'I really thought the good doctor had gone quite far enough, when he affirmed, 'that our future salvation is so completely without terms and conditions, that every idea of moral goodness, as a qualification for obtaining it, is done away.' But here we find, that moral evil is itself indispensable to our future acceptance, and thus sin is made necessary to salvation. To what lengths will the anti-moralists go next !!!' Now, sir, anti-calvinistic as I account myself, I find nothing so atrocious in this passage as you would represent. Our Lord expressly told the self-righteous Pharisees of old, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; Matthew, ix. 13. and further assures us, Luke, xv. 7, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance. Besides, we learn from St. Paul, Rom. vii. 23. that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Therefore when the doctor tells us, that unless we are sinners, we are not interested in the saving truths of the blessed gospel, he does no more than prove, that all mankind are interested in these saving truths.'

POLITICS,

ART. 13. *A concise View of the Constitution of England.* By George Cuntance. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. London, Longman. pp. 491.

THE author says, that the favourable reception which a first edition of this work experienced, has induced him to publish the

present edition, in which he has made considerable additions. Most of the works on this subject deal largely in the generalities of panegyric, without any distinct specification of the theoretical and practical merits and defects of the constitution. The theory is evidently a very different thing from the practice;—and the practice has in so many instances altered the theory, that the theory and the practice often bear as little resemblance to each other, as a dead stag does to a live lion. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Custance, who seems to have designed this work for young gentlemen at school, should have gone into any historical details of recent transactions, to show the difference between the theory and the practice of the constitution: but those young gentlemen who adopt their ideas of the present government from his book will find, when they enter the world, that, in this as well as in many other instances, they have been the dupes of delusive representations and of agreeable pictures of what is not to be found in the realities of life. A book of this kind, which is intended for juvenile students, ought to be written with purity and elegance. How much of these qualities there may be in the following sentence, we shall leave it to the reader to determine.

'The last time the Lords contended with the Commons, respecting their right to alter a money-bill, was in 1671, during the reign of Charles II. when the altercations between the two houses ran so *highly*, that the king was obliged to prorogue the parliament *notwithstanding*, he *thereby* lost the intended supplies.'

POETRY.

ART. 14. *Rebellion in Bath: or the Battle of the Upper-rooms: an heroico—odico—tragico—comico Poem. In two Cantos: By the late Peter Paul Pullet. Canto the First: Edited by his nephew, Timothy Goosequill: To which is added, a Vindication of the glorious Revolution in 1688, from Aspersions cast on it, in a Sermon preached by the Rev. Henry Phillpotts, Vicar of Kilmersden, Somerset, before the University of Oxford: By Tom Type. London, Wilkie and Robinson, 1808. 4to. 5s. pp. 74.*

ART. 15. *The Restoration: being the Second and last Canto of Rebellion in Bath: By the late Peter Paul Pullett, deceased. With an Apology for the Poem, and numerous Notes, Anecdotes, &c. By Timothy Goosequill. London. Wilkie and Robinson, 1809. 4to. pp. 88. 4s.*

THESE two Cantos of this sprightly and animated Poem, have afforded us much amusement, and we think that there are few of our readers, who will not be gratified by the perusal, particularly if they happen to be acquainted with Bath, and with those who usually take refuge from ennui in that place of fashionable resort. The author has caught the true spirit of the mock-heroic; and the first Canto, is full of bustle and animation, which do not suffer the attention to flag, nor the interest to cool.

The second Canto, is chiefly taken up with the speech of Humbug, who indulges himself, in a good deal of political digression, and wanders from the Upper-rooms of Bath, to paint some portraits in the chapel of St. Stephens, as well as those of certain metaphysicians and divines in the world at large. In the first Canto, the author describes a dreadful conflict in the Upper-rooms at Bath, which was occasioned by some invidious attentions which Ramrod the king, or master of the ceremonies, had shewn to a titled dame called WILHELMINA PUFF, the wife of a tobacco-pipe, who had obtained the honours of knighthood. Ramrod had but just marshalled the 'skipping crew,' when this stately dame made her appearance, which so dazzled Ramrod, that 'with due courtesies of head and heels,' he conducted the

----- 'bit of title to the spot
Mark'd out of old, as rank's exclusive lot;'

or the lower bench at the top of the room, which is appropriated to people of rank. This mark of distinguished preference for such a dame as LADY WILHELMINA PUFF, brings Eris, or the goddess of contention, into the room, who inspires Lady Lofty with as much indignation against Ramrod, as Minerva breathed into the bosom of Diomed against the Cyprian queen. Lady Lofty is powerfully seconded by the infuriated Rattana, who seizes Ramrod by his 'dependent tail,' batters his smiling face with reiterated slaps, till he is finally prostrated on the ground by the rebellious crew.-----But the fallen monarch of the Upper-rooms, was not deserted in his utmost need by Wilhelmina Puff. She bravely asserts his cause,

----- the Amazon,
Of muscle strong, vast size, and giant bone;
Whose late monopoly of Ramrod's smile
Had vex'd the ladies and provok'd their bile,
Indignant at the treatment of her beau,
So elevated once, and now so low:
She bursts the circle, with impetuous strength,
Which dense, surrounds the ruler's prostrate length,
And like the fam'd colossus of the Sun,
Bestriding her fall'n friend, she thus began,
Why, what the devil are the fools about,
Filling the room with such a black-guard rout:
Rousing an insurrection, one and all;
And knocking down the master of the ball?
'Let any twenty of your troops come forth,
And lay down all the little they are worth,
The sum shall doubled be by TIMMY PUFF,
Whose heavy purse will still contain enough
To dress his lady in a better style
Than any one amongst your rank and file.
But bating this, I will not live to see
On English ground, such inequality,

As all united against one poor devil,
 Because, forsooth, he's been a little civil.
 No, vixens! Lady Wilhelmina Puff,
 Though mild and gentle, can be fierce and rough;
 Can exercise her tongue, and fist, and nails,
 'Gainst any one, who 'Ramrod next assails.'

Lady Wilhelmina is now menaced by Lady Lofty, who directs her vengeance at the lace, gauze, jewels, and 'voluminous wig,' of her hated foe. Lady Wilhelmina's wig is twitched off by one successful pull, and her scalp left bare to the amusement of the company,—but Lady Lofty has occasion to repent her temerity;—for,

'A weighty blow from Wilhelmina came
 Full on the cheek of the illustrious dame,
 Marks of the mighty fingers instant rise;
 The scalding tears suffuse her lovely eyes;
 Like flea she backward jumps, then shrieks aloud,
 And cowardly runs shrieking through the crowd.'

The conflict now waxes very warm, and is depicted with much variety and animation. Wilhelmina protects the fallen monarch with great dignity and effect,

Her petticoats depending o'er his face
 Secured his tumbled head from more disgrace;
 While her vast legs his shoulders twain comprest,
 And sav'd the costly medal on his breast.
 But as her tongue, eyes, hands, incessant move
 To meet the desp'rate war that flames above,
 Below RATTANA makes a base attack
 On silent Ramrod, flound'ring on his back,
 And tweaks his nose with so malign a pull,
 The monarch bellows like a madden'd bull,
 Astonished at the unexpected note
 That issued from beneath her petticoat,
 Purr's eye is backward, instantly, inclin'd
 To see if all be safe and sound behind.
 RATTANA's fraud immediate she detects,
 And e'er the strapping maid again erects
 Her form majestic, an impetuous blow
 From Lady WILHELMINA lays her low.
 Falling, she shrieks aloud; 'Ah me! I die!'
 Then silence seals her tongue, and night her eye.
 So when the tulip of majestic air
 (The painted beauty of the bright parterre)
 Yields to the fury of the stormy wind,
 Or the rude finger of unthinking hind,
 Low on the earth its haughty crown is laid
 Its leaves collapse, and all its colours fade.'

Mrs. VEHICLE, 'but four and fifty,' and a lady 'of more than

immortal impudence of *miss*, takes an active part in the contest, and ranges herself on the side of the enemies to Ramrod. The battle becomes at last so furious and loud, that *Stroud*, the occupier of the Wine-vaults, below the Upper-rooms, who was busy bottling his intoxicating fluids for immediate use, becomes alarmed at the clatter over-head, lest the company should break through into his dark domain, and 'make his port as thick as mud,' in much the same manner as Pluto is represented in Homer, as starting from his throne, expecting that during the terrific encounter of the Greeks and Trojans, the solid earth would be riven, and the light of day poured into his realm of night.

Stroud exclaims with appropriate indignation and heroic dignity,

'What are the sons of b——s doing?
By all that's good! they'll be my ruin.

—
Zounds what a crash! they've burst the floor!
Here, Jack! do you secure the door,
Whilst I step up amongst the boys
And try to stop their cursed noise.'

In the second Canto, Eris retires; and three *supernatural beings*, who are well delineated in the title page to the first Canto, make their appearance in the orchestra, *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Humbug*. *Humbug* makes a long speech, as we have mentioned above, and he concludes by bidding the different combatants of both sexes their

—————' proper business mind——to play the fool;
And quietly submit to Ramrod's rule.'

This advice seems to please all, save V-g-t-b-c, who proposes in a speech, which strongly excited our risible muscles while we read it, to turn the Upper-rooms into a '*fashionable preacher's place*.'—This proposition, the author of which is described as the powder'd, silken, smirking votary of *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Humbug*, is complacently received though not adopted, as Ramrod's dynasty was not to be destroyed:—

'The beaux and ladies to their places ran,
The monarch clapped his hands, and dancing straight began.'

Had we room we should have quoted the description which the author has given of Lady WILHELMINA PUFF's first appearance, which is executed with great spirit and discrimination; as well as many other parts of the work. The notes which the author has added, prove him to be a scholar, a man of reading, taste, and observation; a vigorous enemy to hypocrisy, and a warm friend to virtue and to truth.

Art. 16.—*Solomon: a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By Robert Huisk. London, Hatchard, 1809. 8vo. 3s.*

THIS is not the place to criticise the dramatic merits of Klopstock's *Solomon*; our present business is only with the translation. This is executed with ability; and to those who are acquainted with the tumid, obscure and inverted style of the German poet, it will appear no easy task.

Art. 17.—*The Village Sunday, a Poem: moral and descriptive, in the manner of Spenser. London, Setchel, King-street, Covent Garden.*

THE author says that 'the Village Sunday was originally written for the gratification of some friends, whose relish for the compositions of Spenser, was, like my own, very keen.' Some of the descriptive parts are rather pleasing, but there is no novelty in the images, nor pathos in the sentiment. The poem itself will not bear a comparison with Burnes' *Cotter's Saturday Night*, of which it is, in some places, a very feeble imitation. All that the author has caught of the *manner* of Spenser, except the wearisome monotony of his stanza, is the use of some uncouth and antiquated words, as *certes, ejtsoones, mouchel, hight, stound, theives, &c. &c.* which excite aversion and disgust, rather than any pleasurable feeling. The following stanza may serve as a specimen;

' And sooth to say, the lowly peasant finds
In practis'd piety a covert bower,
For shelter from neglects' cold frequent winds,
And from the surquedry of passing stower.
And in the sunshine of his happiest hour,
(Like happy hours, O many him betide)
He loves to gaze upon this fadeless flower,
E'en then more dear to him than all beside,
And wears it in his breast as rose that never died.'

We cannot suppose that the ear of any reader, however devoted to the *manner* of Spenser, will be much delighted with 'the surquedry of passing stower;' nor that he will see much fitness in the conversion of the 'covert bower' in the second verse into a 'fadeless flower' in the seventh. The rhymes *betide* and *beside* are not very musical; and by '*rose that never died*' in the last verse, we suppose that the author intended to signify '*rose that never dies*.' But there is a great difference between saying that a man *never died*, or is not yet dead, and saying that he *never dies*, or is immortal.

NOVELS.

Art. 18.—*Sir Oran Glendobter, and other Tales, in 3 vols. By Anthony Frederic Holstein. London, Labe and Co. 1808*

SOME of these tales are of the terrific kind, some are romantic, and others simple enough. The tale of the Stranger is,

as we think, one of the best, though the improbabilities throughout are very evident. Egbert is terrific and wild. But the tale of *Jessy* is far preferable to either; there is more nature displayed; and some of the characters are well drawn. The character of Lady Monica Grantham is eccentrically new, and by no means unpleasant; there is also some wholesome instruction in the winding up of the whole. Ellen is the next tale, in which there is much interest and some intrigue, and the Orphan Heiress the next; each of these tales has a good moral. Sir Owen Glendower appears to us the least interesting; but in this species of writing, of which we have so much, we cannot expect novelty.

If we find no offence against morality we must be satisfied; and in this negative virtue Mr. Frederic Holstein has not failed. If he continues this mode of occupation, which we do not warmly recommend, his language will probably improve, and his stories attain more probability and interest.

Aug. 19.—*Celia in search of a Husband. By a Modern Antique. 2 vols. small octavo. Newman, 1809.*

THE Authoress of these Volumes offers so pretty an Apology, in so diffidently hesitating a manner, for the 'presumption' displayed in the title page, and for the many errors which, she fears, may be discerned by the keen eye of criticism in her performance, that we will promise, in direct violation of our bounden duty, to let both the one and the other pass unnoticed.

'Cœlebs' she says 'had appeared; it would be answered; but it must be answered directly.'

A Snarler would, perhaps say to the lady, 'Where is the necessity?' another might be tempted to ask her 'Where is the answer?' For ourselves, we have looked a little farther, even into the next page of her book, where we are told to 'consider that what is sport to us, is death to her;' upon which we can only assure her, that she is mistaken in the opinion she has formed of our character, and that we have no sport in the death of any fair lady whatever.

We shall therefore conclude this article, not in the language of censure, but in that of panegyrick. So far from agreeing with the lady in a sentiment which her modesty only could have suggested, so far from thinking that the pious book above mentioned is a specimen of such transcendent genius that 'a long life, even blessed with superior talents, would scarcely produce a work whose intrinsic worth could class it with that performance;' we are of opinion that '*Celia in search of a Husband*' is direct evidence that a life, not we imagine, very long, nor yet blessed with any great superiority of endowments, is sufficient to produce a work whose intrinsic worth sets it very far above the said performance. For, although '*Celia*' may want discrimination of character, strength of language, and force of reasoning, which the said performance is asserted to possess, we have

not discovered in her the want of infinitely higher and more estimable qualities, those of christian humility, and christian charity. She does not impiously pretend to be so far favoured with a knowledge of the inscrutable designs of Providence as to point out with certainty the objects of future indignation and mercy. She neither arrogates to herself an undoubted election to eternal happiness, nor, equally undoubting, denounces everlasting damnation against 'such good-natured creatures as Mr. Flam.'

MEDICINE.

ART. 20.—*Analysis of the Carbonated Chalybeate, lately discovered near Stow, with Observations on the effects of Carbony Acid and Nitrogen Gas on the Animal Economy, &c. and Extracts from some of the best Authorities we have, relative to the use of Chalybeates. To which is subjoined a Glossary of the technical Words necessarily made use of in the Work.* By R. Farmer, London, 1808. Lackington.

MR. Farmer appears to have taken considerable pains to form an accurate analysis of this mineral spring near Stow; and he has given the results of forty-seven different experiments, which he made on the occasion. According to the account of Mr. Farmer, this spring contains a much larger proportion of iron than the waters of Tunbridge or Cheltenham. Mr. Farmer estimates the nitrogen gas to be 74-4 cubic inches in a gallon. Mr. Farmer afterwards makes some observations on the medicinal virtues of this spring; and the diseases in which it may be beneficially employed. We suppose that the principal object of Mr. Farmer, is to render Stow, like Tunbridge or Cheltenham, a place of crowded resort during the summer months, for the idle as well as for the sick. In this respect, he must probably rely more on the caprice of fashion, or the local scenery, &c. &c. than on the real or supposed virtues of the newly discovered spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 21.—*The Librarian; by James Savage, of the London Institution.* Vol. 1, 1808, Vol. 2, 1809.

THIS work is published in monthly numbers of one shilling each; each number containing three sheets of letter-press. In his first number, Mr. Savage, the industrious editor, stated that it was his object to give an analysis of books in general, both old and new; a history of public libraries, some account of the printed transactions of learned societies, and of the reports and papers laid before parliament. The following are the names of the books of which Mr. Savage has exhibited an analysis in the present publication:—'Horsley's Britannia Romana,' 'Chauncy's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire,' 'Museum Worlestanum,' 'Drake's Eboracum, or the History and Antiquities of the City of York,' 'Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England, &c.' 'Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans,' 'Chamberlain's Imitations of Original Drawings by Hans Holbein, with Biographical Traits,' 'Stukeley's Itinerarium Curiosum,' 'Borlases Antiquities of Cornwall,' 'Wren's Parentalia';—such are the works which Mr. Savage has selected

for analysis, which will be principally gratifying to the lovers of antiquarian research. In the first volume, and in the number for December, 1808, there is an account of the last illness of Professor Porson, with engraved specimens of his hand-writing both in English and in Greek. The list of the papers which are printed by the house of commons in each session of parliament, is a useful part of the Librarian. Mr. Savage might certainly add much to the utility and interest of his work; and we think that he will succeed best in these respects, by confining himself to those subjects which are more strictly included in the title of his book. 'The Librarian,' indeed, is a term which may comprehend every thing relative to literature in general; but Mr. Savage should be chiefly attentive to the communication of such particulars as may be useful to gentlemen and scholars in the formation of a library, or in pointing out to the different descriptions of literary students, sources of information, which may be necessary in the particular pursuits in which they are engaged. The account which Mr. Savage has already given or proposes to give of the various records, documents, &c. &c. of the different public or private libraries may contribute very much to this useful end. One part of Mr. Savage's work might be properly devoted to the enumeration of the books which may be or which should be considered by those who undertake to discuss any particular subject of literature and science. Those who think to improve any branch of knowledge ought first to make themselves acquainted with what has been done by those who have gone before them in the same track. Hence a list of authors, who have treated on the same subject, with a short summary of their labours, the several additions which they made to the stock of general knowledge, the discovery of new truths, or the subversion of old errors, with the succession of theories which have at different times been entertained by the fanciful, the foolish, or the wise, would form a very proper subject for one of the departments of the Librarian, and render it a very acceptable publication.

ART. 22.—*Exercises on Elocution; or Poems select and original, principally intended for Public Recitation: compiled and written by J. V. Button, of the Classical and Commercial Academy, Cliff, Lewes, London, Button, 1809, pp. 231. 3s. 6d.*

THIS is a very amusing collection of poems. The juvenile reader will be particularly gratified with it, and indeed he must be difficult to please who does not find some pieces in it which are suited to his taste.

ART. 23.—*The Elements of Astronomy, according to the Newtonian Principles, illustrated by several new and interesting Diagrams, and adapted, as far as the Science will admit, to the plainest capacities. Intended solely for the Instruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen, By George Reynolds, London, 12mo. 1809 4s. 6d. Sherwood, Neeley and Jones.*

THE principal requisite in works of this nature is perspicuity of exposition. The present performance is not deficient in this

respect; and it may answer the purpose of communicating a little astronomical instruction to 'young ladies and gentlemen,' as well as many other epitomes of the same kind.

ART. 24.—*Strictures on Mr. Hale's Reply to the Pamphlets lately published in Defence of the London Female Penitentiary.* By G. Hodson. To which is added, a Letter to the Author on the Inadequacy of the Poor Laws, for employing, protecting, and reclaiming unfortunate Females, destitute of Work. In Answer to Mr. Hale's Reply. By Mr. Blair, Surgeon of the Lock Hospital, &c. London, Williams, 1809. pp. 182. 2s. 6d.

WE have, from the beginning, been friendly to the establishment of the London female Penitentiary, and we think that the objections with which it has been assailed by Mr. Hale, are futile and unjust. Both reason and scripture are in this instance against Mr. Hale; and we were sorry to find him urging vain and frivolous cavils against an institution, the express object of which is to mitigate the sufferings of some of the most miserable of the human race. The cause of the London Penitentiary is well supported in these strictures of Mr. Hodson, and in the annexed letter of Mr. Blair.

ART. 25.—*Principles of Mental and Moral Philosophy. To which is prefixed, Elements of Logic.* By William Enfield, M. A. Author of the New Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, Elements of Natural Theology, &c. &c. ASSISTED BY EMINENT PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN. London, Tegg, 1809.

LOCKE, Hartley, and Paley have each furnished their quota to the present performance. When Mr. Enfield was assisted by the guidance of such luminaries, we do not see any reason why he should have called in the eminent professional gentlemen who are mentioned in his title-page. Besides, who were these professional gentlemen? Were they lawyers, physicians, or divines? Are they real or imaginary personages? Did the author suppose that they would operate as a catch-fly to the book? However this may be, the book itself is not badly executed; and Mr. Enfield should have recollected the old adage, that "good wine needs no bush."

ART. 26.—*An Account of the last Illness of Richard Porson, A. M. Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and principal Librarian of the London Institution.* By James Savage, of the London Institution. London, William Savage, Bedford Bury, 1808.

THE friends and admirers of the late incomparable Greek scholar and critic, Mr. Professor Porson, will, we have no doubt, be much obliged to Mr. Savage for this accurate and circumstantial account of his last illness, as well as with the two specimens of his hand-writing which are prefixed.

Art. 27.—*Think before you Speak: or the Three Wishes, a Tale. By the Author of Peacock at Home.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.

Art. 28.—*Poetry for Children. By the Author of Mrs. Leicester's School, 2 vols.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.

We have given the titles of the above for the sake of our Juvenile friends, but it cannot be expected we should criticise the merits or demerits of these trivial performances.

Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in October, 1809.

ABERNETHY—Surgical Observations. Part I. On the Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases, and on Aneurisms. By John Abernethy, F. R. S. 8vo. 7s.

Amos—A Letter to the Lord Mayor on General Medical Relief, to the Diseased Poor of the City of London. By James Amos, jun. 2s. 6d.

Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal. Vol. X. 4to. 31s. 6d.

Bank—Substance of the Proceedings of the Proprietors of the Bank of England, Sept. 21, 1809, on the Dividend and on the Situation of their Affairs. 1s.

Barrington—Historical Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Jonah Barrington. Part I. Imperial 4to. 21s.

Bawdwen—A Translation of the Record called Domesday, for the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, Nottingham and Rutland. By the Rev. W. Bawdwen, 4to. 2l. 2s.

Belfour—The Lyceum of Ancient Literature, or Biographical and analytical Account of the Greek and Roman Classics. By the Rev. O. Belfour, 12mo. 8s.

Bonaparte—The First Book of Napoleon, the Tyrant of the Earth, written in the 5813th year of the world, and 1809th of the Christian era. By Eliakim the Scribe. 8vo. 6s.

Burgess—The Arabick Alphabet, or an easy Introduction to the Reading of Arabick. For the use of Hebrew Students. By the Lord Bishop of St. David's. 1s.

Clarke and Lewis—The Travels of Captain's Clarke and Lewis, from St. Louis by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the Pacific Ocean in 1804, 5, and 6. 8vo. 9s.

Covent Garden Theatre—Statement of a Few Facts, and an impartial Appeal on the Question at Issue, between the Public and the Proprietors of this Theatre. 1s.

—A short Address to the Public on raising the Prices at C. O. Theatre, and engaging Madam Catalani.

—The Tnespiad. 2s. 6d.

Cursor—View of the late Administration, with a few Remarks on the Strictures of the Quarterly Review on Mr. Moore's Publication. 1s. 6d.

De Lisle—A Soldier's Offspring, or the Sisters. By Emma De Lisle. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Evans—The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity considered, in Reference to its Tendency. By the Rev. John Evans. 1s.

Eyre—The Vintagers; a musical Romance, in two Acts. By E. J. Eyre. 1s. 6d.

Feron—A Complete Treatise on Farriery, comprising the modern Practice of the Veterinary Art, &c. &c. By J. Feron, Veterinary Surgeon to the 12th Light Dragoons. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Frantic (Sir) the Reformer, or the Humours of the Crown and Anchor. 4s.

Grafton's Chronicle; or History of England. To which is added, his Table of the Bailiffs, Sheriffs, and Mayors of the City of London. 2 vols. Royal 4to. 4l. 4s.

Hassell—The Speculum; an Essay on the Art of Drawing in Water Colours. By J. Hassell. 1s. 6d.

Italian (The) Marauders, a Romance. By Anne Matilda. 4 vols. 20s.

Jubilee—An Address to the Inha-

Stants of Great Britain and Ireland on the Jubilee. 1s.

Kerr—A Statistical, Agricultural, and Political Survey of Berwickshire. By Mr. Kerr, 8vo. 13s.

Luxmoore—Practical Observations on Strictures of the Urethra, &c. By Thomas Luxmoore, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Martin—Petrificata Derbiensis, or Figures and Descriptions of Petrifications collected in Derbyshire. By W. Martin. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Matilda Montford, a Romantic Novel. 4 vols. 21s.

Mauné—Journal of the Military Operations during the Blockade and Siege of Genoa. By J. Mauné. 8vo. 6s.

Memorandums and Narratives, Civil, Military, Naval, Parliamentary, and Ecclesiastical; including Accounts of Pensions, &c. as extracted from the Papers laid before the House of Commons, and other authentic Documents.

Montagu—The Opinions of different Authors upon the Punishment of Death. Selected by Basil Montagu, esq. 8vo. 8s.

Mortimer—The Grammar of Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce. By Thomas Mortimer. 3s. 6d.

Osesimus examined, or Strictures on his new Work, "The Pulpit." By an Evangelical Minister. 1s.

Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, 1809. 4to. 24s. 18mo. 4s.

Plowden—The History of Ireland from its Invasion by Henry II. to its Union with Great Britain. By Francis Plowden, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Pocock—Yes or No! a Musical Farce. By J. Pocock. 1s. 6d.

Porter—Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, an historical Romance. By Anna Maria Porter. 4 vols 18mo. 21s.

Reynolds—The Elements of Astro-

nomys, according to Newtonian Principles. By G. Reynolds. 4s. 6d.

Setting (The) Sun, or the Devil amongst the Placemen. 3 vols. small 8vo. 21s.

Spain—A Narrative of the most interesting Circumstances, attending the second Siege of Zaragoza. By Don M. P. Ricé. Translated from the Spanish, with an Appendix, containing the French Account. 2s. 6d.

Tales of the Realms, collected during a tour through Europe. By a Traveller. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Tales of Yore, in three vols. 18mo. 15s. boards.

Templeman—Gilbert, an Amatory Poem. By James Templeman, 4to. 12s. and a small edition 2s. 6d.

Ticken—An Historical Chart of the Reign of King George the Third, comprising a period of 49 years. By Mr. Ticken. 10s. 6d.

Travels of Lycurgus, the Son of Eunomus of Sparta, to Crete, Tyre, and Egypt, in Search of Knowledge. 12 mo. 3s. 6d.

Trimmer—A Brief Enquiry into the present State of Agriculture in the Southern Parts of Ireland, and its Influence on the Manners of the lower Classes of the People. By Joshua Kirby Trimmer.

Wallace—A Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind in ancient and modern Times. By R. Wallace, D. D. 8vo. 9s.

Ware—A Treatise on the Properties of Arches, and their Abutment Piers; containing Propositions for describing geometrically the Catenaria, and the Extra-Dosses of all Curves, so that their several Parts and their Piers may equilibrate. By Samuel Ware. 18s.

Witherby—A Vindication of the Jews, by way of Reply to a Letter addressed by Perseverans to the English Israelite. By Tho. Witherby, 7s.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Lord Valentia's Travels.

Belfour's Battle of Roncesvalles.

Biographical Peerage.

Anstey's Poetical Works.

Mrs. Montagu's Letters.

Molina's History of Chili concluded.

Shee's Rhymes of Art.

Powell's Translation of the New Pharmacopœia.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1809. No. III.

ART. I. *Elements of Art, a Poem in six Cantos; with Notes and a Preface; including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A.* Miller, 1809. 8vo. 400 pp. price 13s.

WE noticed Mr. Shee's former unassuming production, his 'Rhymes on Art,' with praise; though we perhaps bestowed upon it less attention than the importance of its subject may, in the eyes of many, appear to demand, or than its intrinsic merit really deserved. We are therefore very glad that he has now afforded us an opportunity to acquit our consciences of past neglect by presenting us with a work too considerable, both in its size and object, to escape animadversion, which we shall accordingly proceed to examine with care and fidelity, and as much at large as the nature of our office will permit.

The present publication is not a re-publication, or an enlarged edition, but a continuation of the former. They contain, as Mr. Shee advertises his readers, 'in six cantos the three remaining books' of that before imperfect poem. Notwithstanding this intimation, the volume is printed so as to stand alone, without any reference in form to that which preceded it; a circumstance which we are disposed to attribute to Mr. Shee's delicacy as an author, forbidding him to impose upon the purchasers of his work the republication of what they already possess under the garb of novelty. But, however honourably this motive (if we have ascribed to him the right one) may distinguish Mr. Shee from most of his practical contemporaries, we think that in the present instance it has been somewhat overstrained. At least, if he wishes the 'Rhymes on Art' to be considered as connected, and forming

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part of one entire work, with that which he has now published for the first time, the consistency and uniformity of the publication required that they should, in shape, as well as substance, be blended together; and none of his readers would have churlishly objected to the repetition for the sake of the effect.

The preface is occupied, first by an apology for the length of time which has elapsed between the date of Mr. S.'s former, and that of his present publication; an apology which every reader who has witnessed the extent of his exertions in the practice of that art which he assumes the pen to defend and encourage, will most readily admit in its full force; and it then goes on to state the difficulties which seemed to oppose themselves to the execution of his first most comprehensive plan,* and which induced him to adopt the outline of that now presented to the public.

‘Concerning the contents of his present volume, the author has but little to observe; as the title announces, they refer principally to those early periods of study, for the direction of which former writers have in a great measure neglected to provide. His work has no pretensions to be considered as a regular treatise on painting; nor does it aspire to instruct the enlightened connoisseur, or the accomplished artist. To the undisciplined tyro of taste he would address himself: he takes up the student in the weak and helpless moments of inexperience, when, an infant in the nursery of arts, he begins to feel his feet, and moves in tottering apprehension: when all is doubt and indecision---eagerness without object, and impetuosity without force or direction. He would, in short, furnish the young painter with a guide, of which, at a similar period of study, the author himself experienced the want: a guide, which, though it may not secure him from error, or conduct him to excellence, will at least tend to open the country to his view, to lead him in the tracks of common sense, and stimulate his powers, if it cannot strengthen them.’ *Preface, p. x.*

Of the *characters* which the poet has now and then attempted to delineate for the purpose of enlivening his *didactic dulness*, he asserts that not one was intended by him to convey the slightest *personal* allusion. Satire, therefore, in

* According to this plan, our author informs us that ‘in one poem, of four parts, he had intended to treat at large of the rise, progress, present state, and principles of painting. The first part was to have unfolded its origin, progress, and perfection among the ancients. The second, its revival and advancement among the Italians, Flemish, and French. The third, its rise, progress, and present state in Great Britain; and the fourth was to have been devoted to a didactic essay on its principles and powers.’ *Preface, p. viii.*

its most generally accepted sense, by which it is too commonly taken to signify the indulgence of individual malice, Mr. Shee's readers are taught by no means to expect from the volume presented to them. In the more liberal spirit of satire, however, which strikes at general errors and follies, though he can hardly expect it to be equally popular in its reception with the former, he has given free scope to his genius.

The supine neglect of public patronage under which the art of painting has so long languished in this country, formed, as our readers will remember, the principal object of his former publication. In the present, therefore, it is only occasionally glanced at, but with so much justice as to demand the attention of all who are liberally solicitous for the prosperity of the nation. After adverting to the honourable designs of the founders of the British Gallery, and to the too obvious reasons of its failure, or at least of its positive inadequacy to any one of the objects proposed, Mr. Shee proceeds, in a tone of indignation, which we wholly agree with him in thinking that the occasion warrants.

‘ If, amongst the various discoveries of modern times, our sagacity should have at length found out that the arts have no pretensions to the consideration or protection of the state; if the policy of every great statesman, from Pericles to Mæcenas, and from Mæcenas to Colbert, be now perceived to be erroneous, if it be no longer deemed the duty of those who direct the affairs of nations, to bestow a thought upon the cultivation of literature and taste—to call forth the genius, or consult the reputation, of their country; if all that can ennoble the nature of man, or immortalize the memory of empires, must now be cast into the vortex of vulgar interests, and left without an effort, to sink or swim in the gloomy tempest of politics and party, the victims of taste and literature cannot be too soon acquainted with their fate, that they may humble their hopes before the wisdom of their age, and prepare for contempt and degradation.’ *Pref. p. xxii.*

The government of Great Britain has, however, an excuse ready for this worse than Gothic inattention to the interests of the arts, which Mr. Shee appears to have overlooked when he framed the foregoing spirited invective. Our great enemy and rival understands the political importance of their cultivation, and encourages it. Shall British statesmen, educated in the school of the immortal Pitt, stoop to receive a lesson from the ‘child and champion of jacobinism?’

Leaving therefore all further speculations on so hopeless a topic, let us proceed to examine Mr. Shee according to the

mode which he himself challenges for his performance ; that is, by going through his poem, in the first instance, without reference to the voluminous notes, or rather, the running commentary, by which it is accompanied, and which we shall make the subject of our concluding animadversions.

The poem opens with an ' Invocation to Taste, as the presiding power that directs the operations of the poet and the painter ;' and unfortunately it happens that this passage, although evidently much laboured, is, perhaps for that very reason, the worst in the book. It is composed, too much, on the old Darwinian model so generally exploded, and led us to entertain an unfavourable expectation of what was to follow, in which we were most agreeably disappointed, the fondness for metaphorical superfluity which distinguishes great part of the first book, gradually wearing off, so that very few instances occur in the succeeding pages of the vice which offended at the beginning of the poem. It is in this faulty spirit that the poet addresses his deity, Taste, by the epithet ' pure-eyed,' that he requests her

' O'er each wild scene to wave her *tissued wings*,
And still present the picturesque of things ;'

that

' Fancy's train th' ethereal triumph leads,
While each young grace in rapture's measure springs,
And clustering cupids float on *filmy wings*.'

Again, in one short page, judgment is represented under the types of a *prism*, a *pilot*, and a *chariotier*. Young painters are described to us as

' th' adventurous train
Who launch their golden hopes on painting's wave.'

The invocation over, our poet begins by supporting the claims of peculiar genius against the favourite doctrine of Johnson respecting the equality, or at least, the generality, of natural endowments. Applying the argument to the subject of painting, he thus proceeds :

' As in Bellona's field, when courage fails,
Nor tactics thrive, nor discipline prevails ;
In painting thus, when nature has denied
The spark divine, in vain are pains applied.
Beyond the reach of rule or precept placed,
No waxen wing can soar the heaven of taste :
Poets and painters, privileged heirs of fame,
By right of birth alone their laurels claim :
The Nine repulsive, plodding toil refuse,
And each dull son of system vainly sues :

The star of genius must the light impart,
That leads us to the promised land of art.' p. 7.

The next couplet introduces us for the first time to a favourite expression of the author, which, very good humouredly, accompanies us so closely during the remainder of our journey, that we hardly pass a single page out of its society.

' Yet, tho' no maxims teach the muse's lore,
No charts conduct us on the *graphic* shore,' &c.

We found occasion, in noticing Mr. Shée's former publication, to admonish him of the danger arising from too close a friendship for particular phrases; but in the present he has so completely outdone his former outdoings in this respect, that his performance may, we should imagine, render him obnoxious to an action from the proprietors of the poly-graphic patent. We had once intended to count how many times the unlucky word occurs, but soon found ourselves obliged to desist from a labour worse than the punishment of the Danaïdes. We have 'the *graphic* world,' '*graphic* triumphs,' 'Rome's *graphic* sons,' '*graphic* wonders,' '*graphic* ground;' Rubens is 'the *graphic* Proteus,' Reynolds is addressed with an apostrophe,

' Oh amply gifted 'mongst the *graphic* train!'

And those painters whom in one place he characterizes (not unhappily) as

' Minutiae-mongers, microscopic wights,
Whom Denner captivates and Dow delights,'

are just before designated to be

' The plodding herd, who turn the *graphic* wheel,
With dog-trot diligence, and drowsy zeal.'

In short, there is hardly a substantive in the English language, which has not this same epithet tacked to it in some part or other of the poem. And the worst of it is, that the epithet itself, although classically correct, has been so often applied to humorous purposes, that it becomes almost impossible to pronounce it without a smile in the gravest passages. The same may in some degree be said of all cant and technical phrases. *Virtù* is clearly of the number of these, a word, which though not so very familiar to Mr. Shée as the former, also occurs too often for any single expression whatever. When painters are instructed to take the "*Voyage of Virtù*," and when we are told that Curioso (a trifling collector of *graphic* anecdotes)

' Sharp as a sportsman, keeps the game in view,
And hunts the closest coverts of *Virtù*—'

We are induced to fancy that Peter Pindar is chanting, and wonder, on looking round, at finding Mr. Shee. Not but in the last instance, perhaps as a satirical one, the word might have been appropriate had it been used only on that single occasion.

Trait is another cant expression much too profusely dealt with. But we have multiplied instances of defect already to more than their fair proportion in treating of a book of so much real merit, and shall therefore now return to take up our analysis where we left it.

After asserting the natural claims of genius, the absolute necessity of a cultivated judgment towards the perfection of taste, is next enlarged upon and exemplified. The difficulties with which the young painter has to struggle, from the want of proper models for imitation, are then contrasted with the superior advantages in that respect enjoyed by the professors of other sciences.

' Too oft, remote from art's establish'd stores,
His path with guideless ardour he explores.
Preceptive lights afford a feeble ray,
And meteors flash delusive on his way.
Nor Raphael's wonders wake his soul to fame,
Nor fires his breast at Buonaroti's name ;
Nor Claud's bright heav'n, nor Titian's sun-bright blaze,
Nor mild Correggio's more temper'd rays,
Diffuse their cheering influence o'er his hours,
At once to ripen and refine his pow'rs.' p. 18.

From this neglect of public spirit manifested by the proprietors of great collections (a neglect to which Mr. Shee makes honourable and grateful exceptions in the recent instances of Mr. Thomas Hope, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Grosvenor, and a few others) arises the circumstance that more *painters* have been fired and raised to eminence in their pursuits, by means of fortuitous and seemingly inadequate causes, than any other men of genius whatever. At the same time, and owing to the same reason, a greater proportion among the practitioners of the art of painting are found either to fail altogether or to bring disgrace both on themselves and on their art by the indulgence of errors, from which they have had no early guide to steer their course. In the absence of certain established precedents, self-raised and capricious directors assume the privilege of authority, and lead multitudes astray after the phantoms of their own peculiar prejudices. In this place, we have some happy instances of the author's

characteristic powers in his portraits of the several bigots for outline, and for colouring, for nature, and for the models of antiquity, who, denying admission to common sense in the regulation of their favourite theories, effectually ruin the blind followers of their precepts, and work the greatest injury of the art which they pretend to patronise. Some plain practical directions as to the extent in which these different systems may be made conducive to the best purposes of art, conclude the canto.

The second canto contains a more general illustration of the 'subservient studies necessary to the formation of a painter'—Anatomy—Perspective—Architecture. The importance of the first of these auxiliary sciences is, we believe, inculcated to the full extent which a judicious critic would demand, at the same time that the extravagance of its abuse manifested in the works of many modern painters is ridiculed in verses which are not only forcible in themselves, but must bring before their reader the recollection of absurdities which he has often witnessed in the exhibitions of living artists.

' Some, by scientific pride misled,
Appear in spectres to have raised the dead;
While such half-skeletons our eyes abuse,
That nature starts, and art astonish'd views.
Fools! who with knowledge out of place offend,
To shew the means, still sacrifice the end.
Behold! to prove their anatomic art,
Each figure flay'd, dissected every part!
Naked, or draped, alike their skill make known,
Through this the muscle swells---through that the bone.
Mere posture-masters of the palette these,
No simple natural positions please.
Like ancient Pistol in the play, their art
Must bluster and look big in every part;
Their thoughts beyond all common measure swell,
In grim hobgoblin grandeur still they dwell;
With epic state their lofty spirit stalks,
Bestriding humbler merit as he walks;
Their vigour, violence; their fancy, whim;
In full distortion, straining every limb,
See monstrous shapes disown'd by every clime,
Burlesque in bloated action the sublime!
While frenzy stares in each distracted face,
As forced expression maddens to grimace.' p. 73

Painting, in its most comprehensive character, 'includes and commands all the departments of taste' and 'nature, through all the operations of art is the proper object of the painter.' Thus are we led to reflect on the rise and progress of the works of taste in ancient Greece, and the advantages

which the moderns have never ceased to derive from her wonderful pre-eminence of genius. A great deal of vivid description follows, of those pieces of ancient sculpture which have survived the wreck of time; but it would be difficult to select any particular specimen from this part of the composition. In conclusion, the poet thus apostrophizes the genius whose immortal works he has celebrated.

' Hail, awful shade! that o'er the mould'ring urn
Of thy departed greatness lovest to mourn;
Deploring deep the waste, where, once unfurl'd,
Thy ensigns glitter'd o'er a wond'ring world.
Spirit of ancient Greece! whose form sublime,
Gigantic striding, walks the waves of time;
Whose voice from out the tomb of ages came,
And fired mankind to freedom and to fame:
Beneath thy sway how life's pure flame aspired!
How genius kindled! and how glory fired!
How taste, refining sense, exalting soul,
Enfranchised mind from passion's coarse control!
Aroused to deeds, by heav'n and earth rever'd,
While all the majesty of man appear'd,
How vast our debt to thee, immortal power!
Our widow'd world subsists but on thy dower;
Like Caria's queen, our relict ages raise
But monumental trophies to thy praise!
No! from the ashes of thy arts arise
Those phoenix fires that glitter in our skies;
Thy sun, long set, still lends a twilight ray,
That cheers our colder clime and darker day;
Exhales high feelings from our glowing hearts,
Inflames our genius, and refines our arts:
Still at thy shrine, the hero's vows aspire,
The patriot kindles there his purest fire;
Thy virtues still applauding ages crown,
And rest on thy foundations their renown.
Beneath the mighty ruins of thy name
We build our humbler edifice of fame,
Collect each shatter'd part, each shining stone
Of thy magnificence, by time o'erthrown,
Arrange the rich materials, rapt, amazed,
And wonder at the palace we have raised!' p. 134.

The dangers arising from too sanguine an expectation of success in the early efforts of a painter's genius are pointed out in the succeeding canto.

' Let other arts from cradles still recruit,
And force from forward spring a sickly fruit;
While infant prodigies confound our age,
And pour the nursery on the public stage;

No graphic wreaths on school-boy brows are placed,
No heartless tyro bends the bow of taste;’ &c. p. 153.

The character of Hilario is introduced for the purpose of exemplifying the mischiefs to be apprehended from a powerful but ill-directed genius immersing at once in a variety of different pursuits. The student is then recommended to bid defiance to the influence of fashion and caprice and to the more powerful seductions of interest, to keep steadily in view the grand object of his pursuit, and preserve his powers and his genius unimpaired for its attainment. This is, indeed, a most important lesson; but it is that which more than any other requires the aid of disinterested and intelligent patronage to its successful enforcement. What young painter who enters on the profession for the sake of immediate emolument (and how few are there whose circumstances, or whose courage, will suffice for their perseverance in it without such an inducement?)—what young painter can resist the calls of vanity and caprice, or hesitate to postpone the objects of future fame to those of present enjoyment? and, which renders the case more hopeless, what reason can there be to expect such a revolution of sentiment among those who ought to be the patrons of the art as shall lead them to prefer honourable, but barren, encouragement of others to the immediate gratification of their own self-love?

The necessity of patient and unprejudiced attention to the works of the ancient painters brings the poet back to his former invective against the narrow spirit of most English collectors, who, as he says, ‘occupied in the barren gratification of taste, neglect to promote the fertility of genius.’ It also leads him to a general criticism of the several excellencies which characterize the great masters of his art, and the early schools of their respective foundations. In classing them according to the superiority of their genius and productions, he boldly dissents from an opinion introduced by Reynolds, and (as he thinks) too blindly encouraged by our English painters since his time, and aims at restoring Raphael to that pre-eminence which the concurrent voice of antiquity seems to have assigned to his exalted talents. The arguments on which he establishes his doctrine are supported with great ingenuity in his notes—but an examination of them would lead us to too great a length of discussion, and we prefer selecting the entire passage of the poem itself, upon which the notes are founded.

‘ Swift as the comet cleaves th’ ethereal way,
As bright his lustre, and as brief his day,

Urbino, rising to the raptured eye,
 Appear'd, and blazed, and vanish'd from the sky.
 Monarch of art ! in whose august domains,
 Collegued with genius, soundest judgment reigns ;
 Simplicity prevails without pretence,
 And fancy sports within the bounds of sense.
 By nature's hand with liberal bounty graced,
 And proudly fashion'd for the throne of taste,
 Before his age he sprang to painting's prime,
 And forced his tardy fruits from ripening time.
 'Twas his, to choose the nobler end of art,
 And charm the eye, subservient to the heart ;
 To strike the chords of sentiment—to trace
 The form of dignity—the flow of grace ;
 The passions' protean empire to control,
 And wield expression's sceptre o'er the soul.
 Whate'er of life be touch'd, of youth or age,
 The pious saint, or philosophic sage ;
 Whether, impressive in the bold design,
 The rapt apostle pour the word divine ;
 Or bright, on Tabor's summit, to the skies,
 The god, in full transfigured glory, rise ;
 Whate'er the cast of character, his hand
 Has all the moulds of genius at command,
 To nature true, can each strong *trait* impart,
 And stamp with taste the sterling ore of art.

Next, Buonaroti, rich in rival fame,
 To crown whose brows, three arts contending claim ;
 Majestic genius ! from whose daring hand
 Springs all that's great in thought, or action grand,
 Whate'er can awe the soul on sacred plan,
 Or strike stupendous in the powers of man ;
 In forms emaciate cramp'd, before his day,
 The meagre muscle scarce appear'd to play,
 The story's strength, th' enervate action marr'd,
 Man seem'd a sapless statue, stiff and hard,
 But torpid while the plastic lumber lay,
 Prometheus like, he fired the lifeless clay,
 Bade every limb enlarge, each breast expand,
 And pour'd a race of giants from his hand.
 Behold him, still as genius prompts, impart
 A bolder grace to each subservient art,
 While now the powers of Phidias he displays,
 Now leaves Palladio but the second praise :
 Whether he rears the prophet's form on high,
 Or hangs the dome enormous in the sky,
 On painting's proudest pinion soars sublime,
 Scales heaven itself, and scorns the bounds of time ;
 Through all his toils, triumphant vigour swells,
 And grandeur in impressive glory dwells ;

His fiery soul beyond this sphere of things,
To man's more awful scene hereafter springs ;
With fearless hand unfolds the final state
That closes the catastrophe of fate ;
Displays the pangs of guilt to vengeance hurl'd,
While heav'n's just sentence shakes the shuddering world.
p. 183.

Our readers will not be displeased by the quotation of a few more verses from this part of the work, in which the author appears to have happily succeeded in assigning their true rank to those singular productions of painting, which, while some persons bestow on them a degree of admiration, due only to far loftier efforts of the pencil, others have treated with a contempt 'equally unjust and absurd, which may be suspected to proceed rather from the affectation than the refinement of taste.'

' Let not the pedantry of taste despise
The humbler beauties of Batavian skies :
Tho' painting there no epic wreath requires,
Nor feels, nor feigns to feel, poetic fires ;
Content on boors and burgomasters still
At wakes and weddings to display her skill ;
Tho' fancy too, each towering flight deterr'd,
Degenerates there, a tame domestic bird ;
In homely scenes alone familiar found,
To skip, and sport, and flutter on the ground ;
Strong in their glass reflected, tho' we own
The broad low comedy of life alone,
Yet truth is there, and nature, while we trace
Her coarser character, and common face,
Avows her image mark'd on every part,
And by her sanction consecrates their art.' p. 216.

Canto the fourth contains yet stronger recommendations to the study of the ancient masters, on their native soil, with useful admonitions to beware of the errors to which students are exposed in the pursuit—of the seductive pleasures of the climate—of the 'fluctuation of taste' engendered by the variety of objects and guides—of the destructive influence of precedent—of the suggestions of ignorance and prejudice. The character of the accomplished painter is elevated to the most honourable distinction, by the diversity of knowledge and attainments to which it is necessary that he should aspire. Those masters are then considered who have reflected most dignity on the art, from the excellence of their subservient acquisitions ; and the subject is wound up in a high and eloquent eulogium on the father of the English school. From

this passage, the limits of our Review prevent us from extracting more than the concluding lines, allusive to the calamity which darkened the last days of Reynolds' existence—his loss of sight.

‘ In him ambition’s purest passion glow’d,
And sought no wreaths but those good sense bestow’d;
He scorn’d the poor stale artifice that lays
The trap of eccentricity for praise;
The quack’s credentials still where dulness rules!
The coxcomb’s bait to catch the fry of fools!
With candour fraught, yet free without offence,
The mildest manners, and the strongest sense;
The best example, and the brightest rule,
His lip a lesson, and his art a school,
Behold him run his radiant course, and claim
Thro’ half an age an undisputed fame;
Still to the last maintain his proudest height,
Nor drop one feather in so bold a flight.
But fate at length with darker aspect frown’d,
And sent a shaft that brought him to the ground;
Struck at the joy congenial to his heart,
And shut him out the paradise of art;
Obscured at length the sky so long serene,
And cast in shades of night his closing scene.
In Leo thus, when sol refulgent reigns,
And summer fervours scorch the panting plains,
Nor mists appear, nor exhalations rise,
To dull the dazzling radiance of the skies,
Till downward verging in his course divine,
A milder lustre marks the day’s decline,
Ascending slow, an earthy vapour shrouds
His parting splendours, and he sets in clouds.’ p. 259.

The fifth canto is principally occupied in pointing out some of those defects in painting which operate to countenance the critic in his contempt for modern art.’ The first here noticed is the vice of *manner*. Some of the lines in which this very prevalent failing is ridiculed are so good, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage.

‘ Chief, then, of *manner*, as a pest, beware,
The thoughtless student’s most delusive snare;
A subtle vice, that saps by slow degrees,
The pencil’s frenzy, and the art’s disease;
Of quick contagion, as of tardy cure,
Nor time can sanction it, nor taste endure:
With powers perverted, vulgar, vain, and cold,
The self-admiring mannerist behold!

In all the pride of pencilling, impart
 His want of nature, and his want of art :
 The scribe's poor merit still his best pretence,
 He triumphs in the flourish, not the sense :
 Thro' all his works one fav'rite system aways,
 One touch attends him, and one tone betrays.
 His soul no emulative ardour fires,
 No lofty sense of excellence inspires ;
 In trite routine, by knack, from nature led,
 The plodding hand still supersedes the head ;
 Pleased, in the present toil reflects the past,
 And stamps the next dull ditto of the last.
 Be this his praise, who thus his art degrades,
 A good mechanic in the worst of trades.'

p. 273.

The ' mechanism of the pencil,' the ' affectation of travelled artists,' the ' pursuit of nostrums and secrets' of art, the practice of disguising defects under a gaudy covering, theatrical taste, the encroachments of slovenly inattention under the pretence of facility, the contrary vice of dull precision engendered by exclusive study of the littleness of art, and lastly, the excess even of particular merits, all these quicksands in the way of the student are pointed out with care, and described with force and poignancy. Regular study, with unremitting industry and patience, under the guidance of good sense, are repeatedly insisted on as the only means of legitimate and permanent eminence.

The selection of subject forms the chief practical instruction in the art intended to be conveyed by the concluding canto—and on this topic we might, if we had room to enter on the discussion, find some grounds of difference from the author. A great deal of good advice is given with regard to the folly of disregarding the praise or censure of the public, the vanity of believing that works which are generally condemned may be calculated for the higher purpose of pleasing ' the judicious few,' the deceitful expectation of rising to sudden eminence of fame, the irritation apt to be excited by criticism, the self-complacence and indolent acquiescence too often resulting from partial flattery. The attention of government is again drawn to the subject of the arts, by a suggestion as to the propriety of rewarding living virtue and merit by the public honours of sculpture ; and the return of peace is prophetically hailed as the period when princes and magistrates shall at length find leisure to consult the real glories of a nation, and the rivalry of arts shall be substituted to the pernicious emulation of enmity and destruction.

By this general survey of the design and contents of the poem, it will be sufficiently seen what a variety of objects it

embraces—objects which it is hardly attempted to reduce under fixed heads of distinction, or to introduce in regular connected order. A great deal of good information, a great deal of good advice, may be collected from various parts of the work, and much more agreeably, perhaps, than by the means of a more methodical and didactic arrangement. The author's opinions on all possible subjects connected with his art, are also enforced with a freedom which we are not disposed to consider as at all too presumptuous, even when he assumes the privilege of directing his observations to the high and mighty ones of the land. Mr. Shee appears to possess an almost unrivalled facility of composition, both in verse and prose; but he ought to have paid more attention to one of his own precepts. He should reflect, that facility is no excuse for want of correctness; and, above all, that, the more easy the task of composition, the greater is the danger of unnecessary prolixity and diffuseness. It is very quaint and affected to style architecture 'the mural muse'—and to talk about 'the genus maximum of arts.' 'Man's *ameliorating* hour' is not English—at least, it strikes us that the verb cannot admit of a neutral construction. Such lines are detestable, as,

' In grandeur graceful, as august in grace—'

——' Taste shall *guarantee* thy fame.'

' And not a garland blooms e'en o'er the grave'—

' Times which our *primers* teach us to revere,
The vigorous *prime* of man's terrestrial year.'

Nor should a poet who aspires to any degree of polished excellence, admit the convenient but ungraceful abbreviations of 'mongst, 'midst, 'neath, &c. &c. with which Mr. Shee's verses are so thickly strewed, that no gentleman, having the least regard to the durability of his teeth, can venture to read them aloud in a mixed company.

It is now time to turn our attention to the *notes*, which, as occupying by far the greatest portion of the book, ought perhaps to have been made the principal object of our animadversions. Our great and only *general* objection to them arises from the *excess* of that admirable endowment which we have already stated their author to possess in a high degree, the *ease* of composition. His thoughts flow quite freely enough for any pen of moderate excursive powers; but his own pen runs still faster; and the consequence is the production of a book of twice the dimensions which a sound discretion would have assigned as sufficient for the matter which it contains. It is no wonder that Mr. Shee was alarmed at

the unmeasurable prospect which his original plan presented, since, had he treated it with the full luxuriance of expression which he has here indulged, he might well say with St. John, "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would have been written."

Independently, but notwithstanding some occasional verbiage, much excellent matter is to be found in the notes of Mr. Shee, and it is also generally conveyed in a style of great elegance, perspicuity, and force, embellished with a profuse variety of historical ornament and figurative illustration. Indeed, such is the excess of his propensity to this latter indulgence, that it is morally impossible he can be always successful. The following are selected, out of many, as instances of *happy* illustration which must, we think, afford very favourable impressions both of the fancy and the judgment which produced them. Examples of failure, or of inequality, are of much rarer occurrence, and we gladly excuse ourselves the trouble of quoting any.

'Notwithstanding the established conviction of criticism to the contrary, common sense will be tempted to question, whether nature has not been as liberal to her younger, as to her elder offspring; whether she has not reserved for the enterprize of modern times unnumbered modes of excellence yet untried; unnumbered tracts of fancy still unexplored, whose treasures wait but to reward some daring Columbus of the intellectual ocean, who, surmounting the prejudices of his age, shall rush into regions of taste unthought of by former adventurers, and beyond the limits of the ancient world.' p. 99.

'Of all the qualities of art, the sublime is that which appears to be the most vague, irregular, and undefined; scarcely two writers are agreed as to its properties or powers: for instruction, they give us declamation—for settled principles, they produce disputable examples. It may be said to be in some measure the intoxicating spirit of taste—the insane point of the critical compass; for those who talk rationally on other subjects, no sooner touch on this, than they go off in a literary delirium; fancy themselves, like Longinus, "the great sublime they draw," and rave, like methodists, of inward lights and enthusiastic emotions, which, if you cannot comprehend, you are set down as unilluminated by the grace of criticism, and excluded from the elect of taste.' p. 193.

Speaking of the epidemic disease among painters distinguished by the technical appellation of 'process-hunting'—the seeking after tricks and novelties in colouring, which are fondly expected to supply the necessity of regular and painful art, he says of the master of the English school,

‘ From this disease the good sense of Reynolds did not entirely secure him ; but the vigour of his genius sustained him where weaker powers would have been exhausted or destroyed. The fluctuation of his style, and the fugitive character of his colouring, which have been observed at some particular points of his practice, are, however, attributable to this cause. But though he sought assistance from process, Reynolds never depended upon it : his most faded works display a delicacy and refinement of hue, which prove the value of what has been lost, by the worth of that which remains. It may be said of Reynolds, that the ghost of his departed art is better than the flesh and blood of ordinary men.’ p. 290.

On the subject of exhibitions of modern painting, and the emulation which it is supposed and intended that they should inspire, he observes how fatally these expectations have been deceived in experience, and adds,

‘ He who is more ambitious of praise than merit, will stop at no means of obtaining his object : he will glitter or glare as it may suit his purpose : he will pamper without scruple the grossest appetite of taste, and poison rather than not please it. He is a profligate in the morality of art, who studies every artifice of seduction, and debauches the public opinion in order to possess it more securely. An exhibition is the scene in which characters like this will always triumph : it is the drawing-room of taste, where superficial qualities are always the most attractive : where vanity and presumption shine in the centre of the circle, while virtue and merit are unnoticed in a corner.’ p. 297.

—‘ The exhibition is to art what the stage is to manners— a scene where every thing must be extravagant to strike ; the actor and the picture are equally dressed out for show, and that which at a distance appears all gold and jewels, a nearer approach proves to be cut glass and copper lace.’ p. 301.

Some suggestions are interspersed in the work respecting the interior management of the Academy, which we should suppose may be well worthy the serious consideration of its members ; but we cautiously abstain from giving any opinion where we are not qualified to act as arbitrators. The study of sculpture the author conceives to be shamefully neglected among us ; and the examples which he gives of defect, arising from the ignorance of our artists in this auxiliary branch of their profession, seem sufficiently to confirm the justness of his censure. For the purpose of supplying this want, he observes, that

‘ The royal Academy of Arts includes painting, sculpture, and architecture. Amongst its established professors, there is one for painting, and one for architecture, but no professor of

sculpture. There seems to be no good reason why the students of this art should not be allowed the benefit of public lectures in their particular department; for although a knowledge of design must be considered the basis of sculpture as well as painting; and though, as far as this knowledge goes, the interests of the former may be supposed to be adequately provided for in the establishment of a lecturer in the latter art, yet sculpture is a pursuit of sufficient importance in itself, and sufficiently distinct in its materials and mode of operation, to require and deserve the privilege of a professor, appointed for its own purposes, and to be treated with a degree of attention equal to that which is bestowed upon the two other arts of which the academy consists.' p. 63.

In another place he insists very warmly on the importance of architecture as a collateral study, and seems to think that the French are altogether infinitely more practised in the auxiliary arts and in the mechanism of painting than ourselves. If so, this is a just ground of rivalry, and the spirit of emulation cannot be too soon kindled or too much encouraged among us. At the same time, we have the satisfaction of reflecting that in the much more essential requisites of art our enterprising neighbours have no pretension to dispute our pre-eminence. Among them, the art of painting seems to be reduced to the principles of theatrical gesture and grimace. Our artists at least make nature their model, whatever may be the deficiencies of their execution, or of the accompanying qualifications of their pencil.

The professor of anatomy, Mr. Shee contends, ought rather to be a painter than a surgeon.

'Whatever is necessary for a painter to learn, a painter should be able to teach—no other person can do his duty for him with equal advantage, or can so judiciously select from the general irrelevancy of other studies, those things which may be suited to his purpose, and shew at once their application and their powers.' — 'The penetrating science of a Sheldon or a Carlisle, which has traced and detected the mechanism of nature through the most miraculous minutiae of animal organization, must submit with reluctance to clear away common integuments, and demonstrate muscles and bones. Such masters of dissection, teaching the alphabet of anatomy, is like Porson expatiating on a primer, or Newton explaining the multiplication table.' 69.

Mr. Shee, as we have before hinted, maintains very strongly, and, as we think, with very great soundness, as well as ability in argument, the superior claims of Raphael, over Michael Angelo, both to the first honours of the art, and to the imitation of other painters. It is well known that Sir

Joshua introduced the contrary doctrine into the English school; and perhaps at the present moment the majority of young artists look with contempt on the labours of those who do not, like themselves,

‘Tear a passion to rags, following their leader as Pantaloon pursues Harlequin, through all his hair-breadth ‘scapes, to meet only disappointment and disaster, in awkward struggles of agility and coarse convulsions of grimace.’ p. 74.

As our author has observed on another occasion, the sublime is very treacherous ground to an unexperienced traveller:

‘Buonaroti is a blazing star, too eccentric in its orbit to direct us safely in the navigation of art.’

With his accustomed boldness, he even ventures to question, whether, although Reynolds himself declared that, “were he to begin the world again, he would tread in the steps of that great man,” we ought not to rejoice

‘That the founder and father of the English school of painting took another course more suitable to his abilities, and is not now to be classed amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo.’ p. 77.

The author next defends the strictness of the rules of perspective against the carelessness or caprice of those critics who foolishly argue from the words of Pope, that “Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,” &c. &c. If a proposition so obvious as “that nothing contrary to the rules of nature can be tolerated in art,” requires illustration or support, the reader may find abundance of both in this eloquent note.

But perhaps the best examples of the originality and freedom of spirit evinced by Mr. S. throughout the whole of his work, may be drawn from the note in which he illustrates and combats the doctrines of a very fashionable sect, which discovers advantage in imperfection, and merit in deformity. It is too long for unbroken quotation—but we will endeavour to give the substance of it in the following page, and then hasten to the conclusion of our present article.

‘There are two great sects in art, the members of which pursue their ends by opposite means; maintain their respective principles with equal zeal, and often indulge, like other sectaries, in the expression of mutual contempt and reprobation. Of these, the one may be termed *idealists*, the other *naturalists*. The former reject imitation entirely, as a degrading misapplication of the pencil; the latter wholly depend upon it, as the only means of merit and success. The idealist consults only the model in his mind; and triumphs in the dignified pursuit of the poetical

and the sublime. The naturalist copies closely the model in his eye, and congratulates himself on the possession of truth and nature. The school of Michael Angelo will furnish sufficient examples of the one, the school of Rembrandt abounds with examples of the other.'——' In painting, above all arts, the study of those qualities which contribute to set off our thoughts to the best advantage, is an essential duty. The eye is a fastidious sense, and turns easily from what it dislikes: the painter who prides himself on addressing the mind, should recollect, that he can gain admission there only by this entrance, and it will be in vain to urge his pretensions, or talk of his powers, if he appears without the proper passport. But sometimes, when we cannot make our practice conformable to our principles, we endeavour to make our principles conformable to our practice. Thus, they who, in the attainment of other merits, have neglected the study of *chiaro 'scuro*, colouring, and execution, ingeniously promulgate a law, by which their deficiency is not only excused, but applauded, and the defect of their necessity is converted into a beauty of choice. We, therefore, hear frequently of "an historical style of colouring," of a "severity of style suited to the grand character of art," and of the propriety of disregarding those minor merits of imitation, which, according to this convenient canon of criticism, are not only unnecessary, but injurious to the higher qualities of taste. As far as the author understands this doctrine, he dissents from it: he knows of no standard by which the works of art can be judged, but the standard of nature; and he conceives that there is no rational principle which can authorize us to consider as inappropriate or injudicious in those works, the perfection of any quality which she has essentially connected with the character and beauty of her productions.'——' But it is said, the qualities of colouring and *chiaro 'scuro* are so predominant and attractive, that where displayed in full force, they seduce our attention from the higher beauties of taste, and therefore their influence should be studiously diminished by abating their allurements, when the more chaste and intellectual merits of art are intended to be expressed. Little, however, appears to be gained by this reasoning; for the ill consequence supposed can result only from the misapplication or abuse of those captivating qualities. Every scene and subject has its appropriate character of light and colour, as well as of form and action; and when this character is judiciously preserved, the utmost effort of skill may be employed upon it, not only without injury, but with material advantage.'——' There is no subject in which an able painter may not shew with advantage his skill in colouring, *chiaro 'scuro*, and execution; not by repressing, but by producing the perfection of these qualities. The noblest conceptions of grandeur and sublimity may be accommodated with their appropriate beauty from those sources, as well as the most light and airy compositions of ordinary and familiar life. They who defend the unskillful colouring of

Poussin and the Roman school, as suited to the grand and sublime character of art, might as well say, that the effects of pity and terror would be heightened on the stage, if the actors were to tinge their faces with brick dust, and exhibit their scenes by the ray of a rushlight. The author must not omit to state, however, (though conscious how much it must weaken the effect of his reasoning) that the principle which he has above attempted to controvert, has found an advocate in Reynolds—in Reynolds! from whose works may be selected examples of excellence in colouring, effect, and execution, which are suited to the noblest conceptions of the art. The following passage occurs in a note to Mason's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting: "In *heroic* subjects it will not, I hope, appear too great a refinement of criticism to say, that the want of naturalness or deception of the art, which give to an inferior style its whole value, is no material disadvantage. The Hours, for instance, as represented by Julio Romano, giving provender to the horses of the Sun, would not strike the imagination more forcibly from their being coloured with the pencil of Rubens, though he would have represented them more naturally; but might he not by that very act have brought them down from the celestial state, to the rank of mere terrestrial animals?" It will be perceived, that the doctrine advanced in this note is so cautiously stated, under the "hope of its not being deemed too great a refinement of criticism," as to excite a suspicion that Reynolds himself was not quite convinced by his own reasoning. If by "naturalness or deception of the art," the annotator intended to describe that *fac-simile*, servility—that vulgar imitation, which, instead of the character which ought to be expressed, gives you the portrait of the model *who* (qu.?) chanced to be made use of by the painter, there would be ground for dispute; but the example by which Reynolds has illustrated his position, proves it to have a meaning more extended. Julio Romano was one of the weakest, and Rubens was one of the most powerful colourists; it is evident therefore, that, by contrasting them on this occasion, the writer wished to inculcate that the inferior colouring of the former is more appropriate to the subject above mentioned, and, by inference, to all *heroic* subjects, than the superior colouring of the latter; in other words, that a painter who had no skill in this department of the art, coloured *heroic* subjects in a manner more appropriate, that is, better, than a painter who possessed a great deal.——' But it is said, that by representing the Hours more *naturally*, he might "bring them down from their *celestial state* to the rank of mere *terrestrial animals*." The word *naturally* is here rather vague; if it is meant to say that Rubens, by colouring the Hours with that splendour and beauty of which his pencil was capable, would "bring them down from the celestial state" in which the inferior colouring of Romano had placed them, the author can neither conceive nor admit such a consequence.——' When the painter would represent a superior or celestial being, he can

do it only by expressing human qualities in their highest perfection. Now, as colour is a constituent of human beauty as well as form or expression, the author conceives the utmost perfection of that quality to be not only consistent with, but essential to our most complete idea of a celestial being.'—'The colouring of Rubens therefore, approaching to perfection much nearer than that of Romano, would not "have brought down the Hours from their celestial state to the rank of mere terrestrial animals;" but, on the contrary, as far as colouring is concerned, must have tended to raise them to a higher heaven than the inferior skill of Romano in this respect has been able to attain. They who have excelled in subjects of a grand and elevated character have rarely been able to combine with their other accomplishments the merits of colouring, *chiaro scuro*, and execution; but let us not, therefore, contract our ideas of excellence, in compliment to their deficiencies, nor endeavour to persuade ourselves, that we see in the imperfection of their art a principle of their science.' p. 273, *et seq.*

The sensible part of mankind have long been sickened with the pretensions of self-created connoisseurs and dilettanti, a race of animals whose affected jargon has tended only to encourage caprice, and perpetuate error in the fundamental principles of art. Few, however, have had the courage to declare so openly against their assumed authority, or so to affront them in the very entrenchments of their practice, as Mr. Shee. Happy for him, if he is sufficiently fortified by reason and experience, to despise the engines of vengeance which this genus *irritable* are likely to play against him in return for his contempt and irony! But though we admire the independence of taste asserted by Mr. Shee (the privilege of natural freedom, which we shall ever be ready to acknowledge and support to the utmost of our abilities), we think it may be questioned if he has steered perfectly clear of the error ascribed by Horace to a class of persons among whom he is undoubtedly not deserving of being ranked—"Dum vitant *stulti* vitium, in contraria currunt." His ridicule of several affected refinements in Winckelman, and the race of sentimental coxcombs who swear by his authority, is as just as it is manly and creditable to the soundness of his judgment. But he surely carries his prejudices against the critics of painting too far, when he condemns the strong, but natural and well defined descriptions of Pliny, with jargon such as theirs. To take for an example the celebrated picture of Aristides. Cannot horror, love, and pity be combined in one expression of countenance? If not, how inadequate is painting to the office which it assumes! If it be possible to do this, then is Pliny's description (all that he can fairly be understood to mean by

his criticism) fully answered by the probable effect of the picture. In criticizing the *expression* of pictures, the *effect* which they are calculated to produce on the spectator is the only criterion of judgment. On the other hand, when, in speaking of Lord Elgin's sculptures, Mr. Shee, without instituting any comparative criticism, holds it impossible for the Theseus to rival the greatness of the Torso, we are tempted to ask, "May not prejudice lead, on the one hand, to as much error as the caprice of novelty, on the other?" And we can hardly forbear smiling when, after sneering at every order of critics and every description of criticism, Mr. Shee himself affects to arraign the prevailing taste, *in music*, for the works of Handel. This, he must confess, is (as his printer chooses to term it) going a little *ultra crepidam*. The truth is, all men of taste, genius, and sensibility, must, to a certain extent, be *critics*—and free and liberal criticism, when applied to the correction of error and the encouragement of merit, is, whatever may be Mr. Shee's opinion to the contrary, a blessing and an ornament to civilized society. Even where it is of the least service, it promotes that spirit of discussion and controversy, without which no principles can be firmly established, no merit permanently ascertained.

Mr. Shee will not, we hope, be offended at the occasional severity of our remarks, when we assure him that, though the objects of his indiscriminate censure, we entertain the highest respect for his abilities, and a yet higher admiration of his zeal in the great cause of the arts—a cause which we cordially unite with him in thinking essentially connected not only with the ostentatious glories, but with the real interests of our nation. Most triumphantly shall we hail the hour when a juster sense of the importance of this doctrine shall begin to direct the attention of government towards its due encouragement; and, if ever that æra arrives, Mr. Shee will be entitled to the warmest acknowledgments of his countrymen for having so essentially promoted its advancement.

ART. II.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806. By George, Viscount Valentia.* London, Miller, 1809. 3 Vols. 4to, with 72 Engravings, 9l. 9s.; and in large Paper with Proof Plates, 13l. 13s. also 24 large Views taken by Mr. Salt, who accompanied Lord V., mounted and in a Port-folio, 26 Guineas.

THE first thing which struck us, on opening these volumes, was the splendid costliness of the work, which almost seems

to exclaim '*Noli me tangere*' to plebeian hands. As books are written to be read, and as books of travels are peculiarly fitted to interest a large class of readers, we cannot begin this article without expressing our wish that these had been published in a less expensive style. The noble author indeed probably designed these sumptuous quartos as a memorable trophy of his spirit and his enterprize to ages yet unborn. It remains for time to disclose whether the edifice itself be formed of solid and durable materials, or whether the vanity of the architect has not in many instances caused him to lose sight of private convenience and of public utility.

On the 5th of June, 1802, Lord Valentia, accompanied by Mr. Henry Salt as his secretary and draughtsman, embarked in the *Dowry* on board the *Minerva* extra East Indiaman.

On the 29th his lordship touched at the island of Madeira, where he was 'struck with the appearance of the fishermen rowing their boats in a perfect state of nakedness; and the females looking out of their windows with a nonchalance that nothing but habit could give.' August 20th, our noble author arrived in the bay of St. Helena, where he made the tour of the island. His lordship says that, in favourable seasons, the richest ground will produce 'three crops of potatoes in a year, yielding an aggregate of four hundred bushels per acre, which are worth eight shillings per bushel.' The cultivation of grain is prevented by the enormous quantity of rats. His lordship commends the slave laws of St. Helena: he says that the importation of negroes has been long discontinued, but that, since that period, their number has increased, and is increasing. This is certainly an interesting fact.

On the 20th of October, Lord Valentia arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he made a tour into the country in one of the waggons, which are peculiarly adapted to the rugged roads of that colony. 'Our horses,' says his lordship, 'went very well at the rate of about six miles an hour; our driver managed his horses with great skill, a qualification for which the slaves in this country are remarkable: they drive eight in hand with the utmost facility, and will kill a small bird when on the wing with the lash of their long whip.' Thus we find that our fashionable *Four-in-hand Club* are inferior to the Hottentots even in the art in which alone they excel.

At this period the Cape was about to be restored to the Dutch, agreeably to the peace of Amiens. The most respectable inhabitants regretted the departure of the British, and considered themselves as destined to pass under the dominion of the French. This important settlement was, however, re-

captured by Sir David Baird, in January, 1805, and will not, we trust, be again ceded either to Holland or to France.

During the first possession of the Cape by the British, they embodied a number of Hottentots, and instructed them in the European tactics. Hence

‘It has been discovered,’ says Viscount Valentia, ‘that they are intelligent, active, faithful, and brave; and that their former vices were owing to the Dutch, who, taking advantage of the inclination which all uncivilized nations have for spirits, had destroyed their strength by encouraging intoxication, and then degraded their minds by the most abject slavery. The cruelties exercised by the boors on these defenceless beings exceed all credibility. Brigadier-general Vandeleur assured me that he had himself pushed aside the musket of a boor, when in the act of levelling it at a Hottentot; at which the monster was extremely indignant, and, after much reproach, finished by asking him whether he meant also to prevent his shooting his slaves?’

Lord Valentia says, that there is not a finer country in the world for the production of grain than the Cape of Good Hope, but that only a small portion of the territory is yet in cultivation. His lordship adds, that every species of the grape which has been planted there has flourished, and that the only cause of the inferiority of the Cape Madeira, is the ignorance and negligence of the Dutch in making it.

On January 17th, 1803, our author descried the continent of India; and on the 20th arrived at the mouth of the Hoogly river. The navigation up the river from Sorgur to Calcutta is excessively difficult, from the intricacy of the passages between the sand-banks and the involution of the current.

‘The river itself is grand, from its great body of water; but the quantity of mud which it rolls down considerably lessens its beauty. The banks are high; the country beyond is perfectly flat, and covered thickly with timber and brushwood, the haunt of innumerable tigers. To these sunderbunds the Hindoos resort at this season in immense numbers to perform their ablutions in the Ganges, and many to sacrifice themselves to the alligators, which they effect by walking into the river, and waiting till the ferocious animals approach and draw them under; others perish by the tigers every season; yet the powerful influence of superstition still draws them to this spot.’

Did his lordship derive this information from the missionaries?

The Marquis Wellesley sent one of his state barges to convey Lord Valentia to Calcutta. His lordship says that the vessel in which he embarked reminded him of the fairy tales.

‘It was very long in proportion to its width, richly ornamented

with green and gold; its head, a spread eagle gilt: its stern, a tiger's head and body. The centre would contain twenty people with ease, and was covered with an awning and side curtains: forward were seated twenty natives dressed in scarlet habits, with rose-coloured turbans, who paddled away with great velocity.' 'As we advanced, the river became clearer, and the scenery was much improved by the country-seats of the English, which covered each bank; they were in themselves picturesque, being white, with extensive porticos to the south, and the windows closed by Venetian blinds painted green. Every house was surrounded by a plantation of mangos, jacks, and other oriental forest trees.'

On the 26th of January, Lord V. was present at a grand fête, which was given by the Marquis Wellesley, on occasion of the peace. A rich Persian carpet was placed at the upper end of the largest of the state-rooms, in the centre of which was a mound of crimson and gold, which formerly composed part of Tippoo Sultan's throne. Here Lord Wellesley was placed on a rich chair and stool of state; seats were placed for the ladies on each side of the room.

'Many of the European ladies were richly ornamented with jewels. The black dress of the male Armenians was pleasing from the variety; and the costly, though unbecoming habits of their females, together with the appearance of officers, nabobs, Persians, and natives, resembled a masquerade.'

Lord Valentia says that,

'He (Marquis Wellesley) gave me a general invitation to his table both in town and country; and observed that, although strictly speaking, no rank was known in India, except in official situations, yet he should certainly give me the precedence of every body, except the immediate members of the executive government.'

This mark of distinction might have been very gratifying to the noble author at the time, but we can see no reason why he should have noticed it in his travels, except he intended to give the reader an insight into the vanity of his character. Lord V. seems very fond of calling the attention of the reader to the ceremonial homage which he experienced from the various great men whom he met on his extensive route. These different details occupy, altogether, a pretty large portion of the work; and their general effect is rather to tire and to disgust, than to interest, to amuse, or to instruct. He who travels, and who thinks it worth while to publish his travels, must reasonably be supposed to do it because he has some novel, some useful, or entertaining information to communicate. And it is his duty, as far as he consults the public advantage

and his interest, as far as he regards the well-earned celebrity of authorship, to confine himself strictly to such topics as may answer these purposes, without any impertinent digressions which have no relation to the main object of the work, or any superfluous relations which owe their origin merely to the personal or the selfish feelings of the individual.

Lord Valentia proceeded by water to within four miles of Hoogly, when he got into his palanquin. 'In a little more than an hour,' says he, 'I arrived at Mr. Brooks', *who had not sent his carriage, for the best of all possible reasons, because it was broken.*' This is another of the many specimens of minutiae which ought never to have been suffered to disfigure these three splendid quartos. Had Lord Valentia been a boarding-school miss, we should naturally have expected to find the narrative constantly suspended by these idle interruptions. The imbecility of the writer might have powerfully pleaded for the frequent indulgence of feminine conceit; but a similar excuse cannot be admitted in the travels of a British peer, in which we expect to find the consciousness of his own dignity raising him above the mention of such petty circumstances as are fit to arrest the attention only of the most frivolous and vain.

Our noble traveller prosecutes his journey to Benares by the old road through the populous cities of Bengal. He intended to travel during the night, and to halt in the day, as the scenery in Bengal is uninteresting, from the uniform flatness of the country. 'For each palanquin were required eight bearers, which formed a complete change; we had also three mussal or link-boys to carry our luggage.' Burlampore, through which the route of our traveller lay, is the residence of the present Nawab of Bengal, Naussir ool Moolk, and also of the celebrated old Munny Begum, over whom Mr. Burke strewed all the gay blossoms of his rhetoric. Jungepore is the greatest station for silk in the possession of the East India Company, though Cossimbazar nominally takes the lead.

They have several kinds of silk-worm in the country; one, which is supposed to be indigenous, is called the docey, which produces eight harvests; the Chiua, or Madras is reckoned the worst.

Early in the morning of February 26, Lord V. came in sight of Rajamahall, on the banks of the Ganges, which he now beheld for the first time. Socoligully was the last halt which our author made in the province of Bengal. The roads had hitherto been very indifferent, and in many places not sufficiently wide to let his palanquin pass without difficulty.

'During the full power of the house of Timour,' says his lordship, 'they made magnificent causeways from one end of their dominions to the other, and planted trees on the sides to shelter travellers from the sun;'

but this example, which indicates equal wisdom and humanity, has not been followed by the present sovereigns of Hindostan. The improvement of the country is deemed an inferior consideration to a large investment and an increase of dividend. Though we have little doubt that India is in general benefited by the sovereignty of the English, yet in all foreign sovereignty the interests of the people will in too many instances be sacrificed to the mercenary calculations of individuals, who are more anxious to return home with a large property, than to leave behind them lasting monuments of their justice and philanthropy.

'The farther you go north in Hindostan proper,' says his lordship, 'the better is the country. The chief produce is opium, which is now become a most important article, not only on account of the profit which the monopoly brings to the East India Company, but also from the great demand for this intoxicating drug in China. The importation is not permitted by the Chinese government; but the attachment of the people to it is so great, that they are obliged to connive at its being smuggled into the country. The demand is increasing, which is fortunate, as hitherto the Chinese have considered the British trade, which only brought them bullion, an article which they did not want, as of less importance than the Russian, which gave them in exchange for their tea, furs, which they required for a convenience, as well as luxury. They are now dependent on India for what is becoming a necessary article. The non-importation would probably excite a rebellion.'

On the 4th of March Lord Valentia went to view the town of Patna. 'It is one continued street the whole way, and the population appears to be very great. The houses in general are of mud, and there are few remains that indicate the capital of Bahar.' Patna is supposed to be the ancient Palibothra. In the route between Patna and Bahar, after passing the Soane, our traveller 'observed the *Gossypium*, or cotton plant, and the *Ricinus Communis*, whose berry yields the castor oil, of which, singular as it may appear, till lately the India Company were so uninformed, as to send that medicine from Europe.' 'The wheat harvest was now (March 6th) commenced, and the whole population of the villages was poured out into the fields. The men and boys were reaping, and the women and children were, as in Europe, leasing after them.'

Lord Valentia reached Benares on the 7th of March. He found the climate very different from that of Calcutta. Fires had been used but a few days before his arrival, and the nights even at this time were rather cold. Mr. Neave, the senior judge of circuits and appeal, and agent to the governor general, attended Lord Valentia in his visit to the princes, sons of Mirza Jewan Bukht Iehander Shah, and to his widow Kutluc Sultaun Begum.

‘As I approached the palace,’ says the noble author, ‘I found the guards drawn out to receive me, compared to whom Falstaff’s recruits were gentlemen. It was intended to do me honour, and I felt the compliment. We here quitted our palanquins, and perceived the prince in the Dewan Khanah, waiting our approach. It is a small room, elevated a few feet above the ground, open on three sides, and supported by pillars; on the fourth a purdah* was stretched across, behind which was seated his mother. He advanced to the head of the steps, followed by his three sons. He there embraced me three times, and taking hold of my left hand, led me to a small couch close to the purdah, and seated me on his right hand, in fact between his mother and himself, though she was invisible. I instantly presented to her a nazar of nineteen gold mohurs, in a white handkerchief. I handed them through a hole in the purdah, which being tolerably large, I contrived to get a peep at the old lady, who was little and rather fair: her hands were very delicate. I should have preferred the view of some of the owners of fine black eyes that I saw playing at hide and seek through the different holes; but it was impossible. I then delivered to him a nazar of nine gold mohurs in a similar manner.’

There is something very affecting in the fallen fortunes of the house of Timour. The head of the family had his eyes put out by one of his subjects, while ‘his family owed their bread to the benevolence of a nation on which they had no claim.’

Benares is a very holy city, to which the devout repair to perform their sacrifices and ablutions.

‘The number of temples to the different deities is great; but the chief worship is of Vishnou, Maha-deva, and their wives. It takes about fifteen days to go through the whole business of praying and making offerings of fruit to each, accompanied, of course, with money to the priests. On the first day the pilgrim washes in the holy well of Munkernika; afterwards, each day in the Ganges.’

The streets in Benares are so extremely narrow, that Lord

* A curtain, usually of cloth, which, when let down, serves as a door.

V. says, 'it was with difficulty I prevented my horse from touching the sides.'

'The number of stone and brick houses from one to six stories high is upwards of 12 000; the mud houses, upwards of 16,000. The permanent inhabitants are upwards of 58,000, besides the attendants of the three princes, and several other foreigners, who may amount to near 3,000; but the concourse during some of the festivals is beyond all calculation. The Mahomedans are not one in ten.'

When Lord V. ascended the roof of the mosque which was built by Aurungzebe to mortify the Hindoos, he saw thousands of inhabitants bathing in the waters of the Ganges. Lord V. gives the following description of Benares, as it appears from the water :

'The river forms here a very fine sweep of about four miles in length. On the external side of the curve, which is constantly the most elevated, is situated the holy city of Benares. It is covered with buildings to the water's edge; and the opposite shore, being, as usual, extremely level, the whole may be beheld at once. From passing through the streets, or even from viewing it from the minars, I could have formed no conception of its beauty. Innumerable pagodas of every size and shape occupy the bank, and even have encroached on the river. Uniformly built of stone, and of the most solid workmanship, they are able to resist the torrents which in the rainy season beat against them. Several are painted, others gilded, and some remain of the colour of the stone. They generally have domes, often finished with the trident of Maha-deva. Gauts are very frequent for the convenience of ablution; and wherever the houses approach the river, they are necessarily built thirty feet high, of large stones, before they reach the level of the street above. The contrast between those elevated masses of solid masonry, and the light domes of the pagodas, is singular and pleasing. Trees occasionally overhang the walls, and the thousands of people constantly either bathing or washing linen in the water, add not a little to this most extraordinary scene.'

From Benares Lord V. proceeds to Jaunpore, where he saw the bridge built by the emperor Acbar, over the Goomty river, which is considered by the natives as one of the wonders of India. On the 19th of March our traveller passed the boundaries of the East India Company's territory, and entered that of the Nawaub Vizier. The change was, he says, apparent in the face of the country, as the tyranny of the government had diminished the quantity of land in cultivation. We shall not describe the noble author's reception at the palace of the Nawaub, at Lucknow, '*who embraced me as*

his equal.' The Nawaub very graciously returned the visit of his lordship, and breakfasted with him. After the departure of his excellency, Lord V. found that 'a few silver spoons was all that was missing,' which had been purloined by the followers of the Nawaub.

Lord V. was indulged with the use of one of the hummaums, or hot baths, of the Nawaub. The hummaum consisted of two rooms, heated by flues under the floor. After undressing and wrapping a piece of red linen round his middle, his lordship proceeded to the second room, where the heat was so great, as at first to take away his breath. His lordship was laid on the floor, when eight attendants rubbed his feet with pumice stone, kneaded all his limbs, and wiped him with mohair-bags till they had cleansed every pore.

'I next was rubbed,' says his lordship, 'with a composition of clay, and then perfumed with oil, both of which were sent by his excellency, with every article of silver, basins, &c. as used by himself. The hair was cleaned with a composition of flour and other substances. At length I leaped into one of the marble basins (of which there were two in the room), and having thoroughly washed myself, came out, and was covered with hot cloths of a very fine texture, and with borders of gold. I returned to the next room, which felt much cooler, and gradually prepared me for the open air.'

We agree with his lordship on the salutary powers of the hot bath, the use of which is so prevalent throughout the east.

When Lord Valentia dined at the Nawaub's, he says that Mrs. — and Mrs. — came with their husbands; on which he remarks,

'Nothing can be so highly disgusting as to see women mixing in society with Mahomedans, it is so contrary to the principles of the latter, who can only have a contempt for them, and consider them as on a level with the Nautch girls. This was pretty plainly exemplified in the course of the day, for Mrs. — having seated herself next the general, he drew back his chair, and desired she would not come so near to him. She had the impudence (imprudence?) to ask him several questions about his wife, to which he only replied by begging her not to talk so improperly.'

The following is a curious account of a tiger-fight which was exhibited by the Nawaub:

'A space of about fifty feet square had been fenced off on the plain, between the Dowlat Khanah and the river, in front of the Sungi Baraderi, a building open in the Asiatic style, raised about twenty feet from the ground, and which is occasionally used as a

breakfast or banqueting room. It formed one side of the square already mentioned, and was covered with a lattice-work of bamboos, several feet high, lest the tiger, by a violent spring, should make his way amongst us—a circumstance that, on a former occasion, nearly occurred. On the three other sides was a lattice-work of bamboos, sustained by very strong pillars of timber driven firmly into the ground, perfectly securing the crowd on the outside from danger. The tiger was in a small cage on the side, from which he was driven by fireworks. He took several turns round the area, and eyed us most accurately. A buffalo was now driven in, on which he quickly retired to one corner: the other watched him, but did not seem inclined to commence the attack. By fireworks the tiger was several times obliged to move, when the buffalo invariably advanced a little towards him; but on his lying down, stopped and eyed him for some time. Seven other buffaloes were now introduced, but, with all our excitements, we could not induce either party to commence the attack. A dog was thrown into the area by some one. He retreated into a corner, into which the tiger also was soon driven by the fireworks; but, on the little animal's snarling at him, he quickly retired to another corner. The Nawab then sent for an elephant. The first approach of this beast caused the tiger to give a cry of terror, and to shrink into a corner, where by a spring he attempted to leap over the fence. In this he failed; and the elephant, approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees on the tiger. This the latter avoided, and immediately ran to another place. All the exertions of the mobout could not induce the elephant to make a second attack; but advancing to the gate, he began to push against it, and soon made his way good. The tiger did not attempt to take advantage of the opening, but lay panting in a corner. A second elephant was now introduced, who immediately rushed towards the tiger, and made a kneel at him. The tiger, however, sprang on his forehead, where he fixed by his teeth and claws, till the animal raising his head, with a violent jirk, dashed him on the ground, so completely bruised that he was not able to rise. The elephant did not choose to-day to complete his victory; but rushing against the side of the enclosure, with his tusks raised up the whole frame-work of timber and bamboos, with a great number of people on it. The alarm was great, and they scrambled off as soon as possible. The elephant made his way through, fortunately hurting no one; and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow.

Lord V. remained four months at Lucknow. He departed on the 26th of July, with a retinue of no less than 167 persons, besides 120 sepoys and followers, and 20 horse, which joined him on his way. His tents, which amounted to twenty, were 'Carried on hackerys' covered with a thatch of reeds, each drawn

* A kind of cart.

by four bullocks with proper servants to pitch them and to take them down.'

His lordship proceeded through Futtu Gunge and Cansouge, where he inspected the ruins of the ancient capital of Hindostan, to Furruckabad. The dominions of the Nawaub of Furruckabad are said to have been a receptacle of robbers, who from this resort plundered the whole country, till the present Nawaub, on the urgent representations of Mr. Wellesley, ceded his territories to the British, on the condition of receiving a compensation in money, amounting to 9,000 rupees per month, with pensions to several of his people, and the possession of some villages and lands. Lord V. says, that since the police of the British has been established in this country, not a single murder has been committed. On his lordship's arrival at Mukhunpore, on the 1st of September, he was amused by dancers on the tight and slack rope, and feats of strength and agility equal to any thing which he ever beheld in Europe. He visited the mosque, 'in front of which is a fountain and two prodigious boilers, where a constant miracle is performed: for, if unholy rice is put into them, they still continue empty.' Great multitudes were at this time assembling at Mukhunpore, in order to be present at the approaching fair. His lordship 'saw a fellow with snakes and a mangose; the latter in about two minutes killed three of the former, in despite of their twisting round him.' When the noble author left Mukhunpore for Poorah, he was astonished by the crowd he met going to the fair, 'which was as great as in London streets; and afterwards some party or other was always in sight.' When Lord V. arrived at Cawnpore, he discharged most of his servants that were hired at Lucknow, and proceeded by water down the Ganges. He left Cawnpore on the 6th of September. At Moorshadabad, Lord Valentia, who had previously paid his respects to the Nawaub, received a visit from him in return. His highness made a very splendid appearance, and displayed a serpaish* in his turban, in which was one of the largest emeralds his lordship ever saw, with other jewels of great value; but we are informed that these valuable ornaments were 'only taken out of pawn for the occasion, and that the people who had them in pledge were present to watch and receive them again on his departure.'

In the fifth chapter of his first volume, Lord Valentia gives an account of Calcutta, of the state of society, mode of living, &c. &c. in the capital of British India. His lordship estimates the population of this city at 700,000. 'The most remark-

* Ornament of jewels for the head.

able sight of the kind I ever beheld,' says he, 'was the throng that fills these streets in an evening. I drove for three miles through them, without finding a single opening, except what was made by the servants preceding the carriage. The Strand in London exhibits nothing equal to it, for the middle is here as much crowded as the sides.' The air of Calcutta is rendered insalubrious by the closeness of the jungles around it. 'The country is a perfect flat, every where intersected with nullahs and here and there a small lake.' Lord Wellesley made one or two wide roads through the middle, which are said to have rendered the atmosphere less noxious. 'The marshes,' says his lordship, 'should, if possible, be drained; this would improve the roads, which in general are very bad, impeding the conveyance of provisions to market.' Consumptions are very frequent among the ladies, which the noble author attributes to the incessant dancing even during the hottest months.

'The society of Calcutta is numerous and gay; there is a superabundance of convivial hospitality; but the quiet comfort of the domestic circle, which is so much prized by the virtuous and the wise in this country, seems a stranger to the British settlements in general in the east.

'It is usual in Calcutta to rise early, in order to enjoy the cool air of the morning, which is particularly pleasant before sunrise. At twelve they take a hot meal, which they call tiffin, and then generally go to bed for two or three hours. The dinner hour is commonly between seven and eight, which is certainly too late in this hot climate, as it prevents any evening ride at the proper time, and keeps them up till midnight or later. The viands are excellent, and served in great profusion, to the no small satisfaction of the birds and beasts of prey, to whose share a considerable proportion of the remains fall; for the lower order of the Portuguese, to whom alone they would be serviceable, cannot consume the whole; and the religious prejudices of the native servants prevent them from touching any thing that is not dressed by their own cast. To this circumstance is to be attributed the amazing flocks of crows and kites, which, undisturbed by man, live together in amicable society, and almost cover the houses and gardens. In their profession of scavengers, the kites and crows are assisted during the day by the adjutant bird, and at night by foxes, jackals, and hyenas; from the neighbouring jungles.'

'The usual mode of travelling is by palanquins, but most gentlemen have carriages adapted to the climate, and horses, of which the breed is much improved of late years. It is universally the custom to drive out between sunset and dinner. The musalchees, when it grows dark, go out to meet their masters

on their return, and run before them at the rate of full eight miles an hour, and the numerous lights moving along the esplanade produce a singular and pleasing effect.'

The following circumstance deserves peculiar consideration from those who are at all interested in the future fortunes of our empire in the east.

'The most rapidly accumulating evil of Bengal, is the increase of half cast children. They are forming the first step to colonization, by creating a link of union between the English and the natives.'——'Their increase in India is beyond calculation; and though possibly there may be nothing to fear from the sloth of the Hindoos, and the rapidly declining consequence of the Mussulmauns, yet it may be justly apprehended that this tribe may hereafter become too powerful for controul. Although they are not permitted to hold offices under the company, yet they act as clerks in almost every mercantile house, and many of them are annually sent to England to receive the benefit of an European education. With numbers in their favour, with a close relationship to the natives, and without an equal proportion of that pusillanimity and indolence, which is natural to them, what may not in time be dreaded from them?'

His lordship then suggests a precaution against the impending evil, which we believe is impossible to be put in execution.

In this capital of the mercantile empire of Great Britain, there is said to be only one church belonging to the establishment, and this neither conspicuous for size nor ornament. His lordship remarks with apparent regret, that all British India does not exhibit one episcopal see. He does not, however, seem to favour the large establishment which has been so zealously recommended by the interested expectancy of the Rev. Dr. Buchanan. Lord V. considers the attempts of the missionaries to convert the Hindoos to be highly perilous and totally impracticable.

'Although,' says his lordship, 'the Hindoos have adopted from us various improvements in their manufacture of salt-petre, opium, and indigo, and have made rapid advances in the knowledge of ship-building, practical mathematics, and navigation; yet none of these acquirements have interfered with their religious prejudices. The instant these are touched, they fly off from all approximation to their masters, and an end is put to further advancement. Nothing is therefore more to be avoided than alarming their jealousy on this head, and exerting the suspicion that government means, in any manner, to interfere in the business of proselyting. The Brahmins are a very powerful body; they are both an *hereditary nobility* and a *reigning hierarchy*, looked up to with the highest veneration by the inferior castes,

and possessed of the most distinguishing privileges. They will consequently oppose with their whole influence any attempt to subvert that system, upon which all their superiority depends. *They have already taken alarm at the proceedings of the missionaries in Bengal and other parts; and if driven to extremities, will doubtless excite a formidable insurrection to our government among the natives.*

Lord Valentia maintains, in opposition to the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and other votaries of methodism, that, if the Hindoos were to become christians, they would not become better subjects to the British dominion.

‘At present the Hindoo is irrevocably bound by the law of cast, to continue in that situation in life to which he is born, and no exertion of talent can raise him one step beyond it: he therefore looks with perfect apathy on the political intrigues of the higher orders, and dreads a revolution, as productive of great personal distress, and as putting to hazard his life and little property. But were the path of ambition laid open to him by that equalization which would be the consequence of the destruction of casts, and the general reception of christianity, talents would have their free career, and every man of spirit would consider himself as the establisher of his own fortune. Is it credible then, that in such an event, so many millions of natives would submit to be governed by a few thousand Europeans, to whom they would feel no natural attachment, or obligation of allegiance?’

On the 6th of December our noble traveller took his ‘passage in the Olive, Captain Mathews, going with rice to Columbo.’ On the 18th of December he landed at Point de Galle, in Ceylon. His lordship proceeded in his palanquin through Bentotte to Columbo. Bentotte is forty miles distant from Point de Galle.

‘The road never quitted the shore, and wound along the bays, occasionally ascending and descending through the groves of cocoa-nut trees. The surface of the ground was covered by the convolvulus *pes-caprae*, with its large and beautiful, purple flowers. The jungle was loaded with creepers, amongst which the most common and most splendid was the *gloriosa superba*. The cinnamon I occasionally observed, and many other plants, of which I had seen specimens in Europe; but those to which I was a stranger were vastly more numerous. The whole vegetation is infinitely more luxuriant than in Bengal, and forms the richest field for a botanist I ever beheld, except the Cape of Good Hope.”

When his lordship arrived at the river, Mr. North had given orders for such attentions to be paid him, that in the boat in which he was transported across the stream, he was ‘honour-

ed with an awning of white cloth, and a chair covered with the same; a mark of distinction reserved for his excellency and the king of Candy.' This honourable distinction of a white cloth awning, instead of one of any other colour, must have been highly gratifying to his lordship; and the mention of it is very edifying to the reader.

Our noble traveller arrived at Columbo on the 22d of December, where he experienced a most kind and friendly reception from Mr. North. There is something singular in the political state of Ceylon. The whole of the coast is in possession of the Europeans. The king of the country, whose capital is at Candy, in the centre of the island, is so hemmed in by these new settlers, that he has been obliged to ask their permission even for bringing over from the Malabar coast, a wife of his own cast, which, by the laws of his religion, he is obliged to do. On the other hand, the Europeans, confined to their narrow slip of coast, have been debarred from all access to the interior, and from any other intermediate communication with each other, than by the sea or along the shore.

'The Cingalese are distributed into many casts, and subdivisions of casts. Of these the first is that of the Vellulas, or cultivators of the land; from the two superior classes, of which are chosen the modelars, and principal native officers of the government: from the inferior, the lower officers, and lascarys or militia men. The cast of fishermen is numerous and powerful, but the Mahomedans also carry on that occupation. The other casts are distinguished by their several trades, which they follow exclusively: thus the washermen only wash clothes, and the barbers only shave; and upon a late quarrel between these two casts, the washermen remained unshaven, and the barbers in their foul clothes, till Mr. North, disgusted with their appearance, mediated a peace between them.'

'The higher casts are extremely jealous of their privileges, and severely punish those of the lower casts who presume to usurp them. A man who ventured to cover his house with tiles, without being entitled to that distinction, had it pulled down to the ground by the orders of his superior; and a poor taylor, whose love of finery led him to be married in a scarlet jacket, was nearly killed at the church door.'

Lord Valentia left Columbo on January 14, 1804, and proceeded along the coast to Putlam, through a more wild country than that between Galle and Columbo. At Putlam he hired four boats, and after landing at Mannar and Ramis-eram, he disembarked on the continent of India on the 25th of January, when he set off for Ramnad. On the 30th of

January we find our noble traveller at Tanjore, which is one hundred and twenty-one miles distant from Ramnad.

‘Being,’ says Lord V. ‘the first nobleman that ever visited Tanjore, the Rajah was much pleased with the idea of receiving me. He acceded to every proposal of Captain Blackburns, as to the etiquette to be observed in our meeting, and it was settled that we should visit as equals.’

His lordship says, that the Hindoo religion does not retain so much power or splendour any where as on the coast of Coromandel.

‘As the Mussulmaun conquests were never permanent here, the places of worship remain in their original state, and their vast endowments are untouched. In almost every village is a pagoda with its lofty gateways of massive and not inelegant architecture, where a great number of Brahmins are maintained either by the revenues formerly established, or by an allowance from the government. The great roads which lead to these holy places are lined with choultries, built for the accommodation of the pilgrims, where frequently Brahmins attend to relieve their wants.’

Lord Valentia stopped in his way from Tanjore to Madras, at Mr. Harris’s, at Camboconam, the ancient capital of Tanjore. He arrived at Pondicherry on the 3d of February. ‘Pondicherry, once the most splendid city in the east, and the capital of the French when they held the larger part of the Carnatic, has never recovered its destruction in 1761.’ But, notwithstanding the devastations which this city has experienced, Lord Valentia says that Pondicherry is still the handsomest town except Calcutta, which he has seen in India. The French territory of Pondicherry comprehended not more than five miles of sea coast, and contained only twenty-five thousand inhabitants. But after the peace of Amiens, Buonaparte seemed determined to restore the former splendour of Pondicherry, and the power of the French in India, for he dispatched a sumptuous establishment under Captain-general de Caen, consisting of seven generals, a proportionate number of inferior officers, and fourteen hundred regular troops, with a body guard of eighty light horse. His lordship truly remarks, that

‘Such a number of generals and officers must have been intended for a wider field than the little territory of Pondicherry. When they were sent from France, the power of Perron was at its height in the upper provinces, and the original founder of that power was with Buonaparte, to point out the most eligible method of undermining the British influence in India.’

Lord Valentia remained at Madras from February 8th to the 23d; but he has inserted no details respecting this place which are likely either to interest or amuse. On the 23d he set off for Conjeveram, whence he proceeded to Vellore. The fort of Vellore, which was chosen for the confinement of Tippoo's children, is surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, cut out of the solid rock.

'In addition to the usual defence, the ditch is filled with alligators of a very large size. With these, a serjeant of the Scotch brigade engaged in battle for a small wager. He entered the water, and was several times drawn under by the ferocious animals. He, however, escaped at last, with several severe wounds.' 'There are in all twelve sons and eight daughters of Tippoo's. Futty Hyder, the eldest, but illegitimate son, has twelve or fourteen children. He, as well as his three next brothers, have 50,000 rupees each per annum; a much larger sum than he really received during his father's life time, though he was nominally in possession of a large jaghire.' 'Futty Hyder conducts himself with the utmost propriety, as indeed do all of them, except Sultan Molz-ud-Deen, the eldest legitimate son, who gives Major Marriott a great deal of trouble by his misconduct. He spends all the money he can procure in buying dancing-girls, runs in debt, and even lately murdered a female who had been employed in the harem as a servant!' 'The females are nearly eight hundred in number, including several of Hyder's. Those of rank, have each a separate room and a small allowance of pocket money; but the whole harem is supplied with provisions as in the time of Tippoo. In order that they might be able to converse with Major Marriott, who had the whole arrangement of their affairs, without a breach of Mussulmaun propriety, they adopted him into the family, and consequently call him brother. He assures me that they are happy and satisfied.' 'They come from different parts of the world, and each furnishes her apartment according to the fashion of her own country. Major Marriott has, therefore, the singular knowledge of the manners of the harems of Persia, Delhi, and of many other Mussulmaun kingdoms.'

Since Lord Valentia visited Vellore, the massacre which happened in that place on the 10th of July, 1806, has occasioned the removal of all the males of Tippoo's family to Calcuttá. Nothing can show more clearly than this massacre, the necessity of a scrupulous attention to the prejudices of the Hindoos. The family of Tippoo at Vellore could have created no animosity to the British, if the absurd attempt to alter the form of an accustomed turban for one that looked 'prettier on parade,' had not shocked the prejudices and inflamed the resentment of the Sepoys.

Our noble traveller passed through Bangalore, and reached Seringapatam on the 29th of February; but we have noticed few particulars in his description of that capital which we have not previously detailed in our account of Dr. Buchanan's journey through the Mysore, &c. &c. in the C. R. for February, 1808.

'The inner ditch and rampart have been wholly destroyed, except in the spot where the wall gave a passage to the soldiers; that I was happy to find preserved as a memorial of their courage. It is a singular circumstance, that the besiegers had no idea of the existence of such a ditch and inner wall, till the storm took place, though they had native spies constantly in the place. The gateway in which Tippoo fell has been destroyed, with the inner work; a road is formed in its stead, with trees planted on each side, which will ultimately add much to the beauty of the town. It is still unknown who gave the fatal wound to the sultaun: the invaluable string of pearls which he wore round his neck was the prize of the soldier, but it has never been produced or traced. He had been many years collecting this; always taking off an inferior pearl, when he could purchase one of more value.'

'Seringapatam is much inferior to any capital which I have visited in India: the palaces of the sultaun have neither the imposing massive dignity of the Hindoo architecture, nor the light airy elegance of the Mussulmaun buildings at Lucknow. The public apartments of Tippoo were handsome, but those of Hyder were plain in the extreme. The zenanas of both were extremely bad. They consisted each of a quadrangular building, two stories high, with verandahs all around, opening into the centre. Some of the pillars were large, but unornamented, and the pillars were of wood. I had seen several gentlemen who had entered them immediately after they were quitted by the females, and they assured me that they were then in as dirty a state as I now found them. The lamps had been placed in niches in the walls, and the oil from each had been permitted to run down to the floor, forming a black stripe the whole way; and the wooden pillars in the largest rooms and in the verandahs had lost their colour by grease and dirt. How different from the descriptions which eastern tales have given us of these secluded apartments! In another respect they seem to have been more faithfully described; for it was evident the females here confined had conceived a most vehement desire to view at least the forbidden males. The two zenanas of Tippoo and Hyder joined and had a communication with each other. On each side was a palace of one of these princes. In the front was an entrance from the public square, where the troops exercised, well secured and guarded by eunuchs; yet in the wall above were discovered numerous holes, from which the prisoners could behold all that passed without, which at least afforded more variety than the monotonous routine of the interior.'

After destroying the power of the sultaun, the English re-instituted the Hindoo dynasty, which Tippoo had deposed. The present Rajah of Mysore, who owes his throne to British generosity, was, when seen by Lord Valentia, about eleven years old. 'He seemed lively,' says his lordship, 'but on such a public occasion it would have been indecorous to have even smiled. He did so once, but was immediately checked by a person who stood by him.' To the questions which were asked by Lord V. he returned prompt and sensible answers.

Lord Valentia had dispatched Mr. Salt from Madras, to take views of the falls of the Cauveri, &c. His lordship has inserted part of Mr. Salt's journal in the first volume, from which we extract that ingenious artist's description of the pagoda at Conjeveram.

'The principal entrance to the great pagoda is very lofty, and resembles much in its shape and ornaments that at Tanjore. On the left, after passing through it, was a large edifice like a choultry, containing, as the Brahmins assert, and which appears probable from its great extent, a thousand pillars; many of these were handsomely and curiously carved with figures of Hindoo deities, some of which had a kind of halo or glory round their heads. Several of the groups were composed with more skill than usual, particularly one representing the alarm of a child, whom a Brahmin is tying to the altar of Mahadeo. The sides of the steps leading up to it were formed by two well-carved elephants drawing a car. An elevated musnud occupied the centre. Opposite to this building was a tank, and several small pagodas: the side of one of them was covered with ancient and unknown characters, similar to those at the seven pagodas. On another were carved in relief, some curious designs in compartments, two of which I sketched: the first is a species of centaur striking a bell over an altar, and the second represents Rama in the act of drawing his bow, which is of singular construction, with Hunimaun seated. The second court or inner square, being considered as holy, I was not admitted into it. This temple is dedicated to Seva. I afterwards ascended by seven flights of steps to the top of the large gateway; the view from it was extremely fine, consisting of extensive woods, intersected by a large sheet of water, with numerous pagodas rising among the trees, and a magnificent range of retiring mountains in the distance.'

The following is Mr. Salt's description of the waterfall at Seva Summoodra,

'I had heard so much at Madras of this waterfall, from persons who had seen it in the rainy season, that I was, on approaching it, considerably disappointed. It falls indeed from a very

great height, certainly upwards of one hundred and fifty feet, but the body of water is not sufficient at this season to make it grand. It is precipitated down in four channels, from an apparently level surface above; and its fall is broken by numerous projecting rocks, the largest of which are near the centre, almost dividing it into two stages. In the rainy season it must be astonishingly grand, as there are many channels, now dry, through which the water must then rush with tremendous force, since huge masses have been torn up, and such marks of desolation spread around, that even in the absence of the torrent, they appear exceedingly awful. The accompanying scenery is wild in the extreme, though the magnitude of the rocks makes the trees on the hill opposite, which is singularly smooth for its situation, look very diminutive. After traversing the bank, and viewing it from several points, I descended into one of the deepest of the chasms; and having taken the accompanying and several other views of the fall, undisturbed by the tigers, which are reported to be very numerous in the neighbourhood, returned to a small choultry above.

Lord Valentia, in his way from Seringapatam to Mangalore, passed the Besseley Gaut, of which Mr. Salt has given a beautiful view, and his lordship a perspicuous description.

'The road has been formed with great labour out of a bed of loose rock, over which the torrents in winter had run with such force, as to wash away all the softer parts, and in several places to leave single rocks, of four or five feet diameter, standing in the centre of the road, not above two feet asunder. To get the palanquin over these was a tedious and difficult business; however, it escaped uninjured. The boys were obliged to use sticks with iron spikes at the ends, to prevent themselves from being thrown forward by the weight of the palanquin, though I walked the whole way, not only to relieve them, but to admire the sublimity of the scene. We had entered a forest of the largest trees of the east, several of which were one hundred feet in the stem, before a single branch extended; yet the descent was so steep that I was frequently on a level with their tops at so small a distance as to be able to distinguish them by the gleam of the numerous torches which accompanied me, but which were insufficient to enlighten the impenetrable canopy of foliage that for miles concealed the face of heaven, or the deep gloom of the abyss into which we seemed to be descending.'

Mangalore was the only sea-port in the dominions of Tippoo, though the depth of water on the bar is sufficient only for small vessels. The harbour itself is deep and of considerable extent. The present trade is tenfold what it was under the Mussulmaun government. Two rivers, which rise in the hills, flow into the ocean at Mangalore, and serve, during the rainy

season, to bring down the lofty timber that has been felled during the dry. Lord V. saw some spars which were ninety feet in length. The shallowness of the bar prevents Mangalore from becoming a great naval station, for it would be otherwise well qualified. Here are magazines for the sandalwood, which grows on the hills of the Mysore; it is sometimes only three inches in diameter, and rarely exceeds a foot. It is chiefly exported to China, where the inhabitants burn it on certain festivals, before the images of their ancestors.

Here we shall take our leave of his lordship for the present month, but shall probably pay our respects to his second quarto in the succeeding number of the C. R.

ART. III.—*A Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain, in which are Memoirs and Characters of the most celebrated Persons of each Family. Vols. I. and II. The arms engraved on wood. London. Mawman, Johnson, Nichols, &c. &c. 1808, 12mo.*

THE editor of this work states its object to be

‘to give a rational account of the peerage of the empire. All prolix details, all the tiresome minutiae of genealogy have been avoided, while the prominent members of every family have been recorded in such colours, as are justified by impartiality and truth. No sacrifice has been made to flattery; and not the exaltation of individuals, but the integrity of biography and history, has been regarded.’—‘Characters have been more the author’s aim, than details of facts. For this purpose the three historians, whose works have been most used, are Clarendon, Burnet, and Coxe.’—‘As to the slight and hasty characters which the compiler has had occasion to draw himself, they are such as an eye and ear, long open to what has been passing in the living world, have dictated; and whatever opposition they may encounter from individual or political prejudice, he can confidently say, they are written with honesty, and, he trusts, with candour.’

One of these we shall present to our readers, which, as the author is a decided Pittite in his political sentiments, will evince that his claim to be considered as an honest and candid writer, is not without foundation.

‘*Thomas Erskine, Lord Erskine, 1806;*

‘A man whose splendid career at the bar is familiar to the nation. He is younger brother of David, Earl of Buchan, of an illustrious Scotch family. He originally embraced the military profession; but left it young, for a sphere for which his brilliant

talents were better adapted; and retiring to Cambridge, and studying there for a short time, went from thence to Lincoln's Inn, qualified himself for an advocate in the Court of King's Bench, and being admitted to the bar in 1778, immediately distinguished himself by his oratory, at the trial of Admiral Keppel, whence he rose, almost instantly into full practice, and led the bar, in all appeals to juries, for nearly five-and-twenty years. It is impossible to describe the grace, beauty, and copiousness of his eloquence; it was totally unlike any thing in the same sphere, either at the time, before, or since. The silver tones of his voice, the lightning of his eye, the incessant blaze of his imagery, his touching appeals to the heart, and his profuse command of language, overwhelmed every feeling and cultivated mind with delight and astonishment. Nor was his judgment less correct than his talents were brilliant. I have heard those who are best capable of forming an opinion say, that his prudence and sagacity as an advocate were as decisive as his speeches were splendid. He could discriminate with as much labour and niceness, as he could illumine by the stores of his inexhaustible fancy. His inclination, no doubt, led him to give the excursive powers of his mind full play, but he had the ability of the most minute discernment and profound investigation, whenever the occasion required it. In short, he is a man formed in the prodigality of nature, and to whomsoever honours be grudged, they cannot be said to have been unjustly won by Lord Erskine. On Feb. 8, 1806, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, and created Lord Erskine of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall. He resigned the chancellorship in the following year, when Lord Eldon was re-appointed.

His lordship married, in 1770, Frances, daughter of Daniel Moore, Esq. by whom (who died 1805) he has had four sons and four daughters.

Female descent—Stewart, Ballenden, Hope, Stewart, Fairfax, Stewart.

Chief seat

Heir apparent—His son David Montague, late envoy and plenipotentiary to North America, who married in 1800, Fanny, daughter of General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

Younger branches—His younger sons, Henry, Thomas, and Esme, and the Earl of Rosslyn, &c.

This specimen will shew the order and method of the work, which appears to yield all the information usually afforded by a pocket Peerage, and at the same time to distinguish from the *απαλοι* of the nobility those who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their good or evil conduct. Fox has observed, that "fear of censure from contemporaries will seldom have much effect upon men in situations of unlimited authority; they will too often flatter themselves, that the same power which enables them to commit the crime will

secure them from reproach. The dread of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the only restraint, their consciences excepted, upon the passions of such persons, it is lamentable that this last defence (feeble enough at best) should in any degree be impaired." The remark may be applied to those of high rank and title; and feeble as the restraint is termed, we are inclined to think that there is a kind of feeling (perhaps of a superstitious nature) which inclines mankind in every situation of life to fear the disgrace of their characters after death, in the same manner as the dishonouring of their bodies, and that this feeling will in many instances not only have much more influence than the dread of contemporary censure, but prove sufficient effectually to deter men from the indulgence of their guilty passions. On this principle, we must commend the design of the work before us, as far as it contains a body of remarks, favourable or unfavourable according to impartial judgment, upon the characters of those who, by their virtues, are most able to exalt the nation, and by their vices contribute in the greatest degree to its degeneracy.

There are prefixed to the first volume, 1st, a list of such English peers as are also peers of Scotland and Ireland, according to the date, rank, and title of their honours in those kingdoms; 2d, a list of second titles generally borne by peers' elder sons; 3d, a list of the surnames and superior titles of the peers of the united kingdom; 4th, a list of peers classed according to the source from whence the ancestors of each derived his peerage, all prior to the extinction of the house of Tudor being classed as feudal; 5th, a list of extinct peerages from the accession of the house of Hanover; 6th, a list of peers of the empire who are in the army, and of those in the navy; 7th, mottos of the peers of England, alphabetically arranged, with translations. The arms of each peer are prefixed to the account of his peerage, neatly engraved on wood. The succeeding volumes are announced to be in the press.

ART. IV. *The Poetical Works of the late Christopher Anstey, Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, John Anstey, Esq.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1808. pp. 503.

THE second part of this title-page is nearly all that can demand our attention in the present day; as criticism, were it disposed to censure, would come much too late with its discoveries of the blemishes of Anstey's poems; and praise has long been so lavishly and justly bestowed upon this author,

that it were equally unprofitable and tedious to repeat a stale panegyric. The press of new matter must be our excuse for neglecting the publication so long.

Some few indeed of the smaller poems in this volume, as far as we can collect from the preface, are now first published. Of these we are of course called upon to say something; and we may perhaps be excused for offering some strictures upon Anstey's Latin compositions, which, although the learned world is familiar with them, are necessarily less known, and we think less correctly appreciated, than his inimitable Bath Guide, his Election Ball, &c. &c. &c. But we must first consider that portion of the publication which has devolved upon Mr. John Anstey—a gentleman honourably known to every reader who has a taste for genuine humour, and for a felicity of versification and ludicrous nomenclature, hardly inferior to that of his father, by his exquisite Pleader's Guide. It is always with great and natural curiosity that we meet an author, whom we have already admired, again; and particularly when his talents have been directed to a new department of literature. How the poet will appear in prose; how the man of wit and fancy will discharge the grave duties of a biographer; are questions which excite our interest and attention in a high degree. And we must now examine Mr. Anstey in his discharge of this last-mentioned office; an office, rendered infinitely responsible, by involving the character of a parent as well as his own.

'The revered subject of the following memoir' (as our author informs us) 'was born on the 31st of October, 1721. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D. who married Mary, daughter of Anthony Thompson, Esq. of Trumpington, in Cambridgeshire.'

We think it unnecessary to dwell any longer on the ancestors of the poet, whose life is here related. Suffice it to say, that he was sent young to Bury school; removed to Eton, first as an oppidan, and afterwards on the foundation. He left school in 1742, having finished his studies in a manner highly creditable, while Dr. George was master of Eton. 'He had gone captain to the Montem,' as Mr. Anstey expresses himself, in the year 41; in plain English, he was then, according to the most culpable custom of the place, placed at the head of a band of gentlemen, dressed like mountebanks, and armed with painted clubs, for the purpose of extorting money from the passengers, foot and horse, whom business or curiosity led to this scene of riot; in which the sons of the first people in the kingdom unite for the day the mean

ness of beggars with the audacity of footpads. It only indeed happens once in three years, and the Saturnalia of Rome were annual—but this more than Fescennine license, the relic of some barbarous monkish procession to Salt-hill (as it is called, probably, from the eleemosynary receipts of the monks having been *modestly* entitled Salt, such being the case with alms collected at festivals on the continent to this day), this disgrace to a civilized age and country, and especially to one of its noblest seats of liberal education, should speedily be abolished. As in the instance before us, the receipts of the day are often bestowed upon those who could well afford to do without them; they are given to the head boy of the school; who, as he is always upon the foundation, is supposed indeed to stand in need of such assistance. But to return. The reputation which our poet gained as a scholar at Eton, he maintained and greatly increased by his classical acquirements at college. His exercises of all kinds were much admired; particularly some tripos verses written in the year 1745, while he was an undergraduate, as his son unnecessarily informs us. He was admitted fellow of King's College the same year, and took his bachelor's degree in 1746. We shall extract Mr. Anstey's account of an incident which took place at this period, as we think his manner of relating the anecdote does justice to his father and himself, and the subject itself is curious and entertaining.

‘After this period he chiefly resided in college, and had nearly completed the term of his qualification for the degree of master of arts, when he was unexpectedly prevented from arriving at that honour by the result of a very spirited and popular opposition, in which he engaged, and took an active part, against an innovation attempted to be introduced into King's College by some of the leading men of the university.’

‘As in several sketches of the author's life which have appeared in magazines and other periodical publications, this remarkable contest has been alluded to, and its immediate consequences variously represented, it becomes an object of more than ordinary interest with the editor to give a particular and authentic account of it.

‘King's College had immemorially exercised the right of qualifying its members for their degrees within the walls of their own society, without that regular performance of acts and exercises generally in use in the university schools, and required of other colleges. It had been proposed, as a salutary regulation, and a fit employment for the bachelor fellows of King's, that they should occasionally compose Latin declamations, and pronounce them in the public schools, a regulation altogether new and unprecedented in the annals of King's College. My father, who was at that time of six years standing in the uni-

versity, and the senior bachelor of his year, finding himself suddenly called upon to make a Latin oration on a given subject, resisted it in common with the junior fellows, as a degradation and an intrenchment on the privileges of the society. The declamation, however, was exacted, and not to be dispensed with : it was accordingly made, and the exordium no sooner pronounced, than the oration fell suddenly into a rhapsody of adverbs,* so ingeniously and pointedly disposed as to convey an obvious meaning without the aid of much grammatical connection, and being delivered with great animation and emphasis, conveyed a censure and ridicule on the whole proceeding. The orator was in consequence immediately ordered to descend from the rostrum, a circumstance to which he adverts in another declamation he was shortly after called upon to make, instead of the one in which he had been so unfortunately interrupted.'

Mr. Anstey proceeds to state that the well-known story of this second declamation, beginning with these words—' Doctores sine Doctrina, Magistri Artium sine artibus, Baculaurei, baculo potius quam lauru digni,' is not sanctioned by any records among his father's manuscripts. But, as it is a pity to spoil a good story, he believes as much as he can, and supposes the address to have been written but not spoken. There certainly, however, was sufficient imprudence in alluding, as the declaimer did allude, to the unhappy adverb *nunc*, on which he lays the whole blame of his first failure. 'This frolic cost him his master of arts degree. A joke is not to be borne,

' When heads of colleges in sage debate
In caput mortuum amalgamate,

as some wicked wag has it. And the author of the Bath Guide pathetically records his punishment as follows :

' At Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
I slept seven years, and then lost my degrees.'

However, he had gained his object ; and this was the last attempt of the university to infringe upon the palatine rights of King's College. Their Imperium in Imperio, thus vindicated by a wit, a scholar, and a poet, remains to this day inviolate.

Mr. Anstey published a tripos of his father's on the peace

* The following sentence has been frequently mentioned as having formed a part (and one by no means the least obnoxious) of this extraordinary composition ; as a specimen of lucid order and arrangement ; it may not be unacceptable to the classical reader.—' Et hæc neq. hæcenus, neq. olim, sed inopinato, insolenter etiam et inutiliter, admirabiliter, incredibiliter, miserabiliter nunc !'

in 1748. This poem is not so good a specimen of the Latin composition of our author as his translations of Gay's Fables, or the version of the Curfew. The nicer rules of quantity now enforced and observed at Eton, would have taught him to reject such licenses as 'Æquorei Regina Britannia sceptri'; and again—'socialis fœdera sceptri'; or, at all events, to confine the liberty of making a vowel short before two consonants to the introduction of proper names.

Gratatur reducem, should be Gratatur reduci; and so far from thinking with our biographer that the classical allusions in this poem give it an air of dignity rarely to be met with in juvenile compositions, we think that Venus, Æolus, Neptune, Bellona, and Mars, smack of the lower classes of our public schools.

In the year 1754 our author resigned his fellowship of King's, on succeeding to the family estates; and in 1756, he married Ann, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall in Hertfordshire. Of this lady, who is still living, Mr. Anstey speaks with all the warmth of an affectionate son.

The first fourteen years after his marriage, our author passed at his seat at Trumpington, near Cambridge. This retirement, and the society surrounding it, are described in glowing colours; and the happiness here enjoyed by a most accomplished gentleman in the bosom of his family and friends, seems to have been uninterrupted till the death of his sister, a lady of extraordinary endowments, the contemporary and literary correspondent of the late Mrs. Montague.

Illness now induced our author to pay a visit to Bath: a visit very fortunate for the lovers of wit and humour, as it excited a fondness for the place, and finally produced the delightful poem which celebrates its eccentricities.

The late Dr. Sumner, then provost of King's College, Dr. Glynne and Sir William Draper, Dr. Ekins, Dean of Carlisle, the late Dr. Roberts, and Mr. Bryant, all of whom he survived, were the intimate friends and companions of our author. He lived also on terms of friendship with Soame Jennings, and was acquainted with Gray, whose celebrated elegy he translated (the first of a host of translators) in conjunction with Dr. Roberts. Mr. Anstey gives us an extract from a letter of Gray's to the joint poets; in which he does not seem much to like the notion of his poem being Latinized. He argues, and we think forcibly, against the possibility of representing faithfully the customs of one country in the language of another; but with less success proposes the substitution of Roman names for Cromwell and Hampden.

This translation is, upon the whole, one of the best which

has ever been made of the Curfew. It is injudiciously indeed written in heroic instead of elegiac verse; but the language, with some few exceptions, is truly correct and classical. No phrase indeed violently offends us in it, but the conceited imitation of an obsolete Lucretian liberty, 'Sacra Scripturaï;' and the epitaph, appropriately enough rendered in hendecasyllables, is an elegant and happy composition.

The familiar epistle to Mr. Bamfylde, a great master of the sister art of painting, is an exquisite performance. We may say indeed of the wonderfully ingenious Latin versification of subjects most untractably English, displayed in this poem, and of the ludicrous engravings which accompany it, "Ut pictura poesis." They are both excellent.

To finish our remarks upon Anstey's Latin poems, we will say in general of the fables, that they possess a simplicity of style without baldness; and an adherence to classical example with the air of original composition in an author's native language. In many passages these translations rival the best effusions of Vincent Bourne. They were written at first for exercises to instruct the sons of the poet in Latin; but were carefully revised in his old age.

He died in the year 1805, beloved and lamented by a circle much larger than that of his own family, who seem to feel all that reverence for his virtues and his genius which is so justly their due. His life, as it deserved to be, was free from any great uneasiness, and he was blessed with good health (a circumstance which in some measure renders his contempt for physicians a practical lesson) to his death. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It is plain and elegant, but in our opinion encumbered with the heaviest epitaph in Poets' Corner; which, with reverence be it spoken, is saying a good deal. We do not know the author, but feel convinced that Mr. John Anstey could have celebrated a poet and a parent in strains more worthy of his memory than this prosing and spiritless specimen of what is absurdly denominated 'the true *lapidary* style.'

In 1776, the Bath Guide was published. Mr. Anstey presents us with a curious specimen of a French prose version of this poem. It really preserves the humour better than we could have expected.

We do not think it necessary to follow the detail of the poet's smaller publications. This is the first entire collection of them; but, with the exception of the Latin pieces, we do not think they are calculated to increase the fame of their author. On a writer of less eminence they might have conferred some reputation, for the art of expressing pleasant, and sometimes witty conceits, in easy and unencumbered rhyme.

The ludicrous poems are, as might be expected, the best; we found it difficult to feel an inclination to weep over 'the Farmer's Daughter,' but we could not resist our tendency to laughter, however stubborn our critical muscles may be, at the address to the author's three Bobwigs, Matus, Pejor, and Pessimus, at the exquisite translation of the methodistical letter, or at the following happy impromptu, which we insert as more than ever applicable to the trumpery subject which it dignifies by its derision.

In promptu, written in 1779.

' You say, my friend, that every day
Your company forsaking,
In quest of news I haste away,
The Morning Post to take in:
But if nor news nor sense it boast,
Which all the world agree in,
I don't take in the Morning Post,
The Morning Post takes me in.'

The low-lived practice of bruising is ridiculed with much effect in the Pindaric Epistle to Lord Buckhorse, and the poem gains an additional value from its lamentable applicability to the times we live in.

In the preface are some letters upon occasional interchanges of courtesy and kindness between Mr. Anstey and his friends. He invariably has the advantage in liveliness and propriety of expression, with the exception of a *jeu d'esprit* of Garrick's. *De mortuis nil nisi bonam*; or, we would say that the stiff latinity, or rather pedantic plagiarism of one of them (who compliments so laughable and ingenious a poem as the *Epistola Familiaris* with such measured dulness as *legi, relegi, rerelegi*), ill deserves the praise lavished upon it by Mr. Anstey.

In summing up our account of this volume, we cannot but return our best thanks to the editor for the favour he has conferred upon the literary world, by a complete publication of his father's works. He is an author who will delight his countrymen as long as a taste for genuine wit and humour remain among them; and although his powers of serious composition must be considered as inferior to his talent for the ridiculous, yet the beautiful stanzas, which no person ever read without a feeling of admiration, in the Pump-room at Bath, the extempore lines on the death of the Marquis of Tavistock, and some other effusions of tenderness, prove him only to have been second as a master of the pathetic style, because he was first among those benefactors of mankind who have added to the innocent stock of irresistible laughter.

ART. V. *The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. Translated from the original Italian of the Abbe Don J. Ignatius Molina. (Concluded from p. 168.)*

WE shall now notice the second volume of this work, which relates the civil history of Chili. The conquest of this country, which is not yet complete, has cost the Spaniards more blood and treasure than any of their other South American possessions. The Araucanians have defended their original independence with a persevering bravery, which has not often been equalled in the annals of nations.

No particulars of the Chilian history are known previous to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the conquest of the country was attempted by Yupanqui, the Inca of Peru. The inhabitants were, at this time, divided into fifteen tribes, called Capiapins, Coquimbans, Quillotanes, Mapochinians, Promaucians, Curés, Cauques, Pencones, Araucanians, Cunches, Chilotes, Chiquilianians, Pehuenches, Puelches, and Huilliches. These different communities were independent of each other, and subject to certain chiefs, called Ulmenes. The command of the Peruvian expedition was entrusted to Sincheruca, a prince of the blood royal, who extended his conquests as far as the river Rapel. Here his progress was stopped by the Promaucians, whose name signifies the "free dancers," from their fondness for that diversion, and for every other species of amusement. But their voluptuous habits had not impaired their courage, and they defeated the Peruvians in a great battle. After this Chili was divided into two parts, one of which acknowledged the sovereignty of the Peruvians; while the other, containing eleven tribes, preserved its independence. The Peruvians did not introduce their form of government into the conquered provinces, and the whole people retained their original manners until the arrival of the Spaniards. Robertson erroneously supposes that the Chilians had not, at this time, emerged from that state of society which subsists by the chase, into the class of agriculturists. They cultivated the *maize*, and other farinaceous vegetables.

When the Spaniards, under the command of Almagro, crossed the deserts of Peru to invade Chili, they found no want of subsistence on entering the vale between the Andes and the sea. At this period the Chilians had so far advanced in civilization, that they ate their grain cooked, which was done "either by boiling it in earthen pots adapted to the purpose, or roasting it in hot sand." They, at the same time, prepared two distinct kinds of meal, "the parched, to which they gave the name of *murque*; and the raw, which they

called *rugo*. With the first they made gruels, and a kind of beverage which they at present use for breakfast instead of chocolate ;" from the second they formed cakes, and a bread by them called *couque*, which they baked in ovens cut in the sides of mountains or the banks of rivers. They had invented a sort of sieve for separating the bran from the flour, which they call *chignigul*. They are also said to have employed leaven, and to have obtained several spirituous fermentations, which they kept in earthen jars. These things denote a rather advanced state of social culture.

The rights of private property, without which hardly any degree of civilization can exist, were also established among the Chilians. The desire of acquiring property is natural to man, but the actual endeavour, displaying itself in the varied species of industrious exertion, must be more or less restrained by the insecurity of the possession. The first arts of social life, and the first forms of political arrangement, owe their origin to the influence of the idea of property on the habits of man. The Chilians had learned the manufacture of cloths, the use of the spindle and distaff, several arts of the first necessity, and some which had a nearer relation to convenience and luxury, as the manufacture of pots, plates, cups, and jars, to hold their fermented liquors. They extracted gold, silver, copper, tin, and lead, from the earth, and, after purifying, employed these metals in a variety of useful and curious works.

Diego Almagro began his march from Peru, for the territory of Chili, in the end of the year 1535, with an army composed of " 570 Spaniards, and 15,000 Peruvians, under the command of *Paulu*, the brother of the Inca Manco, the nominal emperor of Peru, who had succeeded the unfortunate Atahualpa, who had been put to death by Pizarro and Almagro. Almagro, inconsiderately, took the road to Chili, that passes over the Andes, and, owing to the rigour of the cold, he lost 150 Spaniards, and 10,000 Peruvians, on his march. Almagro, having received reinforcements in 1537, advanced into the country of the Promaucians, regardless of the remonstrances of the Peruvians. Here the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to conquer whole nations without much difficulty or resistance, experienced such brave and determined opposition, that Almagro was glad to make good his retreat, without having effected any settlement in the country.

Almagro was, in 1538, put to death by the brother of Francis Pizarro, who thus being rid of his rival, obtained the absolute command of the Spanish possessions in South America. The conquest of Chili was next attempted by

Pedro de Valdivia, the quarter-master of Pizarro, who had obtained experience in the Indian wars. He began his march in 1540, with 200 Spaniards, a numerous body of Peruvian auxiliaries, some women, monks, and European quadrupeds. He crossed the Andes without any loss, and though repeatedly attacked by the inhabitants of the northern provinces of Chili, and much harassed in his march, he reached the province of Mapocho, now called St. Jago, with little loss. In this province, which is one of the most fertile in the country, he resolved to found the capital of the kingdom, to which he gave the name of St. Jago. 'In laying out the city, he divided the ground into plats or squares, each containing 4096 toises, a fourth of which he allowed to every citizen, a plan that has been pursued in the foundation of all the other cities.' The sagacity of Valdivia has been much applauded in the choice which he made for the situation of his capital; but the author thinks that 'it would have been better placed fifteen miles farther to the south upon the Maypo, a large river which has a direct communication with the sea, and might easily be rendered navigable for ships of the largest size.' 'The city, however, contains at present (1787) more than forty thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in population, from its being the seat of government, and from its great commerce, supported by the luxury of the wealthy inhabitants.'

Valdivia expected numerous obstacles in his endeavours to establish the Spanish dominion in Chili; but the natives opposed his designs rather with desultory and fugitive, than systematic and determined hostility, till he approached the confines of the Araucanians, who seeing the tide of conquest rolling towards them, resolved to stem it, or to perish in the attempt. The Araucanians have from that time to the present been engaged in frequent and bloody wars with the Spaniards, but their valour has hitherto prevented their complete subjugation by the arms of Spain. In the second book of his second volume, the author gives a detailed and interesting account of this singular people, who have defended their liberty and independence against a nation who were greatly advanced beyond them in military skill, with a constancy which would do honour to the most enlightened nations.

In the year 1550, Valdivia, after having founded the city of Coquimbo, founded a third city called Concepcion, in the bay of Penco. The Araucanians advanced, to offer battle to the Spaniards at the river Andaliou. These savages, who were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, sustained the first discharge of the Spanish musketry without being thrown into disorder; for Aillavalu, the commander of the Araucanians,

by a rapid movement, fell at once upon the flank and rear of the Spanish army. The Spaniards formed themselves into a square, and sustained the furious attack of the enemy with their accustomed valour. The battle was long doubtful; but the death of Aillavalu caused the Araucanians to retire. This they did in good order; 'Valdivia, who had been in many battles in Europe and America, declared that he had never been exposed to such imminent hazard as in this engagement.' He immediately fortified the city of Concepcion, expecting shortly to be attacked again. The Araucanians sent another army against the Spaniards in the following year, under the command of Lincoyan, who was a chief of less conduct and courage than Aillavalu. Finding his first attack unsuccessful, Lincoyan ordered a precipitate retreat. This happy deliverance, the Spaniards, who had fled under the cannon of their fortifications, ascribed to the interposition of the apostle St. James, who was seen 'upon a white horse, with a flaming sword, striking terror into their enemies.'

Valdivia, though he had chosen St. Jago for the capital of the colony, discovered a strong predilection for the maritime settlement of Concepcion. After various other successes, Valdivia was, however, in the year 1558, defeated by the Araucanians in a hard-fought battle. The Spaniards were all cut to pieces; the general himself was taken prisoner, and brought into the presence of Caupolican, the new general of the Araucanians. Valdivia supplicated earnestly for his life, and Caupolican seemed rather inclined to grant the request, when an old Ulmen of great authority, enraged at the thought,

dispatched the unfortunate prisoner with a blow of his club; saying, that they must be made to trust to the promises of an ambitious enemy, who, as soon as he had escaped from this danger, would make a mock of them and laugh at his oaths. Caupolican was highly exasperated at this conduct, and would have punished it with severity had not the greater part of his officers opposed themselves to his just resentment.

After the death of Valdivia, the supreme command of the Spanish troops devolved upon Villagran, who was soon after defeated in a furious and sanguinary contest, in which Villagran himself with difficulty escaped with only a few followers. The new city of Concepcion was abandoned to the enemy, who burned the houses and razed the capital to the ground. The war was afterwards continued with great obstinacy, and various success, till Caupolican was delivered up to Don Garcia, the successor of Villagran, by the treachery of one of his followers. The brave Araucanian chief was not made prisoner by the Spanish detachment, who were

sent to seize him, till after a desperate resistance by ten of his faithful followers.

‘His wife, who never ceased exhorting him to die rather than surrender, on seeing him taken, indignantly threw towards him his infant son, saying, she would retain nothing that belonged to a coward.’

Caupolican was immediately ordered to be impaled and dispatched with arrows; but not until a priest had administered the mockery of baptism. When Caupolican was conducted to a scaffold that had been erected for his execution, and

‘saw the instrument of punishment, which until then he did not clearly comprehend, and a negro prepared to execute him, he was so exasperated, that, with a furious kick, he hurled the executioner from the scaffold, exclaiming, “Is there no sword, and some less unworthy hand to be found to put to death a man like myself? This has nothing in it of justice, it is base revenge.” He was, however, seized by numbers, and compelled to undergo the cruel and ignominious death to which he had been condemned.’

The execution of Caupolican inflamed the revenge of the Araucanians, who placed his son at the head of their armies. Numerous battles were now fought without any decisive result, till fortune finally declared against the courage and the constancy of the young Caupolican, who slew himself, to avoid the fate of his father. After this, Don Garcia was recalled from the government of Chili, and was succeeded by Francis Villagran. Though the Araucanians had lost the flower of their youth in battle, yet they elected a new *toqui*, or chief, in the person of Antiguenu, an officer of inferior rank, who had signalized himself in the last fatal battle with the Spaniards. ‘Antiguenu retired with the few soldiers that he had with him, to the inaccessible marshes of Lumaco, called by the Spaniards the Rochela, where he caused high scaffolds to be erected, to secure his men from the extreme moisture of this gloomy retreat.’ As soon as Antiguenu had collected a sufficient number of followers, he began his incursions into the Spanish territory. The Spaniards were defeated in several encounters. Villagran died principally of grief and vexation, having appointed his eldest son Pedro his successor. The Araucanian chief followed up his successes for some time, when he also experienced the reverses of war. His camp, at the confluence of the rivers Bio-bio and Vergosa, was penetrated by the enemy. Antiguenu valiantly opposed the assailants in person, but, forced along with a crowd of his

soldiers who fled, he fell from a high bank into the river, and was drowned.

Antiguenu was succeeded in the *toquiato* by Paillataru, who was of a less ardent and enterprising character. But he maintained the love of liberty undiminished in the bosoms of his countrymen, and led them, from time to time, to ravage the possessions of the enemy. Paillataru proved himself no less eminent in discretion than in bravery; and the Spaniards in vain attempted, notwithstanding their superiority in the use of arms, and in military skill, to complete the subjugation of the Araucanians. The *toquis* who were successively elected after the death of Paillataru, were generally men of that distinguished courage and patriotism, which would do honour to heroes of any age. In the year 1591, the then *toqui* of the Araucanians, named Quintuguenu, an enterprising youth, encamped with two thousand men upon the top of the mountain Mariguenu, which had often been moistened with the blood of the Spaniards. The Spanish governor, having put himself at the head of one thousand of his countrymen, and a great number of auxiliaries,

‘Began at day-break to defile the difficult ascent of the mountain, leading the advanced guard in person, in front of which he had placed twenty half-pay officers, well experienced in this kind of war. Scarcely had he ascended half way, when he was attacked with such fury by Quintuguenu, that a general of less talents would have been driven headlong down with all his troops; but animating his men by his voice and example, he sustained for more than an hour the terrible encounter of the enemy, till having gained step by step the level ground, he succeeded in forcing them into their entrenchments, without, however, being able to break their order.—The Araucanians, mutually exhorting each other to die with glory, defended their camp with incredible valour until mid-day, when Don Carlos Irrazabal, after an obstinate resistance, finally forced the lines on the left with his company. At the same time the quarter-master and Don Rodolphus Liesperger, a valiant German officer, penetrated with their brigades in front and on the right. Quintuguenu, although surrounded on every side, rendered for a long time the event of the battle doubtful. He maintained his troops in good order, and conjured them not to dishonour, by an ignominious defeat, a place that had so often witnessed the victories of their ancestors. While he flew from rank to rank animating his men, and constantly confronting the enemy, he fell, pierced with three mortal wounds by the governor, who had singled him out, and taken aim at him. The last word he uttered was an enthusiastic exclamation of liberty.’

We have selected the above as a specimen of the spirit of

independence which has continued for several centuries to animate these brave people, and of the invincible courage with which they have opposed the attempts of the Spaniards to reduce them to an ignominious servitude.

In the year 1593, Don Martin Loyola, nephew of Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, was appointed to the government of Chili. The Araucanians were at this time governed by the toqui Paillamachu, 'a man of very advanced age, but of wonderful activity;' who contrived means to surprize Don Martin Loyola, who was encamped with only a small retinue 'in the pleasant valley of Caralava.' Paillamachu put the Spanish governor to death, with all his attendants. The execution of this enterprize prepared the way for the entire expulsion of the Spaniards from the territory of the Araucanians. 'Villarica, a very populous and opulent city, fell, in 1692 (qu. 1602), into the hands of the Araucanians,' after a siege of two years and eleven months. 'Osorno, a city not less rich and populous,' soon shared the same fate.

'Thus, in a period of little more than three years, were destroyed all the settlements which Valdivia and his successors had established and preserved at the expence of so much blood, in the extensive country between the Bio-bio and the Archipelago of Chiloé, none of which have been since rebuilt.'—'Although great numbers of the citizens' of Villarica and Osorno 'perished in the defence of their walls, the prisoners of all ranks and sexes were so numerous, that there was scarcely an Araucanian family who had not one to its share. The women were taken into the seraglios of their conquerors. Husbands were, however, permitted for the most part to retain their wives, and the unmarried to espouse the women of the country; and it is not a little remarkable, that the mustres or offspring of those singular marriages, became in the subsequent wars the most terrible enemies of the Spanish name.'

After these events, some fruitless attempts were made to procure a pacification. The chief articles which were proposed by the Spaniards were that the river Bio-bio should in future constitute the boundary between them and the Araucanians; and that the missionaries should be permitted to promulge the Christian creed in the Araucanian territory. During the negotiations, three missionaries, among whom was Horatio Vecchio, of Sienna, cousin to Pope Alexander VII. made their appearance at Ilicura, whither they had been conducted by Ulifame, the arch-ulmen or governor of the province. But the toqui Ancanamon was no sooner made acquainted with their arrival, than he hastened thither with two hundred horse, and put them all to the sword. The war

was now commenced with greater fury than before. The military expeditions of the toqui Lientur, the next but one in succession to Aucamamon, 'were always so rapid and unexpected, that the Spaniards gave him the appellation of the wizard.' His successes against the enemies of his country followed in such an uninterrupted series, that he was termed by his contemporaries 'the darling child of fortune.' In 1625, Lientur, who was advanced in years, resigned the chief command to Putapichion, a young man, whose 'character for courage and for conduct was similar to his own.' The Spaniards at this time possessed a commander of great abilities in the person of Don Louis de Cordova, who prosecuted the war with more vigour than his successor, but without obtaining any decisive advantages over the enterprising Putapichion. The Spanish governor, Don Louis de Cordova, was succeeded by Don Francisco Laso, who had acquired great reputation in the wars in Flanders. He made ten years of unintermitted war upon the Araucanians, whose career of victory was stopped by the unfortunate death of their toqui, Putapichion, in battle. Some of the succeeding toquis, who were elected by the Araucanians, had more temerity than good conduct; and their affairs wore a less favourable aspect. In 1638, the Dutch made a second attempt to form an alliance with the Araucanians, but without success. An expedition was fitted out in England, for the same purpose, under the command of Sir John Narborough; but the fleet was lost in passing the straits of Magellan. In 1641 a short peace was effected between the Spaniards and the most obstinate enemy whom they ever had to encounter. The war had now raged for ninety years, and perhaps no period of history, whether barbarous or civilized, presents a picture of any people who have defended their national liberties and independence with more magnanimous constancy than the Araucanians.

The peace which we have just mentioned, was negotiated under the government of Don Francisco, Marquis de Baydes, and it was preserved under that of his successor, Don Martin Muxica. But war was again excited between the Spaniards and the Araucanians, under the government of Don Antonio Acugna. In 1655 the Spaniards experienced some signal reverses, but the war was terminated in the year 1665, by a peace of more permanence than the preceding. After this period the different governors of Chili, who were appointed by the court of Spain, seem to have maintained a good understanding with the Araucanians to the end of the century. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the French,

in consequence of the war of succession, made themselves for several years masters of the external commerce of Chili.

'From 1707 to 1717, its ports were filled with their ships, and they carried from thence incredible sums in gold and silver. Many of them, who became attached to the country, settled themselves in it, and have left numerous descendants. It was at this period that the learned father Feñilla, who remained there three years, made his botanical researches and meteorological observations upon the coast. His amiable qualities obtained him the esteem of the inhabitants, who still cherish his memory with much affection.'

In 1722, the Araucanians, who had for some time been alarmed and offended by the increasing encroachments of the Spaniards, and particularly by the insolence of those who were styled captains of the friends or protectors of the missionaries, elected a toqui, and once more flew to arms. The choice fell upon Vilamilla, a man of low origin, but heroic, daring, and of exalted views. He fostered the project of expelling the Spaniards from the whole of Chili; for this purpose he made every effort to excite the Chilians in the Spanish provinces to revolt, at a signal given by kindling fires upon the tops of the highest mountains: but his countrymen did but ill second the generous efforts of the chief: and their supineness, rather than his presumption, frustrated the execution of the undertaking.—Hostilities were again appeased by the peace of Nogreto, which took place in the government of Don Gabriel Cano, who died in the city of Jago, after a mild and pacific administration of fifteen years. He was succeeded by his nephew Don Manuel Salamanca, whose conduct was conformable to the maxims of his uncle.—He was followed by Don Joseph Manso, who, in 1742, founded the cities of Copiapo, Acoucagua, Melipilla, Rancagua, St. Fernando, Curico, Talca, Tutuben, and Angeles. His successors continued to form new establishments, but without similar success. Don Antonio Guill Gonzaga, hoping to rival the celebrity of his successors, harboured the chimerical scheme of forcing the Araucanians to live in cities; but this project was rendered abortive by the prudent precaution and vigorous resistance of the Araucanians, who considered it as a blow meditated against their liberties and independence. The Araucanians, under the conduct of the brave toqui Curiguancu, defeated all the attempts of the Spaniards to reduce them to submission. A bloody action was fought between the two powers in the beginning of 1773, which was soon after followed by a cessation of hostilities.—In the terms of peace, the Araucanians stipulated that 'they

should be allowed to keep a minister resident in the city of St. Jago.' To this proposition the Spaniards finally acceded; the other articles of the peace experienced no opposition; and no subsequent event is related in the present work.

We have thus given a brief extract of the Chilian history, of which, if the details appear rather dry, we trust that they will not be altogether undeserving of attention, nor barren of interest, when they are considered as exhibiting the courage and the constancy of a nation of savages, in the defence of their liberties and independence, to which, whether we regard the vigour or the duration of the noble effort, we can hardly find any parallel in the annals of the world. When we consider the great superiority of the Spaniards in military skill and in all the destructive implements of war at the time when they first attempted the conquest of the Araucanians, we cannot but regard the patriotic heroism of the latter with emotions of no common admiration; while we at the same time view it as a practical exemplification of one of Buonaparte's sententious truths, that 'A NATION WHICH WILLS FREEDOM (which sincerely and enthusiastically wills it) MUST BE FREE.'

ART. VI.—*Spanish Heroism; or the Battle of Roncesvalles. A metrical Romance; by John Belfour, Esq. Author of "Music," a didactic Poem, &c. &c.* Vernor, 1809, 8vo. pr. 10s. 6d.

THE plan, or 'historical basis,' of this poem, cannot be better explained than by transcribing the whole of the prefixed advertisement.

'Although the battle of Roncesvalles has given rise to many effusions of the muse, no poem has appeared in this country, on the subject, formed upon any other historical basis than that of the French chronicles. Of this nature will be found the minute but animated description of *Pulci*, and the productions of the more early Italian poets and romancers. This romance, on the contrary, is founded upon the circumstances leading to that event, as reported by the Spanish historians; the substance of which, that the reader may immediately enter into the views of the author, we shall briefly relate.

'Charlemagne, emperor of France, having rendered himself illustrious by his victories, Alphonso the Chaste, king of Leon and the Asturias, being without legitimate issue, and perceiving the greater part of Spain in the possession of the Saracens, sent, secretly, a messenger to the Gallic monarch, promising, upon his demise, to invest him with the sovereignty of his kingdom, if he would march his forces into the peninsula, and assist him in the

expulsion of the Moors. This Charlemagne readily assented to; and, crossing, in person, the Pyrenees with his peers and a considerable army, marched into Navarre, attacked the Moors, possessed himself of Pampeluna, and drove them completely out of that province.

'This compact being communicated to the nobles and principal chieftains of Alphonso, they refused to concur in his views; and, supported by Bernardo del Carpio, determined to resist the progress of Charlemagne, should he attempt to enforce his right to the throne.

'Charlemagne, apprised of the change in the sentiments of Alphonso, and incensed at the patriotic ardour of the nobility, who had sworn to preserve their liberties or perish, ordered a prodigious force to march into Spain, and to encamp on the plain of RONCESVALLES; whither he resolved to move from Pampeluna, with the troops already in the country, to penetrate, in person, into Leon, and dethrone the Spanish prince.

'In the mean time, Alphonso, aware of his intentions, aided by his nobles, and in a particular manner by his kinsman, Bernardo del Carpio, called the country to arms; and assembling a numerous army from the several provinces subject to his dominion, assisted by Rodrigo, count of Castile, and the Saracen prince, Marsilius, king of Arragon (whom Charlemagne had imperiously called upon to pay tribute), marched against the invader, whom he attacked on the plain of Roncesvalles; and after a most sanguinary conflict, in which nearly the whole of Charlemagne's army fell, with his peers and attendants, obtained a complete victory, and compelled the Gallic monarch to return to France, with his scattered forces, in the utmost precipitation and dismay.

'The poem opens with the rejoicings of the French on the fall of Pampeluna, and, interrupted at times in its historical narration by episodes, which rather increase, it is presumed, than diminish the interest of the story, proceeds, with regular steps, to its conclusion, by the discomfiture of Charlemagne and his army, at Roncesvalles.'

The only interest possessed by the story is that which the genius of romance can bestow upon it; and this, if managed with ability and spirit, would be, in our judgment, amply sufficient to constitute the charm of poetry. It is unfortunately incumbent upon us to pronounce a far different judgment on 'Spanish heroism;' and it will be our disagreeable duty, in the following pages, to point out the principal causes of its failure.

For the first and greatest of these we must look to the author of *Marmion*, a gentleman whom we are very sorry to summon so often upon occasions in which he may appear to have no personal concern. But the leader of a sect has been,

in all ages, considered as responsible to a certain degree for the errors and absurdities of his followers; and if Mr. Scott has encouraged those eccentricities in others, either by precept or example, he must not be displeased at finding himself obnoxious to the censures which they deserve. His poetical beauties, however they may have dazzled the eyes of others, were never, in our opinion, any excuse for the vices which accompanied them; but they have been able to mislead many, whom the apparent facility of imitation, no less than the high popularity of the original, has inspired with the thought of attempting something which, even if successful, true taste would condemn, and which, failing, exposes them to certain and merited ridicule.

How can any ear, that is not under the immediate influence of a fashionable mania, endure such flagrant instances of harsh inversion, pedantic antiquarianism, and prosaic flatness, as distinguish the whole class of compositions which Mr. Belfour has very properly marked by the title of 'Metrical Romance,' since, to that of 'Poetry,' they have not the smallest legitimate title? It is not because our rude ancestors were delighted with it, it is not because their polished descendants can regard it with veneration when accompanied by the evidence of antiquity, that this style ought to be tolerated in a modern maker of verses, more particularly when no attention is paid to the preservation of common consistency; but the dialects and modes of expression of all ages are jumbled together in one unnatural mixture.

Still, Mr. Scott's beauties have proved in too many instances a blind to these gross and unpardonable errors. Let us therefore take some specimens of them, as they are furnished by Mr. Belfour (which are neither more inconsistent, nor more inharmonious than many of which Mr. Scott himself has given the example), and thus compel our readers to acknowledge, that vices which they do not forgive in a writer of inferior abilities, cannot be ornamental in one of great and acknowledged genius. If an execration be vulgar and abominable in the mouth of a bargeman, it does not become refined and genteel in passing between the lips of a prince.

First, of *inversion*, a few specimens shall suffice. Many more are to be found in every page of the volume. The poem thus opens:—

Day broke on Pampeluna's towers,
And with refulgent beam,
Dispersed of night the shadowy hours,
That play'd round Arga's stream,

Very soon afterwards we are informed that

'Of tuneful balls the merry peal,
Bespoke the ancient warder's zeal'

'Illustrious grown by conquests made
O'er those, our realms who would invade,
To scourge of infidels the pride,' &c. &c.

Will any admirer of Marmion assert that the disciple has, in these instances, exceeded the liberty allowed him by his master? Or will any one contend that the liberty so allowed is consistent with the rules of poetry?—*Quis tam Lucii fautor ineptè est?*

The instances of affected words, supposed to be authorized by the usage of our old ballad-writers, but in reality wholly inadmissible in a poem written, for the most part, in modern English, are much less frequent in this poem than in that of Marmion, and so far we have no hesitation in pronouncing the copy better than the original. Continuing, however, the passage first quoted from the commencement of the poem, we find an instance of real poetical merit (the more valuable as being rare) greatly diminished by the introduction of one of these unlucky monosyllables.

'While, full on the astonish'd sight,
The Pyrenean mountains, *dight*
With genial rays of liquid light,
Disclosed their giant form;
Where oft is heard the solemn sound
Of murmuring streams through caves profound,
Or roaring winds, that swell around,
The harbingers of storm.'

A little further on we have

'———Borne on coursers fleet, and *wight*,
Spruce squires in sword and buckler *dight*;

We have also, '*heralds gold-besprent*,' and '*stalworth knights, in battle brave*;' but, worse than all these, we have not only knights, but their *mies* also—a description of animal certainly not to be found in Buffon, and of which, our readers unacquainted with the old language of French chivalry will hardly understand the meaning. It was, however, perfectly indispensable, as the appendage of an accomplished knight, and may be instanced in the Dulcinea del Toboso of Don Quixote, the Melisendra of Don Gayferos, and many hundred others.

'The knights, to grace the banquet, led
The ladies fair—and, flush'd with pride,
Each took his seat—his *mie* beside.'

And again,

When Durandarte, pleased at heart,
Occasion offered to impart
The flame which in his bosom burn'd,
Which, with reserve, his *mic* return'd.

As examples of the 'prosaic flatness' with which we have presumed to charge this new style of *poetry*, it is not to be supposed that we would bring forward some of the most harmonious, affecting, and truly poetical passages to be found in our own or any language; for with such passages we maintain that both of Mr. Scott's poems abound. Were all writers gifted with judgment sufficient to discriminate, where unfounded applause is given, between that to which the applause is justly due, and that which is only an appendage, and unworthy, by itself, of exciting any applause whatever, the 'Battle of Roncesvalles' would never have been written, and these remarks would never have been called for. But, so it is with injudicious admirers, and more injudicious imitators: the defects of Mr. Scott's poem are adopted as a principle of art by Mr. Belfour; and, with very few exceptions indeed, the vulgar pedestrianism to which the former too often descends from his high-mettled charger, is, with the other, only his usual mode of travelling.

—'To our momentous theme attend'—

—'Lo! Pampeluna's walls fell down'—

—'And, failing issue, doth declare
Ourselves to Spain the lawful heir!'—

'But ah! distressing to relate!

Stooping his head towards the saddle-bow,
The Pagan chief, at one decisive blow,
Rending his corslet, laid the Spaniard low.'

This is very distressing indeed, and we would not distress our readers by any more proofs of our assertion, did we not apprehend that Mr. Belfour may accuse us of garbling, mangling, &c. by *picked* quotations. Lest, upon any such grounds he should *pick* a quarrel with us, we will, in justice to ourselves and him, transcribe a whole speech, a royal one too, pronounced by king Alphonso before all his peers in parliament assembled. If, according to form, we are to consider this speech, not as the king's own composition, but as that of his ministers, we shall find reason to congratulate ourselves on the comparative talents of those who now direct the counsels of Britain.

* Statesmen ! for wisdom, worth approved,
And by ourselves and people loved ;
From whom we nothing shall conceal ;
Pertaining to the public weal :
My words attend :—weigh'd down by years,
And feeling all a monarch's fears,
When this weak frame, as soon it must,
Shall mingle with its kindred dust ;—
That, failing lawful issue,—Spain
Again may bleed at every vein ;—
We have resolved, the realm to save,
From those who would its sons enslave,
To choose, from men of high renown,
A fit successor to our crown ;—
One whose great mind, and spirit bold,
Our laws, our charters, shall uphold ;
Whose arms shall make religion sure,
And hurl destruction on the Moor.—
Moved by such aims, our royal breast,
(Anxious to make our subjects blest,)
We have elected one—whose name
And deeds, and worth, are known to fame :—
One, whose exploits in virtue's cause
Have gain'd of Europe the applause,
By conquests—who hath claims on Spain ;
The Pagan's terror—Charlemagne.
To him, great statesman ! at our death,
Our crown and subjects we bequeath.
Potent in arms, and born to sway,
The weak his mandates will obey ;
The valiant in his strength confide ;
—His steps the conquering hero's guide.—
Disclosed to Charles our royal will,
He swears most amply to fulfil
The duties and the functions great
Attendant on his regal state :
Proud of this proof of our regard,
Spaniards ! your love his best reward !—
Thus frankly told our high intent,
Nobles ! we ask your joint assent
To measures which, we strongly feel,
Will much advance the public weal.
Assured our kindred will approve,
Consenting, their respect and love ;
Since private feeling we restrain,
To insure the happiness of Spain.'

Strip the above speech of its execrable inversions, alter a very few words for the sake of the rhyme, and we will venture to affirm, that his majesty, king George the Third, never

uttered more downright prose from the throne of Great Britain. Let us try.

"My Lords and Gentlemen! We shall conceal nothing from you pertaining to the public weal. Mark my words:—weighed down by years, and feeling all the fears of a sovereign that, when this weak frame shall mingle with its kindred dust, as it must soon, Spain may bleed again at every vein (my rightful issue failing); we have resolved, to save the realm from those who would enslave its sons, to choose, from men of high reputation, a fit successor to our crown," &c. &c. &c. Heavens! Mr. Belfour—can Mr. Scott, or any other gentleman breathing, have persuaded you that this is the language of poetry?

We shall close our quotations with two or three of a different description. We wish Mr. Belfour had enabled us to make more of these selections. When the Duke de Montausier, espousing the cause of the poetasters, ventured to censure Boileau for the freedom of his criticisms, the Marechal de Crequy, interfered with a speech which should serve for a motto to every Review: "*Quoi! vous blâmez Despréaux de ce qu'il a critiqué tant de mauvais Poètes! Nous devrions tous l'en remercier—il nous en défera, ou ils se corrigeront.*" We shall produce the following specimens of, at least, tolerable poetry, to prove that our object, in the present instance, is not "*nous defaire de M. Belfour,*" but the hope "*qu'il se corrige.*"

The fourth canto opens thus, with an imitation of a sonnet of Gongora, as Mr. B. acknowledges in his notes.

' Again the sun, bright harbinger of day,
Had cast o'er nature his enlivening ray;—
O'er mountain rude, and dew-besprinkled heath,
Brisk gales were whispering, with perfumed breath,—
And mingling with the hoarse and solemn sound
Of foaming streams, from crag and cliff around—
The feather'd choir, the sheltering groves among,
Harmonious discord! pour'd their matin song:—
While May, encircled by the sprightly hours,
Clothed hill and valley with unnumber'd flowers:—
When brave Bernardo, with the lightning's speed,
Impelling his high-mettled steed,

Behind him left famed Pampeluna's towers.—
But neither matin lay, nor jocund strain,
Nor murmuring stream, nor flowery plain,
Nor shepherd-pipe, at distance heard,
—Which erst so oft his heart had cheer'd,—
Nor mountain hoar, nor verdant glade,
Could sooth the anxious cares which on his bosom prey'd.'

The ballad of the prisoner is also *pretty*, if it deserves no higher commendation. It follows, in the same canto.

' The beams of morn in ruddy lustre break,—
The lark, ascending, pours his jocund strain;
The shepherd binds their lowly cots forsake,
And lead their flocks excursive o'er the plain;
All hearts to pleasure and to love incline:
While I, in Luna' towers, unlieded, pine,
And mourn departed joys, that once were mine.

' Born in the lap of ease, of wealth possess;
Honours, renown, and pageantry, and state
Adorn'd life's opening scene;—with beauty blest,
Great was my rapture, and serene my fate.
But soon the vision fled:—where silence reigns,
Condemn'd to sad captivity and chains,
Keen is my anguish, poignant are my pains.

' Thus rest of all I prized,—on earth held dear,
Ah! what do sorrows, what do tears avail?
Deaf to my plaint the love-lorn swains appear—
No wanderer's stay beguiles my woe-fraught tale:
But death, I trust, will soon my eyelids close,
In kind compassion to a wretch's woes,
And in the grave my tortured frame repose.'

All Mr. Belfour's episodes (on which he appears, in his introduction, to have built a great deal) are so unaccountably dull and tiresome, that, uninteresting as is the main fable, we always felt ourselves relieved as often as we had got over any of these impediments to its uninterrupted progress. This is the principal (and, it must be owned, a very fatal) objection to the conduct of the romance. But Mr. Belfour is unfortunate, we think, even in the conception of it. We have, from childhood, been brought up to rank Orlando, and Rinaldo, and the other Paladins of France, with Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, and all the invincible heroes of every age; and, however ancient the belief, we can never be brought to allow that a Spanish knight, to us unknown, can have humbled the pride of the nephew of Charlemagne. On this point we are, indeed, ready to take up the gauntlet of any fierce assailant whatsoever; and, if he dares insult us with the supposition that Orlando was beaten by Bernardo del Carpio, to tell him that he "lies in his throat." For what did Boyardo dream, and Ariosto fable? To be contradicted by a heap of dull and prosing Spanish ballads, raked up by the industry of a poet in the 19th century? Never! It is a blasphemy not to be endured, even the bare idea.

But, to consider coolly (if it is possible to be cool on a subject so intimately connected with our dearest interests), the Spanish romance is, in itself, wholly unworthy of being substituted for the French and Italian. There is something in the *genuine* history of the battle of Roncevalles (that is, the *history* told by the *indubitable* Archbishop Turpin) calculated to excite all the heroic and all the tender feelings of our nature, in a no less eminent degree than the death of Hector, or the sack of Troy. Luigi Pulci, the most absurd and puerile in many respects of all the Italian romancers, has, in his execution of this important passage, greatly exceeded them all, and approached, more nearly perhaps than any epic poet of modern days, to the sublimity and pathos of Homer himself. Set out of view the romantic folly of supposing a band of two or three dozen warriors maintaining an unequal contest during three days with an army of almost as many millions, and selling their lives with the slaughter of at least half of their oppressors; and what remains is animating and affecting to the last degree. The noble speech of Orlando to his devoted companions, the last benison of the holy Archbishop Turpin, the beautiful touch of true feeling which naturally produces the hero's execration of the fatal valley,* the successive deaths of the paladins, all marked by some circumstances of peculiar interest, the interesting episodes of the son of the Vecchio delle Montagne, and of the affectionate Baldwin, the three distressful blasts of the hero's horn, his final retreat from the field, his highly chivalrous and pathetic address to his dying horse, the awful solemnity of his last moments, and of the miracles which accompany his death, to say nothing of the wild gothic imagery of demons hovering over the field to catch the souls of expiring pagans, and the supernatural peals tolling from the church-tower for the deaths of the christian heroes, all these are bursts of such true poetic splendor and dignity, that, when from the bare recollection of them we turn to the faint and spiritless picture of Bernardo, hugging to death the invulnerable champion, we are unable to treat Mr. Belfour even with the common complaisance which he unquestionably deserves at our hands. In this temper of mind, we think it best

* This done, Orlando vaulted on his steed,
And loud exclaim'd, "Now for our treacherous fops!"
But when he saw his comrades doom'd to bleed,
Some tender tears of human pity rose.
"Oh vale acourst!" he cried, "Oh vale, decreed
For orphan sufferings and the widows' woes!
The latest ages shall thy name deplore,
And mark with blood till time shall be no more!"

to put an immediate period to our article, hoping that Mr. Belfour will leave the Spaniards to enjoy their own dull dreams of Bernardo and the rest of their visionary patriots undisturbed, and allow us to persevere in the more comfortable creed of our forefathers, as handed down to them from the founders of the French romance.

ART. VII. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents. Part the first, containing her Letters from an early Age to the Age of Twenty-three. Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. M. P. her Nephew and Executor. London, Cadell and Davies, 1809. 2 vols.*

THE amiable and accomplished writer of these letters was the 'daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, in Yorkshire, of Coveney, Cambridgeshire, and of Mount Morris, in Kent.' She was born at York in 1720, and in 1743 became the wife of Edward Montagu, Esq. grandson of the first earl of Sandwich.

'During her residence in Cambridgeshire she derived great assistance in her education from Dr. Middleton, the author of the Life of Cicero, whom her grandmother had taken as a second husband. Her uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as her extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice and admiration in the university, and Dr. Middleton was in the habit of requiring from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting of the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this practice.'

Mr. Robinson, her father, who had married at the age of eighteen, was at this time a fellow commoner in the university of Cambridge. Mrs. Montagu had seven brothers and two sisters, who survived her marriage. Her father was a man of a polished taste and cultivated understanding, but very subject to attacks of hypochondria, which was increased during his residence in the country, where he possessed fewer opportunities for exercising his talents for social conversation. The brothers as well as sisters of Mrs. Montagu seem to have evinced a strong attachment to literary pursuits—and their domestic circle accordingly often presented a struggle for the mastery in wit and argument. Mrs. Montagu's earliest

friend and correspondent was Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heiress of Edward, second earl of Oxford and Mortimer. This lady, who was born in 1714, and married in 1734, to William, second duke of Portland, was seven years older than Mrs. Montagu.

The earliest letter in this collection is dated Cambridge, April 6, 1732, when the writer wanted nearly six months of completing her twelfth year; and the last letter in the second volume was written September 16, 1744. No copies of these letters were kept by Mrs. Montagu herself, but part of them were returned during her life by the executors of the correspondents to whom they were addressed; and the rest have been recovered by the industry of her nephew and executor, to whom we are indebted for the present publication. None of the letters have the appearance of studied compositions. They seem not to have been written with difficulty, but with the utmost facility from the beginning to the end. The mind of the writer was never barren of ideas, nor sentiments, as too many of those who sit down to write letters usually are. Her intellectual store was never scant; and her fancy was so rich and various, that she could give novelty to the most trite ideas, and render the most common-place subjects attractive by new and beautiful combinations. But, though all the letters of Mrs. Montagu, in the present collection, were written in a very early period of her life, before her mental powers had reached that bloom of mature excellence which they afterwards attained, yet her vivacity and sprightliness never degenerate into wanton or licentious merriment. In the midst of her effusions of mirth and her sallies of wit, we find numerous remarks which indicate no common strength of reflection, and no common acquaintance with the human heart. The glitter of her gayety is seldom unaccompanied with the bullion of philosophic thought. Her mind possessed the versatility and the originality of genius. She could with equal felicity of thought and expression be either grave or gay, either playfully volatile or solemnly sedate. The letters of some other women may manifest as many ingenious turns, but it will be difficult indeed to name any female writer, in whose epistolary compositions we meet with more marks of intellectual vigour and discernment. She appears with an intuitive rapidity to have penetrated the characters of those who came in her way, and though she censures folly and vice without reserve, yet she always pays due homage to virtue and to talents. In her early letters she perhaps indulges a propensity to ridicule, and to find fault, which she would not have practised in a later period, when she had a more enlarged knowledge of the world, and the exercise of

her benevolent affections in the vexations and conflicts of life had entirely worn off the sharp edge of juvenile asperity. Her mind appears to have been highly embellished with a rich store of poetical imagery and sentiment; and in many of the letters in the present volumes there are specimens of allegorical painting, which are highly honourable to her genius and taste.

We will now pass from general praise to particular proofs of the different species of excellence which these letters possess. The following are from the first letters in the collection, and evince a facility of diction far beyond her years.

‘ This Cambridge is the dullest place, it neither affords any thing entertaining or ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Were it half so difficult to find something to say as something to write, what a melancholy set of people should we be who love prating!’

‘ *Horton, Jan. 27, 1734.*

‘ I hope I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to your ladyship soon, for though I am tired of the country, to my great satisfaction, I am not so much so as my papa; he is a little vapoured, and last night, after two hours silence, he broke out into a great exclamation against the country, and concluded in saying, that living in the country was sleeping with one’s eyes open; if he sleeps all day I am sure he dreams very much of London. What makes this place more dull is, my brothers are none of them here; two of them went away about a fortnight ago, and ever since my papa has ordered me to put a double quantity of saffron in his tea. I beg you will not mention a word of this to my papa, when he has the honour of seeing you, for fear he should think I make too free with him.’

‘ *Horton, Feb. 11, 1734.*

‘ Dr. Middleton sends us word my papa’s acquaintance wonder he has not the spleen; but they would cease their surprize if they knew he is so much troubled with it, that his physician cannot prescribe him any cordial strong enough to keep up his spirits. We think London would do it effectually, and I believe he will have recourse to it. But not seeing any want of spirits in me, he will not be troubled with my company. I have thought of feigning melancholy, but have considered, upon mature deliberation, that he would be so glad to find me silent, as never to let me stir again, lest I should return to my primitive talkativeness and impertinence.’

The following is to the Duchess of Portland, before the writer had attained the age of fourteen; and dated Horton, May 22, 1734.

MADAM,

‘ I suppose by this time the town is empty enough to give you leisure to read a tedious letter from a country correspondent. I

have forborne writing, in compassion to your grace, but now I may be allowed to have some upon myself; but, such is my misfortune, I have nothing to entertain you with. If I should preach a sermon upon an old woman who died yesterday, you would think it a dry subject: or if I tell you my papa's dogs have devoured my young turkies, you will rather laugh at me than pity me; or should I give you an account of our bustle about the election, it would not entertain you extremely. I think I may tell you, our new members have given a ball, and I am very glad they met with success, since they have made so good an use of it. I was too far distant from the ball to go to it, which afflicted me more than either the loss of the old woman or the turkies.

'I am surprised that my answer to your grace's letter has never reached your hands. I sent it immediately to Canterbury by the servant of a gentleman who dined here, and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. I am reconciled to the carelessness of the fellow, since it has procured to me so particular a mark of your concern. If my letter were sensible, what would be its mortification, that, instead of having the honour to kiss your grace's hands, it must lie confined in the footman's pocket, with greasy gloves, rotten apples, mouldy nuts, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort, a tender epistle from his sweetheart, "tru tell Death." Perhaps by its situation subject to be kicked by his master every morning, till at last, by ill usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit, in lighting a tobacco pipe. I believe the fellow who lost my letter knew very well how ready I should be to supply it with another.

'I am, Madam,

'your grace's most obedient servant,

'ELIZABETH ROBINSON.'

The next letter is also to the Duchess of Portland, and dated Horton, November 3, 1734.

'MADAM,

'I hope your grace will have no more returns of your fever, for though you may bear them with patience, I cannot; and I shall put on as musty a face at the fever, as Miss W—— could make at my incivility, or the absence of Dr. Sandys; to describe the horror of which, would require at least as tragic a bard as Lee: for then "she would look, good gods! how she would look!"

'I am extremely glad Lady Oxford* has found so much benefit by the Bath waters; we talked of going to Bath, but my papa is so well that it is laid aside. I am very glad my papa has recovered his health, or rather his spirits, for that was all he wanted; but I should have been better pleased if he had gone to Bath

* Henrietta Cavendish Holles, daughter and heiress of John Duke of Newcastle.

first, to have attributed his cure to that circumstance. One common objection to the country is, one sees no faces but those of one's own family; but my papa thinks he has found a remedy for that, by teaching me to draw; but then he husbands these faces in so cruel a manner, that he brings me sometimes a nose, sometimes an eye at a time; but on the king's birth-day, as it was a festival, he brought me out a whole face with its mouth wide open. If I could draw well enough, I would send Miss W. her own musty face. I am sorry Le Brun has not seen it, that he might have put it in his book of drawings among the faces that express the several passions; but he has none that express mustiness.

'Your grace desired me to send you some verses. I have not heard so much as a rhyme lately, and I believe the Muses have all got agues in this country; but I have enclosed you the following summons, which we sent to an old bachelor, who is very much our humble servant, and would die, but not dance for us; but being once in great necessity for partners, we thought him better than an elbow chair, and compelled him to come by this summons, which pleased me extremely, as I believe it was the first time he ever found the power of the fair sex. I must beg pardon of your grace for sending any thing so trifling. My papa and mamma desire their best respects to your grace. To make room for other nonsense, I must conclude my own, and only beg your grace to believe me,

'Madam,

'your most obedient humble servant,

'ELIZABETH ROBINSON.'

'Kent.

To J. B. Esq.

'Whereas, complaint has been made to us, commissioners of her majesty's balls, hops, assemblies, &c. for the county aforesaid, that several able and expert men, brought up and instructed in the art or mystery of dancing, have and daily do refuse, though often thereunto requested, to be retained and exercised in the aforesaid art or mystery, to the occasion of great scarcity of good dancers in these parts, and contrary to the laws of gallantry and good manners in that case made and provided; and whereas, we are likewise credibly informed that you, J. B. Esq. though educated in the said art, by that celebrated master — Lally, senior, are one of the most notorious offenders in this point, these are, therefore, in the name of the fair sex, to require you, the said J. B. Esq. personally to be and to appear before us at our meeting holden this day at the sign of the Golden Ball,* in the parish of Horton, in the county aforesaid, between the hours of twelve and one in the forenoon, to answer to such matters as shall be objected against you, concerning the aforesaid refusal, and contempt of our jurisdiction and authority; and to bring with you your dancing shoes, laced waistcoat, and white gloves. And

* It is the ball on the top of the house.

hereof fail not, under peril of our frown, and of being from henceforth deemed and accounted an old bachelor. Given under our hands and seals this eighth day of October, 1734, to which we all set our hands."

The following is taken from a letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Horton, Dec. 1738, when Mrs. M. had reached the age of 18. It exhibits at the same time a specimen of her turn for reflection and for ridicule.

"I arrived at Mount Morris rather more fond of society than solitude. I thought it no very agreeable change of scene from Handel and Gaffarelli, to woodlarks and nightingales; it seems to me to be something like the different seasons of youth and age; first, noise and public shew, and then, after being convinced that is vanity, retirement to shades and solitude, which we soon find to be vexation of spirit. I think Solomon was in the wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation of spirit, he ought to have said all was vanity or vexation of spirit; for the one succeeds the other, as darkness does light, and especially in the women; the young maid is all vanity, and the old one all vexation. The same cheek which when blooming was the woman's vanity, when wrinkled becomes her vexation; but every thing has its use; were it not for wrinkles, what prudent maxims should we not lose which now instruct us? what scandal, which diverts us? for old maids have nothing to do but to shew their own prudence and other people's follies. You see how sententious I am grown only by a fortnight's retirement from the world. When the world has left me I shall speak only in proverbs, for if these things are done in a green tree what shall be done in a dry? Sir F. D——'s sister is to be married to Sir R.—t A——, a baronet of our country; if the size of his estate bore any proportion to the bulk of his carcass, he would be one of the greatest matches in England, but unhappily for her the first is as remarkably small as the other is large; so all she is to get for six thousand pounds is a fat man, a lean estate, and a trumpery title. Indeed a lady may make her lover languish till he is of the size she most likes; if she should waste him an ell in circumference, he would be almost as slim a man as Sir John C——n. At present you would take him for a descendant of Gog and Magog. As it is not now the fashion for men to die for love, the only thing a woman can do, to give herself a reputation, is to bring a man into a consumption. What triumph then must attend the lady who reduces Sir R. A—— to asses milk! Queen Omphale made Hercules spin, but greater glory waits the lady who makes Sir A—— lean."

The following is from a letter written in the same year, and exhibits a seriousness of thought, which, in her, was blended with singular playfulness of disposition. The human

being is both reflective and social, and, in such a compound, wisdom is never incompatible with merriment.

'Between the periods of birth and burial I would fain insert a little happiness, a little pleasure, a little peace: to-day is ours, yesterday is past, and to-morrow may never come. I wonder people can so much forget death, when all we see before us is but succession; minute succeeds to minute, season to season, summer dies as winter comes. The dial marks the change of hour, every night brings death-like sleep, and morning seems a resurrection; yet while all changes and decays, we expect no alteration: unapt to live, unready to die, we lose the present and seek the future, ask much for what we have not, thank Providence but little for what we have; our youth has no joy, our middle age no quiet, our old age no ease, no indulgence; ceremony is the tyrant of this day, fashion of the other, business of the next. Little is allowed to freedom, happiness, and contemplation, the adoration of our Creator, the admiration of his works, and the inspection of ourselves.'

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Freind, dated 1741, talking of matrimony, Mrs. Montagu says,

'I am not going to set sail yet; the ocean of fortune is rough, the bark of fortune light, the prosperous gale uncertain, but the pilot must be smooth, steady, and constant, patient in the storms, moderate and careful in the sunshine, and easy in the turns of the wind, and changes of the times. Guess if these things be easily found; and without such a guide, can I avoid the gulph of misfortune, the barking of envy, the deceits of the Syrens, and the hypocrisy of Proteus? So I wait on shore, scarce looking towards this land of promise, so few I find with whom I would risk the voyage.'

In a letter to the Duchess of Portland, of the same year, Mrs. M. writes,

'It is happy to be able to approach and magnify the objects of our wish; but, for the dark land of fear, I love to set it at a distance. There is a valley between us and the horizon of hope; such is the general prospect of life. Hope is a fine painter; it makes objects bigger and fairer than the reality; for the easy luxurious imagination it paints fair scenes of pleasure; to the covetous mind it promises much riches; and that which its nature never can feel, satiety of wealth. To the ambitious, it promises power, honour, and renown, and happy sway in the great realm of fame; to a mortal body it promises eternal remembrance; vain thought! But this hope can feed the wandering fancy with all variety of vision;—

The following, on a prosing preacher, is expressed in a man-

per which Shakspeare himself would not probably have disdained on a similar occasion.

‘If Mr. Spintext had not been somewhat tedious to-day I had wrote to her; but, poor man, he is a good while explaining any thing, and one must wait till he has overtaken his meaning, to which he has not a direct road, nor a swift pace; if he finds it at last it is well, if not, he calls for it again the next Sunday: some orators are praised for moving the passions, but our good man is excellent for laying them asleep. With him the troubled in spirit sleep, and the wrathful slumber; there is not that turbulent mind that he cannot quiet; he is admirable against perturbation.’

The apology of Mrs. M. for the desponding turn of Cicero's mind, is not such as every literary woman would have made.

‘Tully had not, in his misfortunes, a reliance on any immediate Providence as we have, nor so absolute a belief of a future life. His own prudence, and happy opportunity to act in, was all he had to trust to; if these failed him, his hopes were overthrown, and himself entirely discomposed; a stranger to that heavenly peace which the world cannot give, and doubtful of that life where those that mourn here shall be comforted.’

In the commencement of a letter to the Duchess of Portland, in 1741, we find the following effusion of a reflective and sensitive mind:

‘I find, my dear lady duchess, the thorn of care is grafted on the tree of life; it grows on every part of existence; our childhood is fearful, and our maturer age is anxious; nor does fortune present us with a gift of which care has not the charge. Your verse says true and well, but there are evils which our best endeavours cannot prevent or cure, and such is that of foreboding care; we cannot shut our thoughts, like other visitors, because they are troublesome and importune. How shall our mind tell fear it is not at home? or anxiety that it cannot be spoken with? The most we can do is to be indifferent to trifles, and easy with ordinary accidents; but surely there are concerns that will touch every tender and sensible heart, even to a degree of pain and soreness.’

There is something of Shakspearian humour and point in the following:

‘I have swallowed the weight of an apothecary in medicine; all the tribe of pills, beginning from the mighty bolus, powders of all tastes, electuaries of all consistencies, juleps of all kinds; and what I am the better, except more patient and less credu-

lots, I don't know; I have learnt to bear my infirmities, and not to trust to physicians for the curing them.'

What good sense and discrimination in the next remark! The countess of T.

'is in high humour, rails at the absent, frets at the present, and, in short, is quite unhappy through the abundance of her wit; people who in good fortune contrive to be miserable, are as much too exquisite in their senses as those to whom a rose is too sweet, or fine music too shrill; from this elegant sense of things, oh reason, preserve us!'

Mrs. Montagu has drawn a happy distinction between friendship and love in the following:

'The presence of a friend is delightful, their absence supportable; delicacy without jealousy, and tenderness without weakness, transports without madness, and pleasure without satiety. No fear that caprice should destroy what reason established; but even time, which perfects friendship, destroys love.'

The sprightliness of Mrs. M. is often exhibited in company with great acuteness of remark.

'I like an owl very often better than an alderman; a spaniel better than a courtier; and a hound is more sagacious than a fox-hunter; for the foxhunter is only the follower of another creature's instinct, and is but a second instrument in the important affair of killing a fox.'

To the Rev. Mr. Freind Mrs. M. writes,

'Why should you rather advise me to embark upon the sea of fortune in a wherry than in a ship? Are not shallows as dangerous as gulphs? Do not the sails, blown by the gale of prosperity, better stem the tide of the times than the little boat that depends upon the reflux of a little stream? The rich freight lies as securely at anchor while the small fishing boat is forced to put out in stormy weather, barked at by the Charybdis of power, and perhaps swallowed by the Scylla of law. The lofty cedar is only shook by the storms of heaven; the ivy is trod by every passenger. Perhaps I am a Babelist, and would build to my confusion; but at present, I own, if I am to be bound to a vessel, I wish it may be a first rate. I have no schemes at present in my head, but be assured they will always be consistent as much with private happiness as public opinion. I shall wear no jewel at my heart whose intrinsic value does not far exceed the gold it is set in; for mercenary as what I have said may appear, I shall ever think wisdom is better than gold, yea, than much fine gold.'

Mrs. M.'s description of an epicure is like the rest of her characteristic portraitures, very lively and forcible.

'We this day had an epicure to dine with us, who talked so much of eating, that his conversation gave me a dinner. The gentleman was just come from abroad, and declared he thought nothing he had met with in travelling equal to a haunch of English venison; and that for his part he preferred England to any other country, because eatables of all sorts were here in the greatest perfection. He was so loquacious and so voracious it was impossible to determine whether he eat or talked most, but for two hours his unwearied employment was the praise and practice of eating. There was not a proverb which tended to this darling subject that he did not repeat; but though he practises gluttony himself, he preaches abstinence to his family. One should imagine the daughters of an epicure would be better fed than taught, but that is not the case here; he prescribes lean meat and water, while he drinks wine and eats of the fat of the laud.'

The following miscellaneous extracts from different letters, are very characteristic of the good sense, penetration, and vivacity of the writer.

'Riches and titles, with a little good opinion mixed up with flattery, and shook together once a day, will cure the most stubborn fit of humility.'

'Vanity is apt to seek the admirer rather than the friend, not considering that the passion of love may, but the affection of esteem can never, degenerate to dislike. I do not mean to exclude love, but I mean to guard against the fondness that arises from personal advantages. This may be distinguished from the consent of the mind to a joint admiration of the virtues and beauties of a mistress; for though they both pretend alike the admiration of the united qualifications, yet it is necessary to recollect whether the eyes did not choose for the mind. I have known many men see all the cardinal virtues in a good complexion, and every ornament of a character in a pair of fine eyes, and they have married these perfections, which, perhaps, might shine and bloom a twelvemonth, and then, alas! it appeared these fair characters were only written in white and red.'

'When I was last in town I passed great part of my time with Mrs. Freind. I found her surrounded by her husband's relations, and had like to have made some unhappy jest upon a ghost in cherry colour, who, it seems, was a cousin. I was not so uneasy about that, because I could philosophically have proved that without flesh and blood there can be no kindred, and this poor creature had hardly any of either. Mr. B——'s wife too was there, and put out her strength to be witty, and in short showed such a brilliant genius, that I turned about and

asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious: for she had endeavoured to go off two or three times, but had unhappily flashed in the pan.'

'As for the tawdry human butterflies, they are not worth studying; for no microscope has yet been invented to discover their brains; and the object is too minute, I fear, ever to be rendered visible.'

How exactly is a witticism of Mrs. M. on some fruitless enterprise in her time applicable to the vanity of a recent expedition. 'I hope the next expedition will be mackarel season, and then we shall take something.' That compound of oddity, affectation, and folly which is often found in those who pass under the denomination of *pretty women*, has seldom been hit off better than in the following:

'If any one wishes to assume that character, they have only to pervert their sense, distort their faces, disjoint their limbs, mince their phrases, and lisp their words, and the thing is done. Grimaces, trite sentences, affected civility, forced gayety, and an imitation of good nature, complete the character.' 'Reason determines our arguments, but passion governs our actions.'

In 1741 Mrs. M. writes to her sister—

'I think it is fortunate for Mr. M. that you have given him a little respite from dancing in this hot weather: really you are a bad economist to waste lovers at that rate. Why you would wear a thin man to the bone in a week, and a fat man would distill as if he were in an alembic; and, let me tell you, a beau might make a sort of puppy-dog water very good for the complexion.'

Erasmus himself could not have written a more elegant and well-turned *encomium on vanity*, than we find in one of Mrs. M.'s letters to the Rev. Mr. Freind.

'It is impossible to live in such a state of indifference as not to love and admire somebody, and who should it be but one's dear inseparable self? After all, how transporting are the pleasures of vanity! It is the mirror that reflects one's image back with more than original charms. Narcissus, indeed, fell in love with his person reflected by a silver stream, but then it seems the youth was handsome; but vanity is a complainant representative, that asks no native beauty in the object, but can render deformity itself agreeable to the self-beholder. Vanity acts the part of every kind of speculum; it lessens the defects, magnifies the beauty, and multiplies the merits. If the severe brow of wisdom repels thy airy phantoms, how welcome art thou still to the empty head and vacant heart, thou divine artificer of human happiness! Vanity is a moral mason, that of dirt and straw can build a palace wall; and from the worst materials raise the most superb architecture. Who would rob frail human nature of this great support?

There is a great deal of fine moral instruction in the next extract, which, though common, is by no means common-place in the way in which it is expressed.

'The mind no more than the body can be sustained by the food taken yesterday, or promised for to-morrow. Every day ought to be considered as a period apart: some virtue should be exercised, some knowledge improved, and the value of happiness well understood; some pleasure comprehended in it; some duty to ourselves or others must be infringed if any of these things are neglected. Many look upon the present day as only the day before to-morrow, and wear it out with a weary impatience of its length. I pity these people who are ever in pursuit, but never in possession; and I think their happiness must arrive as we date our promises to children, when two to-morrows come together.'

The following thought may not be new; but we have never seen it so forcibly expressed:

'I wish we were as much afraid of unbending the mind as we are of relaxing our nerves. I should as soon be afraid of stretching a glove till it was too strait, as of making the understanding and capacity narrow by extending it to things of a large comprehension; yet this is a common notion.'

Whoever described the nature and the effect of *happy society* with so much elegance as this incomparable woman! to whose transcendent genius it gives us singular pleasure to pay the homage it deserves. 'Her's is the distaff that spins the golden thread as well as the scissors that cut it.'

A letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Jan. 15, 1741-2, has the following eloquent passage:

'For all the good things you do, no heart does better thank you than mine, and, let me tell your grace, there is nothing belongs to me so good as my heart. As for being the guest of my head, and the chief image of my fancy, 'tis true you are so, but the place and the company there are unworthy of you; enthroned in my brain sits many a prejudice triumphant, much space entirely void, a desolate waste: some corners stuffed with lumber, and littered with unsorted matter; things by haste misshapen, by idle memory deformed, by ignorance darkened, or by error and folly strangely disguised; reason deposed by will, judgment manacled in the bonds of prejudice, reflection busied about trifles, fancy running wild, observation looking through false colours, and confounding and mistaking objects, discretion sitting idle, because reason's comparative rule and balance are taken from her, and whim is doing all the business, while chance is sending her on a fool's errand. But my heart, I can boast, is fitter for your reception; it is filled with fair affections, love and gratitude wait on you, esteem holds you fast, regard will never part with you, tenderness watches you, fidelity, and every honest

power is ready to serve you, the passions are all under the gentle sway of friendship. Many guests my heart has not admitted; such as are there do it honour, and a long and intimate acquaintance has preceded their admittance: they were invited in by its best virtues, they passed through the examination of severity, nay, even answered some questions of suspicion that inquired of their constancy and sincerity, but now they are delivered over to the keeping of constant faith and love; for doubt never visits the friend entered, but only examines such as would come in, lest the way should be too common. There are many ways into my heart, and but one out, which is to be forced but by outrageous injury, or breach of trust reposed.

The allegorical painting, in the next sentence, is pleasing and appropriate.

'In our youth gentle expectation and kind hope, like soft zephyrs, fan our minds, but fear often waters our tender wishes with sad tears: in the maturer seasons of life passions grow strong and violent, though more constant; in the decline appears melancholy decay; softness and strength gone off, while dismal age brings despair of amendment, and makes the pleasure of youth and profit of the riper age forgotten; unpleasant, unprofitable, uncomfortable, dark and dreary in itself, an enemy to every thing in nature, churlish and unkind, it casts no benevolent beams, but blows rude and biting blasts.'

Hope has often employed the pen of poets, moralists, and divines, but the agency of hope has seldom been delineated with more force and truth than by Mrs. Montagu.

'Hope is a vagrant that prefers begging from place to place, and gathering morsels, to living at home on fair means with content; it is a vagabond without an honest calling or an abiding place; it cheats us of the present good, and makes beggars of those fortune has made princes. What have we, who are here but for to-day, to do with the eternal promises for to-morrow? Get thee gone from me, thou restless guest, that cannot live with content upon possession! leave me content for my companion, and I will not ask thee to come as a flatterer; take fear along with thee, as fanciful a creature as thyself, who destroys what is real with a more painful deceit than thou buildest what is but imaginary; each are equally enemies to content. I have more compassion for those who fear to be miserable, than for such as are impatient to be happy; examples of misery are to be met with, but of absolute happiness none; such as have overcome those intruders of quiet, hope and fear, are the nearest to happiness; they have reached content.'

The following is extracted from a letter to the Duchess of Portland; and may serve in some measure as an apology for
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those reviewers, who are not prone to panegyryze authors who are destitute of brains. 'A commended fool is that offensive compound, a sweet and a stink.'

The next passage which we shall produce is very sprightly and eloquent.

"In folly's cup still laughs the hubble joy." 'Wisdom's cup is often dash'd with sorrow, but the nepenthe of stupidity is the only medicine of life; fools neither are troubled with fear nor doubt. What did the wisdom of the wisest man teach him? Verily, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A painful lesson fools will never learn, for they are of all vanities most vain. And there is not so sweet a companion as that same vanity: when we go into the world it leads us by the hand, if we retire from it, it follows us; it meets us at court, and finds us in the country; commends the hero that gains the world, and the philosopher that forsakes it; praises the luxury of the prodigal, and the prudence of the penurious; feasts with the voluptuous, fasts with the abstemious; sits on the pen of the author, and visits the paper of the critic; reads dedications, and writes them; makes court to superiors, receives homage of inferiors; in short, it is useful, it is agreeable, and the very thing needful to happiness. Had Solomon felt some inward vanity, sweet sounds had been ever in his ears without the voices of men-singers, or women-singers; he had not then said of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, what doth it? Vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing, &c. &c.

The commencement of a letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated Nov. 28, 1742, is very beautiful.—

'I am very sorry I have not received all the letters your grace has been so good as to write to me; Fate received them into her left hand, and I am deprived of them. I am glad to hear your spirits are better; may circling joys dance round your fire-side,

With sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides!

for life is too short to allow for melancholy fears and intruding cares, which are apt to fill up the youthful time, when we are fittest for happiness. Age will bring its solemn train of woe; let us therefore admit all youth's gay company, smiling joy, cheerful mirth, and happy hope; life's early hours come dancing along with their fair partner pleasure, but in the evening of our day they tread a heavy measure, dragging after them weak infirmity and sad regret,

'Expence, and after thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair.'

What a fund of instruction is there in the following remarks!

'Those who endeavour to reconcile the good wife with the reputation of a beauty, a toast, a wit, and I know not what, have the art of bringing together things in their nature contrary.' 'If our spirit of love once gets out of the ark, like Noah's dove, it finds no resting-place; our family and friends are those from whom we must expect happiness; the rest is a raree-show,' &c.

How beautiful, and how just is the observation, that

'exalted and refined sentiments do sometimes great things; but natural affection is always present, and therefore the life of the parent is always of infinite consequence to the infant, since no one can take the place of a mother; *the tenderness that lives in her, must die with her.*'

'It is of great consequence to a woman to keep-off all disagreeable manners, for the world does not mind our intrinsic worth so much as the fashion of us, and will not easily forgive our not pleasing. The men suffer for their levity in this case, for in a woman's education little but outward accomplishment is regarded. Some of our sex have an affectation of goodness, others a contempt of it from their education; but the many good women there are in the world are merely so from nature; and, I think, it is much to the honour of untaught human nature, that women are so valuable for their merit and sense. Sure the men are very imprudent to endeavour to make fools of those to whom they so much trust their honour, happiness, and fortune; but it is the nature of mankind to hazard their peace to secure their power; and they know fools make the best slaves.'

The remarks which we shall next adduce, on the necessity of mutual charity and forbearance in matters of opinion, are strikingly just.

'All inquisition into a person's actions or opinions, more than they choose to declare, is of a very tyrannous nature; and a peevish opposition to the opinions they do declare, is very opposite to the end of conversation. It is from this reason there is little charity among different sects; we are not angry that our neighbour is in the wrong, but that he thinks us so. Were the liberty to dissent allowed without mark or notice, we should scarce know there was any difference of opinion among men. It would be very ridiculous if all the squinting people in the world were to profess enmity to the rest of the world, or be treated as enemies, because they cannot make their eyes meet on the same point that others, not liable to that infirmity, do. If we direct our steps aright, why should we quarrel about the landmarks that direct us?'

We have made numerous extracts from these letters but not more than they deserve. We have selected many of their beauties, but many remain which we have left unnoticed: A reviewer can furnish only specimens of the best books which come under his inspection, and, where the passages which he thinks would interest or instruct, are very numerous, the choice is often difficult; and while he is endeavouring to form a correct estimate of the reasons which should determine his preference, he may perhaps neglect that criterion of merit which his sensations suggested on a primary perusal. Reviewers, like other men, are liable to err in points of judgment and of taste; and if their decisions, when impartially formed, have any claim to more attention than those of other individuals, it can only be because those who have been long practised in the business of reviewing, must have instituted more numerous comparisons on subjects of literature and criticism than other men usually do, and have thus quickened and invigorated their perceptions of beauty or deformity. We may be mistaken in our estimate of the literary excellence of the different female writers which this country has produced; but we do not at present recollect any one who can justly claim a place of higher distinction than Mrs. Montagu.

The present volumes, which commence at a very early age, and do not extend beyond that of twenty-three, may justly be called youthful productions; but juvenile as they may be with respect to the age of the writer, they exhibit proofs of sagacity, judgment, and reflection, a knowledge of life, a discrimination of character, a comprehension of view, and an acuteness of observation, and all these qualities blended with an exuberance of fancy and a copiousness of diction, which render her unrivalled among epistolary writers.

We have no doubt that this encomium, which is amply merited by these productions of her early life, will be more fully justified by those of her maturer years.

ART. VIII.—*Pharmacopæia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis.* MDCCCIX. Londini, Longman, 4to.—*The Pharmacopæia of the Royal College of Physicians of London,* MDCCCIX. Translated into English, with Notes, &c. by Richard Powell, M. D. Fellow of the College, Physician to St. Bartholomew's and the Magdalen Hospitals. 8vo. London, Longman, 1809.

THE London College have not been hasty in revising their *Pharmacopæia* and publishing this new edition of it. Two-

and-twenty years have elapsed since the last revision of the work. The interval, indeed, between the last and the antecedent edition was nearly double that time. But the sciences allied to medicine, chymistry in particular, have undergone so great a revolution since 1787, that it seemed absolutely necessary to revise and correct many processes both chymical and pharmaceutical, and to make medicine speak a language conformable to the properties of its instruments, and intelligible not merely to the physician and the apothecary, but to men of science in general. Perhaps some will be disposed to accuse the College rather of tardiness than of precipitancy in the execution of this task.

The Edinburgh College have reformed their dispensatory, accommodated its nomenclature to the received principles of chymistry, and subjected it to two or three revisions within the space of as many years. Lately the Dublin College have published, for the first time (we believe), a pharmacopœia, constructed on similar principles. Many of the foreign ones have likewise adopted the modern nomenclature. Notwithstanding these examples, we are far from censuring the London College for their slowness in adopting innovations. Even the principles of a just nomenclature are hardly fixed on an immoveable foundation; and it is probable that the theories of the present day will give way to others more new or more correct. Their tardiness also is attended with the great advantage, that what ten years ago would have seemed to many fantastical novelties, are now universally known, received, and regarded as fundamental truths; so that the difficulty of their admission either in pharmacy or medical prescription is for the most part removed; and there seems little danger of error, unless it be in persons so ill educated, as to be unfit to be trusted behind an apothecary's counter.

We agree with Dr. Powell, that it is greatly to be wished that a *Pharmacopœia Britannica*, to which practitioners throughout the whole empire might refer, could be established. We think that he has overrated the difficulties attending the execution of such a work. We apprehend a mandate from the imperial parliament, with a proper remuneration to those who would give up their time to attend to the business, would be the most essential requisites for the undertaking. The dispensaries of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin have so much in common, and the compilers of them of necessity draw their information so much from the same sources, that we conceive it would be a task of little difficulty completely to amalgamate them.

The preface forms no mean part of a new edition of a

pharmacopœia, since it is the only one which is absolutely new. It is intended to exhibit the scholarship of the writer ; and to state in some degree the progress of the art. The present, which is said to be the composition of the president, Sir L. Pepys, is superior, we think, to the last, though it issued from the able pen of Sir G. Baker. The latinity is less stiff, and less loaded with phrases. The claims to public utility are put with extreme humility.

‘ Nobis certè laboris et curarum præmia suavissima comparabuntur, si qualiacunque hæc sint, utilitati publicæ conducent, et vel hoc præstare videantur, ut morborum remedia **paulò certiora* indicantur, morbi ipsi **paulò citius* mitigentur.’

We think it would have been well, if the translator had shewn as prudent a reserve. He tells us of ‘ the vast increase of our knowledge in practical medicine.’ *p. iii. preface.* We always wish to hear of the great improvements of medicine from any other quarters than from those who are interested in upholding its credit. Let us have documents from hospitals or dispensaries, to shew what diseases are now cured, which were formerly either intractable or fatal. But perhaps we may say a word more on this subject, after we have taken a survey, of necessity a very slight and cursory survey, of the principal novelties of this edition.

The first novelty we remark is a set of new names for the divisions of liquid measures, in order to avoid using the same words to denote different things. For the wine pint the term *octarius* has been coined : the *uncia* and *drachma* are termed *fluid-uncia* and *fluid-drachma* ; and the sixtieth part of the *fluid-drachma* is called a *minimum*. Perhaps the last change was necessary ; as drops ought certainly to be banished from pharmacy. But the others we think trifling, and unworthy of the gravity of the college. The inconvenience felt from the former terms was really nothing. What apothecary's boy, if asked for an ounce of bark, would have taken his liquid measure ; or, for an ounce of the tincture, would have gone to his weights and scales ?

In the materia medica the college have followed the most useful, though perhaps the least regular and scientific method, in their denomination of vegetable articles. If the received officinal name is either the generic or specific name of the Linnæan system, it has been retained ; but where it is neither, the old officinal name has been discarded, and a new one imposed, being either the generic or the specific name of the plant

* The modest *paulò* is wholly omitted in Dr. Powell's translation.

which affords the article. Thus we have *Acacia gummi* instead of *Arabicum guami*; *anthemidis flores* instead of *chamamelum*; *armoracia radix* instead of *raphanus rusticanus*; *conii folia* instead of *cicuta*. The practice of the edition of 1745 is also renewed, in putting in the first column the name of the plant (in the genitive case), followed by the part used (in the nominative); whereas in the last edition the name of the plant was used as an officinal name for the part used: *Cinchona*, for example, denoted the bark of the *Cinchona lancifolia*. The practice which is restored is undoubtedly the best. But we cannot help remarking, that this arrangement has caused the useless repetition of a number of words in the second column of the catalogue, which contains the Linnæan genus and species. Thus we have *Glycyrrhizæ radix*. *Glycyrrhiza glabra*, with the word *radix* again subscribed, very needlessly we think;—*Jalapæ radix*. *Convolvulus Jalapa*. *Radix*;—and so on through the whole list. In consequence of this, the catalogue is swelled in bulk, though the articles are really, by reason of the omissions, less numerous than in the last edition.

We have taken the trouble to form a list of the articles omitted. Of vegetable substances the following are discarded: *Abrotanum*, *absinthium maritimum*, *angelica*, *arnica*, *arum*, *bardana*, *caryophyllum rubrum*, *cinara*, *cochlearia hortensis*, *cubeba*, *curcuma*, *eryngium*, *foenum Græcum*, *ginseng*, *gratiola*, *hypericum*, *iris*, *juglans*, *ladanum*, *majorana*, *marum*, *syracum*, *melissa*, *mellipeda*, *nasturtium*, *pareira breva*, *parietaria*, *pentaphyllum*, *petroselinum*, *ribes nigrum*, *ribes rubrum*, *rubus idæus*, *salvia*, *sanguis draconis*, *santonicum*, *scordium*, *sium*, *tanacetum*, *urtica*, *zedoaria*.

We find introduced, *Belladonna folia*, *cajuputi oleum*, *carbo ligni*, *cerevisiæ fermentum*, *cuspariæ* (vulgo *angusturæ*) *cortex*, *dolichi pubes*, *dulcamara*, *euphorbiæ gummi resina*, *fucus*, *humuli strobili*, *hyoscyamus*, *lichen*, *linum catharticum*, *salicis cortex*.

The animal matters omitted are, *Chelæ cancerorum*, *corallium rubrum*, *ichthyocolle* and *sarcocolla*.

Of minerals or chymical preparations, *Bolus gallicus*, *minium* and *stanni pulvis* are omitted; *arsenici oxydum*, *calx*, *lapis calcareus*, and *sapo mollis* are introduced.

We cannot see why both *Creta* and *Lapis calcareus* should be admitted; and why did the College spare the *Testæ ostreorum*, when they determined to exulate the *Chelæ cancerorum* and the *Corallium rubrum*?

Notwithstanding so much rubbish has been swept away

and thrown into the kennels, much remains to be treated in the same way, when the masters or mistresses (if you please) of medicine again choose to pry into the corners and slutholes of their pharmaceutical kitchen.

In the new arrangement, the chymicals occupy the post of honour, in the following order:—Acids; alkalies and salts, with alkaline bases; earths and salts, with earthy bases; (so we think ought these preparations to have been denominated, *alkalia et sales cum basibus alkalinis*, &c. and not, as it is in the pharmacopœia, *alkalia & solum sales, terræ et earum sales*), preparations of sulphur, metals and *their* (metallic) salts.

There is one preparation only of acetic acid, it having been proved that the two formerly directed, differ only in the degree of concentration. Still, as the former concentrated acid (the aromatic vinegar) was both pleasant and useful, we see not why it should be discarded.

Scheele's process for preparing the Benzoic acid, has been substituted for the old method of sublimation.

The citric acid, or concrete lemon juice, is now introduced.

The processes for the distillation both of the muriatic and nitric acids are greatly improved.

The names of the acids remain nearly as they were: but the two fixed alkalies have received their regular chymical designations. The vegetable alkali is called potassa; which the College seem to have adopted with fear and trembling. "*Horridum quid ac barbarum sonare*," is a lamentation extorted from them. The word is at least as good as *alkalia*, except that it is rather newer. The mineral alkali is very properly called soda. Ammonia remains. The salts have received their appropriate names, sulphates, nitrates, muriates, &c. But we find, what we cannot help terming a frivolous deviation from common custom and propriety of speech; namely, the word denoting the species of the salt is placed after the base, and not, as it is usual, before it. Thus we have potassæ sulphas, potassæ carbonas, &c. instead of sulphas potassæ, and carbonas potassæ. It is pretended that the principal word ought to be first, to prevent the chance of error; but we say, the specific word preceding could give no chance of error; or if it do, the chance is just the same from the precedence of the base, as of the acid combined with it. Nor are the College consistent with themselves, for, upon the same principle, they should say, antimonii oxydum, ferri ammoniati tinctura, ferri vinum, and even amygdalæ oleum, lini oleum, &c.

A solution of salt is called liquor, and not aqua, as in the last edition. Thus the aqua ammoniæ acetatæ is now liquor ammoniæ acetatis.

The former aqua ammoniæ, now liquor ammoniæ carbonatis, is directed to be made by merely dissolving the carbonate in distilled water. As this may be done extemporaneously, the necessity of such a preparation is not evident.

The process for preparing the solution of caustic ammoniac is improved. The strength of this solution is now much greater than formerly.

We find a new salt, under the title of supersulphate of potash, introduced, or rather the sal enixum of old dispensatories revived. We think that we have too many salts already. All the supposed benefits of this may be obtained by adding a little sulphuric acid to the sulphate of potash, or dissolving the sulphate in the common infusum rosæ.

We think specific directions should have been given under the title of potassæ sub-carbonas or tartaro, for the preparation of a tolerably pure alkali, instead of the short and insufficient directions added both in this and former editions, to the process for the common sub-carbonate of potash.

The elegant preparation of Berthollet of potash crystallized, by saturation with carbonic acid, is now first ordered. Solutions of this salt, or of soda similarly prepared, have all the virtues of the soda water, prepared by Schweppe and others, and if a bitter acid be added to the solutions at the moment of drinking them, they are quite as pleasant.

The salts formed by the medium of tartar retain their old appellation of tartarized salts; being triple compounds, it would have been inconvenient to have expressed their proper composition. The other additions to the salts are sodæ sub-carbonas exsiccata, and sodæ carbonas.

The College have thought fit to expunge the title of aqua medicatæ. They have therefore been obliged to introduce, very awkwardly, we think, solutions of salts used as washes, among the regular chymical preparations. Such are the old aq. aluminos. bateana, the common saturnine lotion; and another calx is transferred from the materia medica, and liquor calcis from the infusions to its proper place.

The College have retained sulphur præcipitatum, which both the colleges of Dublin and Edinburgh have expunged, as not differing essentially from common sublimed sulphur. We think it would have been right to follow their example.

We come next to metals and metallic salts. The first is the very important one—antimony. The former preparations of the oxyd of antimony are expunged; the antimonium cal-

cinatum, the antimonium vitrificatum, and the crocus antimonii; one oxyd only is prepared by digesting the sulphuret in nitro-muriatic acid, and precipitating the muriate, which is formed by water. This is the old pulvis algaroth. This powder is made the basis of the antimonium tartarizatum. The vinum antimonii is expunged. In the vinum antimonii tartarizati, the proportion of the water to the wine is increased, but the strength of the solution is unchanged. We think that the College deserve great credit for the simplicity introduced in the manipulation of this active mineral.

The horror of poisons seems completely conquered. We doubt whether the sentiment has not been succeeded by a false security. The most virulent of minerals, arsenic, has at length been elevated to the rank of a regular medicine. The first form is arsenici oxydum præparatum; the white arsenic is ordered to be purified by sublimation. Arsenic, as it is found in the shops, leaves so small a residuum (apparently a little earth) that we believe this preparation needless, and founded only on presumption. For use, Fowler's mineral solution, under the title of liquor arsenicalis, is ordered. We think the arseniate of potash would have been a better preparation; being less active, the proper dose would have been of a more manageable magnitude.

Another preparation, now first admitted, is the cuprum ammoniacum; if not so deleterious, its acrimony is almost equal to that of arsenic, nor does it seem to retain its character for curing epilepsy, for which it was at one time so much extolled.

We find an excellent form of a steel medicine, under the name of ferri carbonas; it is a simple precipitate from sulphate of iron. Another useful medicine is given under the title of liquor ferri alkalini. Its composition has not been exactly ascertained, but it seems to be a triple salt, formed by the union of nitric acid, with red oxyd of iron, and with potash. Its particular use is intended to be in combination with vegetable solutions; which, from containing gallic acid, decompose and form black compounds with all the salts of iron.

In the article of mercury we meet with several changes. The acetate of mercury is discarded, as in the hydrargyrus muriatus. mitis; both novelties of the last edition. Corrosive sublimate, called, in the last edition, hydrargyrus muriatus, is now termed hydrargyri oxymurias. This is chymically incorrect. Calomel is called hydrargyri submurias; so that, by this account, there exists no simple muriate of mercury. We have a liquor hydrargyri oxymuriatis. This is done 'in order

to facilitate the administration of divisions of the grain of this active medicine.' We think pills, a much better form of a medicine, which so readily nauseates, and the College would have done well to have introduced such a form; a very good one may be found in the Edinburgh physical and literary Essays, we think, by Dr. Gardiner. Another preparation now admitted is the hydrargyri oxydum cinacum, formed by digesting calomel in lime water. It is intended to be used principally for fumigation, in imitation of the fumigating powder of Lalouette. But the hydrargyrus cum sulphure (æthiops mineral) and the hydrargyrus vitriolatus (turbith mineral) are expunged.

On the subject of lead, we find nothing but changes of nomenclature:—The stannum pulveratum is expunged. The sulphate of zinc is directed to be made by dissolving the metal in sulphuric acid, and crystallizing the salt. We doubt not that the chymists will still prefer the ordinary salt, of commerce, as cheaper, and very easily purified from foreign ingredients. Is it quite certain that the metallic zinc is free from heterogeneous matters? If this has not been ascertained, the College have, in this article, directed a circuitous process to no purpose.

So much for the chymical part of this work. It must be granted, that much pains have been taken to introduce the most improved and scientific processes; and that in the nomenclature a middle course has been judiciously taken; the names received by the consent of the men of science have been adopted, where a rigid adherence to system would not produce any serious practical inconvenience. A very brief notice of what may in strictness be called the pharmaceutical part of the work is requisite.

In the preparations of the oils (fixed and volatile) and distilled waters, we find no important change. One distilled water, aqua catui, is properly restored from the edition of 1745. There are three new decoctions; the first of them, decoctum aloës compositum, is a very agreeable vehicle for an aloetic aperient. A distinct chapter of infusions is given, the number of which is extended to most of the articles in common use, and the strength of each accommodated to the most usual standards of practice; this will be found a great convenience to the prescriber. The mucilages are separated from the infusions.

A considerable addition is made to the extracts. The word is extended to comprise what were called succi spissati. Preparations of the narcotic plants are given in this form—aconitum, belladonna and hyoscyamus; we fear that the same

of these drugs is extinct, even before they have been honoured with this official acknowledgment of their existence. To these are added extracts of rhubarb, aloes, sarsaparilla, and taraxacum. Did the College consult their dignity, when they admitted the extractum humuli, upon the slender and prejudiced recommendation of M. Freke, supported by two or three civil letters from as many of their fellows? A simple extractum colocynthidis is given for the first time, which was a great desideratum, and by restoring an extract of opium, made by cold infusion in water, from the edition of 1720, we are supplied with an excellent medicine, which seems to produce the sedative effect of opium, with little subsequent derangement of the nervous system.

Among the mixtures have been introduced the popular steel medicine, called Griffith's antihectic. We see no good reason why this should not have continued an object of extemporaneous prescription.

There are several new tinctures: those of capsicum, digitalis, guaiacum (without ammonia), and kino are very properly admitted.

A new chapter is given under the title of ætherea, which are rightly separated from the spiritus distillati. In the edition of 1787, the process for making the æthereal oil, (the oleum vini) was most strangely separated from that, for the production of æther, though they are only different stages of the same process. The spiritus ætheris vitriolici was first produced, and the æther procured from the spirit; now the æther is procured by the first process, and the other compositions are formed upon it; this is more scientific, but we believe that no harm would have been done had all the preparations except the simple æther been discarded. To suppose that the spiritus ætheris sulphurici or the spiritus ætheris compositus (Hoffman's anodyne) have any medicinal qualities distinct from æther is surely a superstition.

Here we may take our leave of this new edition of the London Pharmacopæia, the remaining alterations being of little moment; nor do our limits permit us to say more than a very few words on Dr. Powell's translation. It were an act of injustice to deny that the notes which he has added to his translation contain much valuable matter, and prove their author to possess a large store of chymical and pharmaceutical knowledge; but we think that Dr. Powell had not, in the execution of his task, formed a correct estimate of what was really required of him. He ought, in our opinion, to have merely confined himself to such explanations as he thought useful to assist the operator, in cases where the brevity nece-

easy to the original might be likely to cause obscurity and misconception; instead of this, he has thought it incumbent on him to take the articles of the original as a text, and deliver a chymical lecture on each. Thus we have a page and a half of note given in the first article, the distillation of acetic acid, which hardly required a line. A dispensatory is not an elementary book of chymistry; those who wish for elementary information, must apply to the proper sources. We think then that Dr. Powell has done too much; in consequence the work has been very improperly swelled. The sale of this book is a forced sale. Apothecaries are required to possess it, and we do not think it quite correct to levy a tax upon individuals of one penny beyond the necessity of the case.

Dr. Powell has added some very useful tables to the work, but to one of them our objection is insuperable; it is entitled, 'Essential, generic, and specific Characters of Plants received into the Catalogue of Materia Medica, arranged alphabetically.' This is wholly useless, and can serve no purpose on earth, except to augment the bulk of the volume.

We are compelled to notice also some inexcusable blunders which Dr. Powell has committed, in calculating the doses of more active and deleterious drugs. If great caution is ever necessary, it is surely in the administration of the oxymuriate of mercury (sublimate) and arsenic. The liquor hydrargyri oxymuriatis contains eight grains of the salt in 16 fluid-ounces of liquid. 'Half an ounce of it,' says Dr. P. (he has already forgot the new coined term of *fluid-ounce*) 'contains one-eighth of a grain of the salt.' In our arithmetic it contains one-fourth of a grain. In the liquor arsenicalis 'each ounce (why again not fluid-ounce?) contains four grains of the oxyd,'—right! and 'each drachm (fluid-drachm) one-eighth of a grain.' Each fluid-drachm contains half a grain. How often can the translator have really prescribed this solution? Had he done so twice in his life, he could hardly have fallen into such gross and dangerous mistakes.

One reflection has pressed itself upon us from the survey we have taken of this work. Proceeding as it does from a body of men, who, from their learning, talents, and situation, may be considered as a sort of representatives of the great body of the faculty of this kingdom, we may regard it as a standard of the present state of medicine, as practised in England. If any real improvements had been made in practical medicine, in this book would have been found the infallible marks and criterions of them. But what is the fact? That the edition of 1787 was much improved upon that of 1746, it is not very easy to prove; but it must be allowed that the present is

in many points a real improvement upon the edition of 1787 : but is it that medicine has acquired new and more powerful instruments? no such thing; except the preparations of arsenic, which are powerful enough to *destroy*, we know not that we possess one medicine of acknowledged power which was not in the hands of our predecessors. Some are now, for the first time, admitted into the London Pharmacopœia, which have been in universal use for fifty years or upwards. Such are the *pilulæ hydrargyri sub-muriatis*, the well-known Plummer's pill. Griffith's steel mixture is another example of the same kind. Some are now restored, which, twenty years ago, were thought unworthy to retain their place in our national dispensatory. Such is the *elixir vitrioli dulcè* of the pharmacopœia of 1745, which was expunged from that of 1787, and is now re-admitted under the name of *spiritus ætheris aromaticus*. Some substances, which are now expunged, have in their day been extolled almost as universal medicines. Ginseng, which, having fallen into disuse, is very properly discarded, is regarded by the Chinese as the most sovereign remedy, and is esteemed a general corroborant and restorative: and it is easy to foresee that some substances, which fashion has brought forward as excellent medicines, will possess only an ephemeral reputation. Twenty years hence the physicians of the day will inquire, probably with a smile, what could induce their immediate predecessors to consider the lichen, the humulus, the *lyoscyamus*, to be substances possessing any medicinal powers?

The gentlemen, who for two years devoted many hours to the preparation of this edition, have shewn, by the gratuitous labour they bestowed, a due sense of the duties imposed upon them by the station they hold in society. But how were they really employed? Sometimes undoubtedly in the useful occupation of examining the results of chymical and pharmaceutical processes; and in consequence, perhaps their emetic tartar is of more uniform strength, perhaps their mercurial ointment is better triturated, perhaps their sulphur ointment is of a more proper consistence—all good things in their way, no doubt. But we have reason to think, that many, many more hours were consumed, in debating whether their liquid measure should be called *uncia* or *fluid-uncia*; whether the word *carbonas* should precede *potassæ*, or *potassæ* should go before *carbonas*; whether *confectio* was a more proper term than *electuarium*; in polishing their latinity; in consulting Celsus and Pliny, or turning over the leaves of Stephen's and Scapula. All this was no unbecoming occupation for gentlemen and scholars, about to commit their reputation to the public

censure; but they were about of as great importance to the public health, as whether the sittings of the College should be held in Warwick Lane or in Pall Mall.

Where then is the proof of 'the vast increase of our knowledge in practical medicine?' We find none; we find quite the contrary; and should rather conclude that for the last century, in medicine, as an art, has been stationary; that what was true in Lord Bacon's time, that in medicine there has been much iteration, but little progression, has been nearly true likewise in our own. If there has been any real improvement in the art of medicine, it has been quite of an opposite kind. Physicians, as they have become more enlightened, have become also more and more sensible of the power of nature and the impotence of art; they have perceived that cures are performed more by the strength of the constitution than by the operation of drugs; and that not to be too officious is the wisest rule that can commonly be followed in attendance upon the sick.

ART. IX.—*Poemata Selecta Italorum, qui seculo decimo sexto latine scripserunt, nonnullis adnotationibus illustrata.* Oxonii; Slatter and Mundy. Londini, Longman, &c. 1808.

IT was a natural consequence of the revival of letters, that the imitation of the classics, as it was at that period new and generally practised, should be also vigorous and successful. What is now the task of school-boys and under-graduates, was, at that period, the favourite study of men ripe in judgment, of much experience in the world, high birth and dignified station, deep learning, and various accomplishments. Pursuits of this nature afforded the readiest approach to the table and good graces of the reigning pontiff, who was no less distinguished by his care in fostering the interests of the republic of letters, than his talents in administering the affairs of the holy see.* By that enlightened judge, the characters of the scholar and politician were not deemed irreconcilable. If they be found so now, it must have happened either because the distinguished men of later times have wanted diligence and perseverance, or because the increase of population, in this as in many other instances, by removing the necessity of

* Et fuit id Leoni perjurandum: qui explorata haberet illorum ingenia et solitus esset interdum severitatem imperii, atque acres generis humani curas eroditis hisce voluptatibus temperare.—*Strada Prolus.* vi. l. ii.

uniting different professions in one person, has destroyed the motive to the thorough and individual acquirement of various qualifications. The authors of the poems selected by the editor of the volume under consideration were no less what is termed men of business than literary characters. A manly spirit reigns throughout their poetical compositions. When the barbarous style of the ages which preceded, and the pedantry and affectation of those that followed, are contrasted with the purity and refinement of their diction and sentiments, the mind is struck with a pleasing wonder, and, like Dante, when traversing the regions of eternal pain

A flame that o'er the darken'd hemisphere
Prevailing shined"— " he kenn'd

is prompted to inquire, "who are these, that boast such honour, separate from all the rest?" A passage in Flaminio, one of the most distinguished in this bright school of poesy, shews that they were themselves surprised at their success, in a season unfavourable for the development of genius.

" Quis putasset,
Post tot sæcula tam tenebrosa,
Et tot Ausoniæ graves ruinas,
Tanta lumina tempore uno in una
Tam brevi regione Transpadana
Oriri potuisse? quæ vel ipsa
Sola barbarie queant fugata
Suum reddere litteris latinis,
Splendorem, veteremque dignitatem.

" Who would have deem'd it possible,
That after numerous ages dark as night,
And sad Ausonia's oft repeated ruin,
Such luminaries should at once arise,
In so confin'd a realm beyond the Po,
As could by their sole power the barbarous gloom
Dispel, and to the Latin lore bring back
Its lustre, and its ancient dignity?"

Such were the talents displayed by the constellation of Latin writers, in the sixteenth century, that Bettinelli considers it as a subject of national regret, that their poems were not composed in the vernacular tongue.

* Quai nuovi tesori avremmo noi, se la Sifillide, il parto della Vergine, l'Arte poetica o gli Schacchi del Vida, e quelle elegie scaviasime, e que candidi epigrammi, o endecassillabi del 500, fossero stati nel volgar nostro composti?"

Bisorgimento d'Italia, ii. 121.

To say that their compositions in verse come nearest to those of the classics themselves, and with no great interval between, is the least praise with which the critics are contented. Sannazaro, in the judgment of Crescimbeni, is distinguished from the poets of the Augustan age by his catholic piety alone. On Castiglione the same critic has bestowed the glorious title of the new Virgil, and Scaliger preferred him to Propertius. To Bembo, who was at once an author and a friend of authors, Bettinelli assigns the honour of having opened the new Augustan age, of having emulated Virgil and Cicero, and revived Petrarch and Boccace in the elegance and purity of his style, without which no one can write for immortality. He was accused of too rigid an imitation of these masters, a fault which, though it might in some degree detract from his reputation, was serviceable to the interests of literature, which being then in its infancy, and in danger of suffering from the too great license of certain writers, seemed to require an illustrious model of strict purity and close adherence to classical authority. Sadoletto and Fracastoro are reckoned by the same critic among "i veri maestri di scrivere in ambe le lingue," and those whom he terms the prodigies of art, and the delight of the soul: the former was the friend and schoolfellow of Bembo, and was a poet perhaps in a greater degree than he,

"largosque alti bibit ætheris ignes
Divinum spirans."

Sadoleti. Quinz. Curtius.

The latter well deserves the appellation of il gran Fracastoro, and the character of one of the fathers of philosophy and Latin verse.

Navagero, with the other founders of the academy of Novale, in the Venetian territory, which is probably alluded to in the passage from Flaminio, above quoted, are entitled immortal writers and "classici veramente." Flaminio is deemed an author worthy of the Augustan age, and he and Ippolito Capilupi* are rivals, rather than copyists, of Catullus. The Latin verse of Mobra is esteemed by Tiraboschi no less elegant than his Italian poems, and he is ranked among the most happy imitators of Tibullus. For the character of Vida, we need go no farther than the Essay on Criticism:

* Mr. Roscoe, to whom we may refer for information on the lives and merits of many of the authors here mentioned, writes Sadoleti and Capilupi, by inadvertence we presume.

But see each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trinis her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame.

It is enough to say of Niccolo d'Arco,* that he was the friend and emulator of Flaminio and Fracastoro; and that he retired from public life to the shores of the Benaco, and totally surrendered himself to literary pursuits. Bonfadio is described by De Thou, as a man of great acquirements. Paolo Manuzio, the son of Aldo the celebrated printer, is praised by the same author, for his exact knowledge of the purity of the Latin language. The three brothers of the family of Amalteo attained great reputation for their poems, and Giovambattista, according to Giraldi, was called *Juvenis trilinguis*. Mureto, the last of this honourable list, we are informed by De Thou, was distinguished by his faculty of writing Latin.

To these testimonies from high authorities, we shall not presume to add any observation further than, that, generally speaking, the authors of the poems contained in this selection appear to have written in Latin with the same ease as in their native tongue: their compositions are not centos of classical phrases artificially combined, but the original dictates of minds truly poetical, and completely masters of the medium by which they gave utterance to their ideas.

From the increasing fondness for every thing connected with Italian literature, there is little doubt of this selection being favourably received by the public. There is nothing inserted which does not deserve a place, though perhaps some things have been omitted which merited insertion. This, however, is the common fault of all that class of books which are known under the several names of *Spicilegia*, *Excerpts*, *Analecta*, *Selections*, *Flowers*, *Beauties*, and *Extracts*. Brief notices of the lives and writings of the authors are prefixed, and some notes added, chiefly biographical, drawn from vari-

* We believe this to be the Italian name of Nicolaus Archius, though we have not at hand the means of ascertaining it.

ous authentic sources. The volume has the merits of elegant type and correct printing, and in size resembles many of its classical brethren of the 16th or 17th century, being an octavo in the esse rather than in the videri.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Year of Jubilee considered, in a Discourse delivered at the Unitarian Chapel, in Essex Street, on Sunday, October 22, 1809, by Thomas Belsham.* London, Johnson, 1809. pp. 36.

ART. 11.—*The Jubilee, or Motives for Thanksgiving and Congratulation derived from a Consideration of the Character and Conduct of our most gracious Sovereign, King George the Third: a Sermon, preached in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, on Wednesday, October 25, 1809, being the Day on which his Majesty entered on the Fiftieth Year of his Reign. By the Rev. John Hewlett, B. D. Morning Preacher to the said Charity, and Lecturer of the united Parishes of St. Vedast-Foster and St. Michael le-Queen. Published at the Request of the General Committee of the Foundling Hospital.* London, Mawman, 1809. pp. 24.

ART. 12.—*The National Jubilee, Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Reign of George the Third, politically and morally improved. By a Magistrate.* London, Mathews and Leigh, 1809. pp. 74.

AFTER eating jubilee roast beef with vivid relish; and viewing the variegated lustre of the jubilee lights with considerable satisfaction, it becomes our office to peruse some jubilee sermons, in which we are afraid that we shall not discover so much solid nutriment as we found in the one, nor so much splendour of elegance and beauty as we beheld in the other. The three present works are not, indeed, such meagre and shrivelled performances, without sinew or muscle, artery or nerve, as we believe that the occasion has in general produced. We cannot at present notice the three *evangelical* jubilee discourses which we have seen announced from the pen of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. who has displayed such a laudable anxiety to wield the crosier among the sceptical Hindoos. The sumptuous entertainment, well larded with grace, which this proselyting theologian has provided for us, we must reserve to another opportunity. In his plain and perspicuous discourse (Art. 10), Mr. Belsham has given an account of the nature and origin of jubilees, with which we have no

other fault to find, than that it was published *after* the recent jubilee, and that we shall have long ceased our critical labours before this country experiences the repetition of a similar event. Had Mr. Belsham's sermon been published *before* the celebration of the jubilee, it would certainly have had a very extensive circulation, which it is not now likely to obtain, as the event is passed, the feasting has vanished, the lamps are extinguished, and the interest has ceased. This sermon of Mr. Belsham is not polluted with any fulsome or unbecoming adulation, of which we are certain that our venerable monarch would himself be the first to reprobate the use, in that sanctuary which is set apart for the worship of the King of kings.—HONOUR THE KING is a good scriptural maxim, and it is a great political duty;—but FLATTER THE KING is a precept, which is contrary both to reason and to scripture. Both reason and scripture teach us not to utter soft and oily falsehoods, even in the ears of kings. For what is *flattery* in plain language but a lie? To flatter kings and princes, therefore, is not loyalty—No; it is the veriest opposite of loyalty. It is treason—treason against truth, and an outrage offered to the God of truth, “in the place which he has chosen to set his name there.”

Mr. Hewlett is a perspicuous and energetic preacher. His sermon (Art. 11) does not descant much on the political merits of the reign, but on the personal and private virtues of the sovereign. All this was right and wise. The domestic virtues of his majesty are fit topics of encomium; but certainly more so in the senate and the forum, than in the sanctuary of Jehovah. The king of Great Britain is the proper object of civil reverence, but his master and our master, his God and our God, is the only object of religious adoration. We were surprized that a person of Mr. Hewlett's reading and information should countenance the vulgar error, that the *independence of the judges* was one of the distinguishing boons of the present reign. The independence of the judges was one of the fruits of the glorious revolution, to which we are indebted for the accession of his majesty's family, and consequently ultimately for all the gratifications of the recent jubilee. By the statute 13 W. III. c. 2, as Blackstone says, the commissions of the judges were made, not as formerly, *durante bene placito*, but *quamdiu se bene gesserint*. By the 1 Geo. III. c. 23, the judges do not vacate their offices on the demise of the crown, which they had been previously supposed to do. The act, therefore, of 1 Geo. III. c. 23, only deprived his successor, on his accession, of the exercise of the invidious right of dismissing the old judges and appointing new.—The work entitled “The National Jubilee,” “by a Magistrate,” (Art. 12) is written by some gentleman who possesses that florid slipshod style which writers of little taste, and readers of little judgment are apt to mistake for eloquence. We shall not, however, animadvert with any severity on some of the doctrinal imputations of the magistrate, which appear to us to savour more of methodism than of christianity; for, notwithstanding his habitual

verbiage, and his occasional fanaticism, we find several just and animated remarks. We should cordially join the writer in the following, which he proposes as a *national toast*: 'May the reign of George the Third be eminently distinguished BY A REVIVAL OF THE SPIRIT OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.' We heartily hope that the spirit of the protestant reformation will arise with new and accumulated strength, that our fellow-christians may no longer bend their necks to the dogmatical creeds and articles of councils, assemblies, and convocations, but may acknowledge the scriptures, and nothing but the scriptures, as the only safe and authoritative guide in all points of polemical disputation. A reformation of religion was hardly more wanting in the days of Henry the Eighth, than it is in the present reign, when *established* opinions, which are connected with lucre and emoluments, are found to be as opposite to the scriptures critically interpreted, as the popish superstitions in the reign of Edward VI. were in the judgment of the most learned theologues of that time. If the true spirit of the PROTESTANT reformation had been really alive in the hierarchy of the English church at the present day would the aged, and the honest, though the *inquisitive* and *impolitic* Mr. Stone have been deprived of all his ecclesiastical emoluments, and reduced to indigence, merely for opposing what he *conscientiously* believed unscriptural error, and for vindicating what he as firmly believed to be scriptural truth? We are surprised that such an outrage on the spirit of the protestant reformation should have excited so little animadversion. We take credit to ourselves for having been the first, and we believe almost the sole persons who have exposed the iniquity of this unchristian prosecution. (See Critical Review for January, 1808, p. 22, and for June of the same year, p. 165.) One of the acts of grace conferred on the jubilee, ought to have been an ample indemnity to this suffering religionist. We believe that subscriptions for Mr. Stone, who has been more sinned against than sinning, are still open at Messrs. Brown, Cobb, and Co. 66, Lombard-street. Take physic, bloated orthodoxy, and for once contribute a few of thy superfluities to heresy in distress !!!

ART. 13.—*Diversity of Sects and Opinions no valid Objection to the Truth and Importance of the Christian Religion. A Sermon, preached in the Presbyterian Chapel, Hull; by William Severn. Hull, Rodford, 1809. pp. 31.*

THIS sermon is very laudable in its object, and very respectable in its composition.

POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*A Review of the Policy and peculiar Doctrines of the modern Church of Rome, wherein their dangerous Tendency, political and religious, is considered, and their true Origin designated; and some of those, which the Protestants consider as the most objectionable, are proved not to have been held by the ancient British, Saxon, or Irish Christian Churches; in Answer to Arguments advanced in Favour of the Roman Catholic Question, and more especially those of Sir John Throckmorton. By the Rev. Peter Roberts, A. M. Author of Letters to Volney, a Harmony of the Epistles, &c. London, Williams, Strand. 1809. 8vo. 6s.*

IN this work Mr. Roberts has been at some pains to accumulate all the old objections against the catholics, accompanied with as much recent matter of an invidious kind as he could collect. But he does not appear to have placed the subject in a new or a stronger light than his predecessors. The principal arguments, indeed, which he has urged against the catholics have been often urged before. But Mr. Roberts is certainly entitled to one species of praise, which does not always belong to those who have cherished, and who have defended, a similar antipathy to the equitable claims of our Roman Catholic fellow-christians: he has treated the subject with great urbanity and moderation, without indulging in coarse and ungentlemanly invective. This praise is not often merited by those who engage in polemical discussions; but it is due to Mr. Roberts, and we will not withhold it, though we differ from him most widely with respect to the duty and the policy of making any further concessions to the catholics. Mr. Roberts seems to think that any augmentation of the political power of the catholics would endanger the safety of the state; and, therefore, he appeals to the primary law of national self-preservation, to justify the government of the country in resisting their claims. He argues, though we think with very little consistency, that, because we have bestowed on them the elective franchise, we ought to withhold the right of exercising any legislative functions. But we are of opinion, that the possession of the elective franchise, of which they were thought worthy, and which they have not abused any more than their protestant brethren, is an additional argument for the concession of the legislative capacity. The one seems necessary to prepare the way for the other. When civil restrictions and disabilities are imposed on any class of subjects, so as to degrade them beneath the political level of their fellow-citizens, the reasons for such invidious measures should be very forcible and apparent. But the restrictions should never be continued when the reasons have ceased which caused them to be imposed. At the period of the revolution, the protestant succession, which was then intimately identified with the enjoyment of a free government, was endangered by the power and machinations of the papists. The lapse of more than a century, however, has made a great change in the opinions of the papists, and in the danger to be apprehended from their political combination, even if they were

hostile to the present government. But, as far as facts and solemn declarations are a proof of loyalty, they certainly are as well affected to the reigning sovereign, and to the established constitution, as any other sect of religionists in this country. The papists, considered as a religious or a political body, opposed to a protestant establishment, can never be formidable, while the pope, whose *spiritual* supremacy they acknowledge, and from subjection to whose authority they derive their name, is so fallen in that power, which rests upon opinion, that the son of a Corsican scrivener can make him dance from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Avignon, like a puppet upon the wires. Who are these formidable papists that, if we grant them the capacity of being chosen into the legislature, which cannot happen at the utmost to more than a score of their number, we are immediately to expect the subversion both of the altar and of the throne? Why these confederated religionists, whose rosaries and crucifixes are so great an object of terror to our graduated divines, are the professed adherents of an old man, who is in exile at Avignon, and whom Buonaparte is about to assemble a conclave of cardinals at Paris, in order to strip of the rag of authority which he still retains. Mr. Roberts and other enemies to the proposed concessions to the catholics, talk as if this body of men were in the plenitude of their power, and as if the ruler of the Vatican were, like the great Colossus of the middle ages, bestriding a superstitious world. These anti-catholic gentlemen, who array themselves in the armour of ancient argument, to combat the perilous delusions of the papists, put us in mind of Don Quixote fighting giants and dragons which had no existence but in his own imagination.

POETRY.

ART. 15.—*Modern Proselytism, a Poetical Sketch.* London, Sherwood. pp. 7. 8vo.

AS far as we have been able to make out the meaning of the author of this Sketch, which is no easy matter, it appears to be that more evil than good is the result of religious proselytism.

ART. 16.—*Gastronomy, or the Bon Vivant's Guide. A Poem. From the French of J. Berchoux.* London, Booth, Duke-street, 1809, pp. 42, 4to.

M. BERCHOUX traces the progress of the culinary art from its early to its more improved state. He then commends the pleasures of eating as greater and more permanent than those of love. A residence in the vicinity of the metropolis is commended, as most favourable to the conveniences of good eating. The judicious selection in the choice of a cook is next inculcated.

‘That point’s most important, on him it depends,
Your table to crowd with agreeable friends,’

Groups of cattle, pictures of fruit, and game-pieces are stated to be very appropriate ornaments for a dining-room. Our late dinner-hours are reproved :

' Adopt not the fashion of dining each day
When the last rays of light in the west fade away ;
The stomach complains that the world's grown so polish'd,
It lives but by halves since we've supper abolish'd.'

The old precept, of acquiring an appetite by exercise, is duly enforced. The first course now makes its appearance ;

' And the savoury odour the sauces exhale,
Keeps the guests undecided which dish to assail.'

The dishes are many of them of a more substantial kind than we thought that a Frenchman would have been likely to admit ; and the old English *sirloin* is not bereft of its due share of praise. The author approves the maxim of Mrs. Glasse, "*Serve the dinner up hot.*"

' The choicest ragout,
If cold when you eat it, is not worth a sous.'

M. Berchoux very properly advises us to study the partialities of our guests, in doing the honours of the table.

' 'Tis the wing of a chicken the ladies most like ;
Give the white side of turbot, the back of a pike.'

The second course is not delineated with much variety or elegance. The author, however, furnishes the table with a more ample supply of game than most English manors afford. But he does not seem to be much a friend to what our English gentry often mention with watery lips—a barn-door fowl. For he says,

' Of the commoner species of poultry beware :
Your fowls bred at home, I too often have seen
Unhealthy, misshapen, dry, tasteless, and lean.
Now and then, with a friend, to his village I go ;
Where at night the unfortunate hero I know,
Whose shrill sounding pipe, the first herald of day,
On the morning preceding drove slumber away,
Whilst, freely, his brisk cackling mates he pursued,
With envy, his tender endearments I viewed ;
But the rogue was determined, for supper was drest,
To be tender no more, as my teeth soon confess'd.'

M. Berchoux adorns his table with a sumptuous dessert, and provides gratification for the palate and the eye ; and he follows it up with a magnificent variety of wines, of most of which an Englishman knows the names better than the taste.

With a pleasing anxiety, now we survey
 Decanters and glasses in brilliant array;
 How eager each eye! with what ardour we burn
 To commence the attack, when it comes to our turn!
 Nor long do we wait—see the column advance!
 In the van are the delicate natives of France,
 Purple hermitage, burgundy, sparkling champagne,
 Old hock forms the centre with sherry from Spain.
 Constantia, rich mountain, imperial tokay,
 As skirmishers act—fire a shot, and away;
 Leaving claret, madeira, and generous port,
 In the rear, well prepared the chief stock to support!

To toasts I object not; but hate party-cant,
 Drink no minister's health; nor exclaim with a rant,
 "Be liberty welcome! equality, hail!
 May the sovereign will of the people prevail!"
 By sentiments oft you some guest may displease,
 I'd fain, in their stead, drink such wishes as these:
 "May we fifty years hence stout and hearty remain,
 And a hundred times meet at this table again!"
 "May no change of season endanger the vine,
 Nor war nor taxation deprive us of wine!"

As we have not read the original of this poem, we cannot decide how far its spirit or sprightliness has been infused into the translation; but if the translation has preserved all that is contained in the original, it is not difficult to determine that the poem of M. Berchoux does not often sparkle with vivacity or wit.

NOVEL.

Aug. 17.—*The Irish Recluse; or, a Breakfast at the Rotunda; 3 vols.*
 By Sarah Isdell. London, Booth, 1809.

THIS novel is dedicated to Sir Edward Denny, Bart. of Tralee Castle. Mrs. Isdell tells us there is nothing particularly aimed at in these volumes beyond the unadorned recital of a story that is not unnatural, and, as she hopes, not without a moral. The story is certainly very unadorned; but the moral is, as in many other works of this kind, good. Virtue, after severe trials, is rewarded, and vice of course punished. The story did not interest us much, and we shall not analyse the contents. The mortifications and sufferings of Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, which spring from her inordinate vanity and pride, are very well told, and her seclusion natural. The passion of jealousy is also well depicted in the character of her husband. But we must allow we were by no means pleased with the atrocious character and improbable account of the Marquis de la Santa's life and death; nor do we see any good moral that can be derived from contemplating the murder of his innocent wife and children, who are

assassinated by an enraged servant. Some of the scenes in the *Irish Recluse* carry us back to the horror, anarchy, and confusion which prevailed during the French revolution; but we cannot say that this recital, though it is interwoven with the story, gave us any interest or pleasure. The most pathetic and interesting part of the work is the story which old Margery Jones relates of her daughter, and the feeling she excites towards her granddaughter, Emma Summers, who marries a young man who is mad after *French liberty*; and, from taking an active part in the confusion of the times, is brought to the guillotine. We have noticed those characters which appear the best drawn, and which furnish what the authoress very laudably wishes—a good moral.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*The Elements of Universal Geography, adapted to Maps, with a Selection of the most useful Problems, on the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes, for the Use of Schools, and Private Teachers.* By T. Mainwaring. Crosby and Co. 12mo. pp. 151. 3s. 6d.

THE author has in this work very judiciously proposed to bring together the principal points of his subject in a condensed form. The introduction contains a very brief account of the solar system, which is followed by an outline of the general principles of astronomy and geography. The natural and political divisions of the earth are then detailed, in a manner deserving praise, and the remaining part of the book treats of the use of the globes. At the end of each section are added some questions, ingeniously framed, for the exercise of the pupil.

The general principles of astronomy, as applied to the earth, namely, the divisions of time, the seasons, &c. are attempted to be explained, from the map; but there is no doubt that the best, if not the only effectual mode, of explaining them, is from the globe; and therefore the 'use of the globes' should have preceded the mere geographical part of the work. The problems on the terrestrial globe are performed by the obsolete mode, of rectifying for the latitude, instead of (what is assuredly more eligible) rectifying for the sun's declination. Among the problems on the celestial globes, there should have been included some problems concerning the planets and the moon.

This work is ingenious, and deserves a second edition. We wish the author to revise the language, which is not always accurate; and to correct a few mathematical *errata*. This done, it becomes a valuable school-book.

ART. 19.—*A new and easy Guide to Arithmetic, being upon a new Plan of Arrangement, with a Variety of Examples in each Rule, for the Purpose of exercising the Pupils in Classes, chiefly designed for the Use of junior Classes and young Ladies.* By T. Mainwaring, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and the Globes, in Ladies' Schools and Private Families. Crosby and Co. 12mo. 130 pages. Price 2s. 6d. neatly bound. 1808.

THIS little book is well adapted to the instruction of the pupil.

in the four fundamental rules of integral arithmetic; and their application is shewn in Reduction; the Rule of Three, Practice, and Interest. It is to be regretted that the author has retained the injudicious (not to say absurd) division of proportion into the direct and inverse rules, a distinction very perplexing to the pupil, and for which we are convinced there is no reason but prescription. The peculiar merit of the book is, that the examples, for the most part, are numerous, and are throughout well selected; but there is not a sufficient number of examples in numeration, nor in bills of parcels.

The publication, upon the whole, is what it professes to be; in the beginning of the article, we observed that it would avail the pupil; we may safely conclude by saying it will be found useful to teachers.

ART. 20.—*The simple Rules of Arithmetic, in Questions and Answers, suited to the Capacities of Children, with Tables of Weights and Measures; in two Parts, for the Use of Schools, conducted on the Plan of the Rev. Dr. Bell. By George Reynolds, Master of the Lambeth Boys Parochial School, and Writing Master to the Asylum, Lambeth. London, Rivingtons, 1809. Price 6d. each Part, with the blank Table, or 9s. 6d. per dozen, the two Parts.*

ART. 21.—*An irregular Series of blank Tables, belonging to Part I. of Arithmetic for Children educated on Dr. Bell's Plan. By George Reynolds, &c. &c. London, 1809.*

ART. 22.—*An irregular Series of blank Tables, belonging to Part II. of Arithmetic for Children educated on Dr. Bell's Plan. By George Reynolds, &c. &c. London, 1809.*

THESE little introductory helps to the knowledge of arithmetic are well calculated to answer the philanthropic end for which they are designed. The exposition is clear, and the rules are brief.

ART. 23.—*Important Studies for the Female Sex, in Reference to modern Manners; addressed to a young Lady of Distinction. By Mrs. Cockle. London, Chapple, 1809. 12mo. 7s.*

THESE 'Important Studies' consist of remarks or essays on 'Religious Example,' 'on Truth,' 'on the Duties of a Daughter,' 'on the Duties of a Sister,' 'on Temper,' 'on Charity,' 'on Friendship,' 'on Attachment,' 'on the Duties of a Wife,' 'on the Duties of a Mother,' 'on Seduction,' 'on modern Manners,' 'on the Value and Proper Use of Time,' 'on Death.' Mrs. Cockle appears to be a follower of Mrs. Hannah More, and her religious sentiments shew the stamp of that school; but she does not possess the art of conveying instruction with equal felicity and elegance. We give Mrs. Cockle every credit for good and virtuous intentions, and hope that her book will tend to improve those females, who read it, in the knowledge and the practice of the social and domestic duties.

ART. 24.—*The Junior Class-Book, or Reading Lessons for every Day in the Year. Selected from the most approved Authors. For the Use of Schools. By William Fredric Mylius, Master of the Academy in Red-Lion Square, London. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.*

THIS is a very good selection for children; and much pains seem to have been taken in the choice of those tales which convey the best moral and the most instruction, blended with the most amusement. They are chiefly extracted from Fenelon, Addison, the Spectator, Guardian, from Goldsmith, the Arabian Nights, Franklin, Herodian, Quintus Curtius, Xenophon, Pliny, &c. Some very good pieces of poetry are interspersed by Ogilvie, Cunningham, Cowper, Marlow, Shenstone, &c. &c. Mr. Lamb's Ulysses and his Shakspeare's tales make a very conspicuous part of these extracts. Those subjects of natural history which are chosen are well adapted to arrest the attention of young minds, as well as the historical anecdotes with which the book is interspersed. Berquin's tales claim a great share of approbation, as well as the selections from Robinson Crusoe and Telemachus.

ART. 25.—*Lessons for Children; or, Rudiments of good Manners, Morals, and Humanity. By Mrs. Fenwick; in three Parts. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.*

THESE tales are simply told, and form a pretty collection of lessons for children, from which they may derive much moral benefit. The little petulances and growing passions of children are pleasingly displayed and judiciously repressed. The Disasters of Impatience, the Bad Family and the Good Family, and Joseph's School-room at the foot of the Oak Tree, the Broken Crutch, and Ellen and Judith, are very pretty, and Mrs. Fenwick deserves much praise for her endeavours to amuse, and at the same time instruct, the rising generation, in these simple and elegant compositions.

ART. 26.—*Dramas for Children, imitated from the French of L. F. Jauffret, by the Editor of Tabart's Popular Stories. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.*

THE contents of this little volume are entitled, The Curious Girl. Hector, or the Plotter caught in his own Trap. The Dangers of Gossiping. The Fib found out. The little Coxcomb. The Spoiled Child. Frederick; and Discretion put to the Proof. These dramas are in the same style as those we have noticed before, and similar to the tales written by Mrs. Fenwick.

ART. 27.—*History of Rome, from the Building of the City to the Ruin of the Republic. Illustrated with Maps and other Plates, for the Use of Schools and young Persons. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1809.*

WE have on more occasions than one stated our objections to such brief and meagre epitomes as the present; which, however well they may be executed, can seldom either interest or instruct. The events are not exhibited in sufficient copiousness of detail to

communicate any but a superficial smattering of information, which is sometimes less desirable than total ignorance. Epitomes are often good exercises for young people to make, but they are in general the worst and most profitless books which the juvenile student can read. They are apt to puff up the mind with a conceit of knowledge, while they only starve the source of intellectual supply.

ART. 28.—*Outlines of English History, chiefly abstracted from the History of England, by Edward Baldwin, Esq.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1808.

THE remarks which we have made on the preceding work are more particularly applicable to this abridgment of abridgments.

ART. 29.—*A Dane's Excursion in Britain. By J. A. Anderson, Author of a Tour in Zealand, &c. &c.* London, Matthews and Leigh. 1809. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.

THESE little volumes contain a good deal of amusing *chit-chat*, and will reward the perusal of the lovers of light and desultory reading, much better than many of the sentimental and slipslop performances of the present day. We extract the following account, from the first volume, of our honest Dane's descent into a coal-pit, near Newcastle. The author having undressed himself, and put on a white flannel shirt, a grey jacket and trousers of a very thick stuff, with a red night-cap, proceeded to the mouth of the pit.

‘ I asked my guide if we were going down in a basket, which question he answered by a smile, and desired me to put my thigh along with his own through a stout piece of rope, in the shape of a loop, suspended from an iron chain at the extremity of the long rope by which the coals are drawn up. I was then requested to throw my arms round the iron chain, and we were both turned off. We hung for a short time immediately over the abyss, and were then let down. A mixture of water and particles of coal drizzled on us during almost the whole of the descent. In less than a minute, I found myself upon my legs, and naturally very much amazed at this sudden transition. At the bottom of the pit a huge cauldron blazed with great fury; round it were seated a number of pitmen and boys. Their spokesman, while addressing me, “grinn’d horrible a ghastly smile,” and a person so very lately immersed in theatricals may perhaps be forgiven, if he were led to assimilate the present occasion to the cauldron-scene in *Macbeth*. By degrees, as I recovered my sight, I felt somewhat reconciled to the novelty of my situation, and sat down by the cauldron, till my guide had made the necessary preparations for our progress. He placed a candle in a piece of clay, and fixed it between my fingers. The lowness of the seam obliged us to stoop immediately on setting out. We soon met a galloway, that drew six or seven baskets of coals, placed on seve-

ral small waggons chained to each other. The seam continued to decrease in height, which, with the wetness of the ground, rendered walking very tiresome. We sat down to rest near a part of the pit where several seams met. Here I observed a boy employed in putting down, on a slate, the number of baskets, as they came from the pitmen, who hewed the coal. By means of a lever, he placed the full baskets on the small waggons, and to a number of these put a galloway; for the lowness of the seam, where the pitmen worked, would only admit of little boys to convey the baskets singly on a barrow. We set off again, and I found myself obliged to lay hold of the wrong end of the stick, in order to support myself. In this situation, nearly resembling that of a tailor on his shop-board, I crawled a considerable distance, and at length gained the extremity of the seam. Being very much exhausted, I stretched myself along the ground. My guide very naturally smiled, as I was lying with my eyes fixed on the pitman, who had no apparel on, with the exception of small-clothes. He was a young man, and handled his pickaxe with great activity; his sooty countenance exhibited a degree of cheerfulness, which bore unerring testimony to the wonderful pliancy of the human mind. He tendered his pickaxe, and desired me to hew a piece of coal out of the seam; this I declined, but gave him a shilling, which he thankfully accepted. I did not feel perfectly comfortable in this situation, and found it absolutely impossible to suppress such ideas as the awful ceiling naturally suggested. On our return, we stopped at one of the trap-doors, made in various parts of the pit, for the purpose of confining the air, which frequently becomes inflammable. Here the guide directed my attention to a boy between six and seven years of age, holding a cord in his hand, with which he drew the door open. The appearance of the little wretch was miserable indeed; he had been sitting there since three o'clock in the morning, and was to be relieved at three in the afternoon. "And do you know, Sir," said my guide, with an unpleasant air of levity, "how much the little dog gets for that?—Ten pence." "He will of course be brought up for a pitman?" said I. "Certainly!" was the answer. "Does his master in the mean time afford him any religious or moral instruction?" "Oh! no!" replied the guide. I began to reflect on the immense sums which collieries yield; and when I thought on one proprietor in particular, who is said to enjoy an annual income of eighty thousand pounds, and upwards, I felt an additional relish for the beauty and wit of Pope's lines on an inordinate pursuit of wealth, and the consequent punishment of avarice:—

"Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides."

*Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in
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List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Kirwan's Metaphysical Essays, concluded.

Hobhouse's Poems and Translations.

Miss Porter's Don Sebastian.

Hayley's Life of Romney.

Lord Valentia's Travels, continued.

Lewis and Clarke's Travels among the Indians.

Errata in last Number.

Page 136 line 11 for has caused read have caused.
 138 — 12 for Thirling read Stirling.
 161 — 20 for colonies should read colonies would.
 169 — 31 for few however read few women.
 222 — 44 for with the two read for the two.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1809. No. IV.

ART. I.—*Metaphysical Essays*, by Richard Kirwan, Esq.
(Concluded from p. 41.)

IN § viii. ix. Mr. Kirwan discusses the notions of ‘space and duration, time and eternity.’ These words are plain and intelligible in the sense in which they are commonly taken, but they are rendered most intricate and obscure as soon as they become the objects of metaphysical speculation. Leibnitz, in his controversy with Clarke, asserted that space is something merely relative as time is; it is the order of co-existing things, as time is of successive things; Clarke said, that

‘If space were nothing real, but the mere order of bodies, it would follow, that, if the earth, sun, and moon had been placed where the remotest fixed stars now are, and in the same order and distance, with regard to one another, as they now are, they would then be in the same place too as they are now; which is an evident contradiction.

‘Space is not a being, an eternal and infinite being; but the property, or consequence, of a Being, eternal and infinite. Infinite space is immensity, but immensity is not God. Infinite space is *one*, absolutely and essentially indivisible. To suppose it parted, is a contradiction in terms, as there must be space in the partition itself; which is to suppose it parted, and not parted, at the same time. The immensity, or omnipresence of God, is no more a division of his substance into parts, than his duration is a division of his existence into parts.’

‘Void space,’ said Clarke, ‘is not an attribute without a subject, for God is certainly present, and possibly many other substances which are not matter.’ ‘God’s immanency,’ said Leibnitz, ‘makes him certainly present in all spaces; but, now, if God is in space, how can it be said that space is in God? We have often heard that a property is in its subject; but never that a subject is in its property.’ Clarke replied, that

‘ God does not exist in space, but his existence causes space. Space is not absolutely nothing ; for of nothing there is no quantity, no dimensions, no properties. Nor is it a mere idea, for no idea of space can be framed larger than finite. And yet reason demonstrates that it is a contradiction that space should not be actually infinite. Nor is it a bare relation of one thing to another, arising from their situation or order ; because space is a quantity, which relations (such as situation and order) are not.’

Locke says, lib. ii. c. xiii. § 3, that space considered in length is called distance ; and, considered in length, breadth, and thickness, he thinks it may be called capacity ; § 4, he says, that each different distance is a different modification of space. In § 11 he terms extension the space that lies between the extremities of solid coherent parts or bodies. But yet space is not extension, though, as extension is one of the constituents of all our visible and tangible ideas, we find it difficult to allow existence to any thing that is not extended. In § 13, Locke says, that the parts of pure space are inseparable from each other ; and, § 21, that it is infinite. From what we can collect, Locke seems to have considered space as something different from what we call matter ; as something incorporeal and indivisible.

Condillac says (*Art de Penser*, c. viii.) that pure space is only an abstraction. If, says he, we suppose a body annihilated, and preserve those which surrounded it at the same distance at which they were before, instead of inferring the existence of pure space, we can only argue that we may consider extension at the time when we dismiss the other partial ideas which we have of body. He might have said that we may compound an abstract notion out of several abstractions, and consider length, breadth, and depth, as belonging to something which is neither visible nor tangible. Condillac says, that he does not assert that space does not exist, but that the idea which we form of it does not demonstrate the existence. That most acute philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, says, in his treatise concerning the principles of human knowledge, §. cxvi. vol. i. p. 82,

‘ That the philosophic consideration of motion doth not imply the being of an *absolute space*, distinct from that which is perceived by sense, and related to bodies: which, that it cannot exist without the mind, is clear upon the same principles that demonstrate the like of all other objects of sense. And perhaps if we inquire narrowly, we shall find we cannot even frame an idea of *pure space*, exclusive of all body. This, I must confess, seems impossible, as being a most abstract idea. When I excite a motion in some part of my body, if it be free or without resistance, I say there is *space*: but if I find a resistance, then I

say there is body: and in proportion as the resistance to motion is lesser or greater, I say the *space* is more or less *pure*. So that when I speak of pure or empty space, it is not to be supposed, that the word *space* stands for an idea distinct from, or conceivable without body and motion. Though indeed we are apt to think every noun substantive stands for a distinct idea, that may be separated from all others, which hath occasioned infinite mistakes. When, therefore, supposing all the world to be annihilated besides my own body, I say there still remains *pure space*: thereby nothing else is meant, but only that I conceive it possible, for the limbs of my body to be moved on all sides without the least resistance; but if that too were annihilated, then there could be no motion, and consequently no space. Some perhaps may think the sense of seeing may furnish them with the idea of pure space; but it is plain from what we have elsewhere shewn, that the ideas of space and distance are not obtained by that sense.'

Bishop Law said, that he could 'form no other notion of space, than either, first, as the mere negation and absence of matter; or, secondly, as the extension of body abstractedly considered, as separate from any particular body.'

We will now state the opinion of Mr. Kirwan on the subject.

'Space is nothing more or (nor) less than the relation of two or more distant bodies to each other, or of the distant parts of the same body to each other.

'All relations are merely mental, but the objects related are real. The foundation of this relation is the standard extension, or the number of such extensions, as inches, feet, miles, &c. as we find or conceive necessary to reach from one body to the other. Thus all that can with truth be affirmed of space may clearly be conceived.

'Its primary notion is not the capacity of receiving bodies; this is merely a consequence inferred from distance: in any other point of view this capacity is merely fictitious. Otherwise, before any body was created, a capacity for receiving bodies existed; that is, when nothing whatsoever existed. As well might it be said, that a capacity of receiving spirits existed before any spirit was created. From what principle this capacity is inferred will presently be seen.

'The notion of *distance* is originally acquired through the sense of feeling. By the repetition of tactile sensations, from one part of the body to another, we gain the notion of *extension*, which consists in nothing else than in the number and continuity of tactile sensations, either perceived, or conceived to be perceptible, betwixt two or more objects. The difference between the first and last of these sensations is what is called *distance*. Neither the knowledge of distance, nor consequently that of extension, is originally gained by the sight, but gradually learned

by experience of the connexion betwixt distant objects, previously known by tact and visual appearances, and the motion and feelings of the eye itself; as Dr. Berkeley has clearly shewn, in his admirable *Essay on Vision*, and has been amply proved by the subsequent experiments of Dr. Cheselden. From this connexion it happens, that the different visible appearances of near and distant bodies constantly suggest the idea of extension, as subsisting between them, even when a perfect vacuum is supposed: but this suggestion, not being in that case founded in reality, is a mere imagination. It is this imagination that so far imposed on Dr. Clarke and others, as to persuade them to think there is *something* where, in fact, there is nothing: an imagination which, arising from an early association, cannot be got rid of, as Clarke and his correspondent allowed, though, by an accurate investigation, it is proved to be a deception.

‘When bodies are distant from each other there is nothing to prevent another body from being placed between them, if none be already so placed. This denial of any obstacle is what is called *capacity*: it is nothing positive, but merely a possibility inferred from inconspicuous distance.

‘Still, it will be said, that there is an interval between distant bodies, otherwise they could not be distant; and this interval may be measured, and therefore it is extended. Now this interval is what is called *space*, and, consequently, space is something real and extended.

‘To this argument, which comprehends every thing that can be said in favour of the reality of space, I answer, that this interval is in nothing real different from distance: and this latter, indeed, is measurable by means of a solid line, reaching from one of the distant bodies to the other, and consequently extended. To such a line measures may be applied; but, without conceiving such a line, the measures would be applied to nothing, which is an evident absurdity.

‘Hence we may infer, that, without two bodies at least, there can be no distance, nor, consequently, *space*. Still less can it be supposed to exist, when there are no bodies at all; and, therefore, antemundane and extramundane spaces are merely imaginary.

‘If it be asked, where a single body would be placed, if no other body were created? I answer, *no where*, that is, in no place; *place* being, as Mr. Locke justly observes, (b. ii. chap. xiii. sec. 7.) the relation of distance betwixt two or more points which are considered as at rest. When, therefore, there are no such points, there is no place: and hence, as he remarks, (ibid. sec. 10.) to say that the world is *somewhere*, means no more than that it does exist, but not its location.’

Our notion of space coincides with that of Bishop Berkeley, which we think completely satisfactory. We shall not detain the reader with what the author has said respecting duration,

time, and eternity. In § x. the author gives a succinct account of the objections which have been urged against *human liberty*; though he does not adduce any chain of argument in its support, as he thinks, the consciousness of which we cannot divest ourselves, that we are the active principles from which our determinations proceed; and the remorse incident to the abuse of this self-determining power, impress the fullest conviction of this important truth. The great argument against human liberty, is the divine prescience; but do we know in what manner this prescience exists or operates? We know very little about the operations of our own minds, but how much less of the divine? We may imagine that all ideas are simultaneous and coexistent in the divine mind; but this is only supposition. For what, if the Supreme Being, instead of a simultaneous concurrence, should choose an endless succession? May not his creative power, instead of producing every thing at once, be perpetually operative? Are we wise enough to determine that this cannot be? May not the Supreme Being, when he willed a *probationary* system, have so regulated even his own prescience as to impose no invincible restraint on the volitions of man? It may be difficult or impossible for us to reconcile fore-knowledge with free will; but does it thence follow that the existence of one may not be perfectly compatible with that of the other? Can we limit or define the modifications of the divine essence? Mr. Kirwan has well remarked, that 'knowledge of any kind is perfectly extrinsic to the events known;' and may not the sensation which we all have of liberty, and the innate repugnance which we seem to feel against the theory of necessity, well be opposed to any supposed proof which may arise from our imperfect conceptions of the prescience of the Deity? We all allow that God is omnipotent. But can he not exercise his omnipotence as he pleases, and according to his own all-wise views of fitness and utility? May not the exercise of his attribute of omniscience be equally within the limitations of his own will as his omnipotence? May not his *potential* omniscience be distinguished from that which he *chooses to exercise*? In order to permit the existence of a race of *free agents*, may he not modify his own consciousness so as to accord with such a scheme? The question of free will has been the topic of eager disputation for ages; and it will not be easy to devise any other way of solving the difficult problem than that which we have suggested.

Are not all the attributes of God only the properties of one and the same being? And can one of these ever be at variance with the rest? Is his prescience to counteract his justice or benevolence? Is he a moral governor? and, if he is, does not a moral government suppose responsibility in those

over whom it is exercised? But can there be responsibility where there is no liberty of choice? where no man can act differently from what he does? where, whether he do good or evil, he does either by constraint? where, whether he save a fellow creature from perishing by hunger, or murder his father to get possession of his property, he does only what the God of the universe has in reality forced him to do? Does not the mind of every unprejudiced man revolt at such a doctrine? Is not its invincible repugnance to our ordinary notions of fitness, and to the most humble as well as the most sublime conceptions of the divine wisdom and goodness, a proof that it is false, however much the wit of certain metaphysicians may invoke the divine prescience to prove it true. To us, human liberty, as far as it regards moral choice, in the conduct of life, appears as certain as the moral government of the Deity.

One of the great and distinguishing principles of human nature is conscience, an invisible monitor or secret judicatory in the human breast, before which a man is always, in a greater or less degree, obliged to bring his own actions for judgment, and which, with more general equity than any external tribunal, rewards or punishes with satisfaction or regret. That there is such a principle in man is certain, though its original sensibility may be indurated by habit, or its sensitive existence apparently destroyed by neglect. But the advocates for necessity suppose, that this principle of conscience, which to us appears one of the most essential and necessary, is one of the most adventitious and superfluous, parts of the moral constitution of man. Its very existence, indeed, on their hypothesis, argues the impotency or absurdity of the divine architect of the human frame. For, why should the Deity have communicated such a principle as a restraint on vice, when we are vicious from necessity? And why should he have made vice the natural object of dissatisfaction and regret, when virtue itself is not more agreeable to his will? The advocates of necessity make the volitions of man, however gross, cruel, and unjust, a part of the volition of the Deity. And their doctrine exhibits that Deity, in the light of the most inconstant and capricious tyrant, making laws which he forces them to violate, and then punishes the violation. But the hypothesis itself happily furnishes its own refutation; and we wonder that it has been embraced by so many persons, who have bewildered their minds, perverted their judgments, and confounded their moral notions by the words fate and prescience, till they have divested accountable man of all self-determining power, and rendered him, in respect to all voluntary acts, like a piece of carpenter's work.

According to Dr. Priestley, the determinations of man in any given circumstances could not be different from what they are. But we would ask, whether a man, who steals a purse, violates the bed of his friend, or takes away the life of his father, might not in the same circumstances have avoided these crimes? If not, the framers of our criminal law seem to have been equally deficient in justice and humanity. But they, as well as the thief, the adulterer, or the parricide, may offer the all-sufficient plea of *necessity*.

We shall now extract the remarks of Mr. Kirwan on *motives*, which will throw some light on this subject, and tend to prove, that, when man acts, he must, in the majority of instances, from the diversity of motives which are presented to his mind, act not from constraint but choice, not like an automaton, but a free agent, who balances the quantities of real or apparent good.

‘ Motives are presented to the mind either by sensation, imagination, passion, sense of duty, fear of remorse, or moral instincts. In general, those presented by the three first modes of perception are most pursued, because in receiving them the mind is entirely passive, and their rejection is attended with a greater or lesser degree of pain; whereas the comprehension of the latter, in their full suasive view, requires attention and self-command, which are opposed by the natural indolence of the mind, though the importance of the determination to be taken strongly indicate the propriety of applying them, and though the understanding pronounce the pursuit of the object they suggest to be in some respects the greater good. Hence the saying of Medea, *Video meliora, &c.*

The difficulties in which this subject has hitherto been involved, have arisen in great measure from the improper expressions used in treating it; most of which are, in their literal sense, applicable only to corporeal nature, which is passive, and therefore suggest false conceptions when applied to mind, which is essentially active. Thus *motives* seem to imply something active, whereas they are, in reality, passive, being the ends which the mind pursues, or may pursue. They are said to *impel* the mind to action, which again falsely denotes activity, whereas the mind naturally *pursues* them in proportion to the apparent good they present. Thus also *force* and *strength* are improperly applied to them.’

C. I, of essay ii. is entitled ‘Of the human Mind and its Modifications.’

‘By the human *mind*, we denote the principle or subject of our perceptions, whether sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, volitions, desires, aversions, &c. which we call our *self*, of which we are conscious; we can even infer by reason-

ing, from the impossibility of the existence of modes without a common subject, that such a subject really exists: by a spirit I understand that indivisible unextended thing which thinks, acts, and perceives.'

He then controverts the idea of Mr. Hume, that

'Mankind are nothing but a bundle of perceptions,' 'which are linked together by the relation of cause and effect, and mutually produce, destroy, influence, and modify each other.'

Mr. Kirwan, following Bishop Berkeley, supposes a thinking substance, which we call self, which is the seat of consciousness, and in which alone all our sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, volitions, desires, aversions, &c. exist. Without the supposition of a single indivisible thinking substance, it is impossible to account for the sensation of consciousness, for reflection, memory, judgment, or any of the phenomena of mind. Those, who suppose that there is no such thinking substance, but that man is only an organised mass of material fibres, would do well to consider what identity there is, or can be, between an organic body compounded of such a multiplicity of fibres, nerves, muscles, &c. and a percipient being, which is *essentially one*. Notwithstanding the great diversity and dissimilitude of our ideas, there evidently is a principle in the human being, in which they are united, blended, as it were, into one, and, as far as respects consciousness, identified. It seems impossible to explain how the idea even of self, or of personality, could arise, if a thinking indivisible principle were not enveloped in the frame of man, to which it is indissolubly attached. Without this individuating principle, a man would have as many selves, or *persons*, as he has sensations. His personality would be for ever changing; his self-consciousness for ever fugitive and evanescent. He would not be the same conscious being, at different times of the year, nor even different hours of the day. He would be a totally different person, when he had a sensation of sight, and when a sensation of sound, when he touched a piece of marble, and when he smelt a rose. No Proteus could undergo so many changes of *person*, such wonderful metamorphoses in a moment of time.

Without the presence of a thinking indivisible substance, it would puzzle the materialists, to shew how a congeries of fibres could produce an abstract notion, or an idea of reflection. Can the sense of sight consider visible objects apart from any thing visible? Can the sense of touch have an idea of existence separated from all tangible qualities? Are not ideas which are derived from different senses, com-

pared, as if they belonged only to one? But what is this comparing principle? To what sense, to what fibres in the organic involutions of the brain does it belong? Can the sense of touch compare the sensations of taste and sound, or of smell and sight? Can the eye discriminate the fine and delicate sensations of harmony in the ear? or can the ear exert a critical function over the coloured hues which vibrate in the eye? Are not sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, and volitions, modes of intellectual existence; but can modes exist without a subject? And does it not seem capable of demonstration that in the human frame this subject must be an *indivisible percipient*?

We sometimes perceive at one and the same time a group of sensations derived from the different organs of sense, as a rose excites at once the sensation of redness and the smell of fragrance, with that of a certain configuration and appearance; but it will be difficult to shew how these several sensations could be blended in the mind into one simple idea of rose, unless the mind itself were a thinking substance, one and indivisible, to which all the sensations, which are propagated from the different organs of sense, are conveyed as to a point, and become identified with the consciousness of one and the same thinking being.

In § 1, c. ii. the author distinguishes the modifications of the human mind, or the states in which we may exist, into passive and active. The passive, says he, are

‘those of which the mind itself is not the direct and immediate cause, but which are impressed upon it by an extrinsic cause, which can be no other than the *Supreme Being*; though in many instances the mind, conformably to certain stated laws, may alter, exchange, or extinguish many of them.’

Mr. Kirwan says that the act of judging, and that of willing and rejecting, are the only true active modifications of mind.

§ 2, c. ii. treats ‘of sensations in general.’ Sensations cannot be excited by a mere act of the will; nor can they be said to be perfectly similar to any thing but other sensations of the same kind and degree in other minds. Our sensations, when considered singly, are called the qualities of the things to which they are referred.

‘As all sensations are impressed on our minds by the *Supreme Being*, they must be known to him, not by organs of sense, of which he has none, but in a manner to us inconceivable: the same changes therefore which, conformably to his laws, take place in our minds, are perceived by him, whether perceived by us or not. That his mode of knowledge is to us inconceivable,

is, besides other reasons, evident from this, that he knows *pain*, even the most extreme, without feeling it; whereas, if we had never felt it, we should never know it. The modifications of our minds should, in case they existed in them, undergo various changes, by reason of the progress, interference, or opposition of the laws by which they are governed, or to which they are exposed: in the divine intellect corresponding variations take place; nor do such variations derogate from his essential perfections, as they neither add to nor detract from any of them. That such variations are not incompatible with his immutability, is evident, since he possesses now, as he did from all eternity, the most perfect freedom; which essentially requires a power of changing his determinations at present, equally as at any antecedent imaginable period of his existence.*

'Odours, sounds, and tastes' are the subject of § 3. The sensations of smells and sounds are generally allowed to exist only in the mind. They are not, like our tangible and visible sensations, supposed to be the images or representations of any external object. It is certain that the sensations of odours and sounds cannot proceed from any tangible quality; for one sensation cannot be generated by another, from which it is specifically different. In § 4 we find some remarks on visual sensations, which are chiefly taken from Berkeley. The exquisite structure of the organs of sight cannot explain how visual sensations are obtained. But still we find that the sensations themselves are conditionally dependent on the integrity of the organic mechanism. The objects of sense are usually considered as something distinct from the sensations which are conveyed by the organs of sense; though, in some cases, the object cannot be distinguished from the sensation. From Berkeley the author refutes the common theories of vision, and concludes that our judgment of visible distances is entirely the result of experience; as certain degrees of distance have been found to be attended with certain sensations arising from the various disposition of the eyes.

'A man born blind, being made to see, would at first have no knowledge of distance by sight; the sun and stars, the remotest objects as well as the nearer, would all seem to be in his eye, or rather in his mind; the objects intromitted by sight, would seem to him, as in truth they are, no other than a new set of thoughts or sensations, each of which is as near to him as the perceptions of pain or pleasure: for our judging objects perceived by sight to be at any distance, is entirely the effect of experience, which one in those circumstances could not yet have attained to.*

* This has been fully confirmed by Dr. Cheselden, nineteen years after Berkeley's prediction; for, having couched a youth born blind, he relates,

It is certain that colours, which are the immediate object of sight, are not without the mind; but does not all visible extension appear as near to us as the colour of the object, or is it possible even in thought, to separate colour from extension? 'Suppose,' says Mr. Kirwan,

'That, looking at the moon, I should say it were 50 or 60 semidiameters of the earth from me, let us see what moon this is spoken of; it is plain it cannot be exactly that which is visible, or any thing like it, for that which I see is only a round luminous plain of about 30 visible points in diameter; and, in case I am carried from the place where I stand, directly towards the moon, it is manifest its appearance varies still as I go along, and, by the time I have advanced 50 or 60 semidiameters of the earth, I shall be so far from being near a little round luminous flat, that I shall perceive nothing like it, this object having long since disappeared. Again, suppose I perceive, by sight, the faint and obscure vision of something, which I doubt whether it be a man or a tree, or a tower, but judge it to be at the distance of about a mile, it is plain I cannot mean, that exactly what I see is a mile off, or that it is the image or likeness of any thing which is a mile off, since, every step I take towards it, the appearance alters, and from being obscure, small, and faint, grows clear, large, and vigorous; and when I come to the mile's end, that which I saw first is quite lost, neither do I find any thing like it.

'In these and the like instances, the truth of the matter stands thus: having of a long time experienced certain sensations, perceivable by touch, as distance, tangible figure, and solidity, to have been connected with certain sensations of sight, I do, on perceiving these last, forthwith conclude what tangible sensations are, by the usual course of nature, likely to follow; looking at an object, I perceive a certain visible figure and colour, with some degree of faintness, and other circumstances, which, from what I formerly observed, determine me to think, that if I advance forwards so many paces, or miles, I shall be affected with such or such sensations of touch: so that, in truth and strictness of speech, I neither see distance itself, nor any thing I take to be at a distance. I say, neither distance, nor things placed at a distance, are themselves perceived by sight: and I believe, whoever will look narrowly into his own thoughts, and examine what he means, by saying he sees this or that thing at a distance, will agree with me, that what he sees, only suggests to his understanding, that after having passed a certain distance, to be measured by the motion of his body, which is perceivable by touch, he shall come to perceive such and such tangible sensa-

that when first he obtained his sight, he was so far from making any judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, as what he felt did his skin. 7 Phil. Trans. Abr. p. 491, 492.

tions, which have been usually connected with such and such visible sensations; but that one may be deceived by these suggestions, and that there is no necessary connexion between visible and tangible sensations suggested by them, we need go no farther to prove, than to the next looking-glass or picture.

Visual objects excite an entirely new set of perceptions, very different from those of touch. This difference is such that the identity which exists between the objects of different senses is known only by association and experience. Thus a man born blind, on first receiving the faculty of sight, would not be able, *solely* by the sensations of vision, to mark the differences with which his tactile sensations had previously rendered him acquainted. A man born blind, would not, on first beginning to see, be able by the sense of sight, without the aid of touch, to distinguish between hard and soft, solidity and fluidity, roughness and smoothness, between earth and water, between a piece of marble and a plot of grass. For the only immediate perceptions which visual objects introduce into the mind are those of light and colours, and these sensations have no resemblance to those of touch. But by exercising the sense of sight in conjunction with that of touch, we should by association and experience soon be able to transfer to one some of the knowledge which we obtained from the other; and to distinguish many tangible qualities by the eye as well as by the touch. Even the ideas of space and distance are not originally introduced by the sight; for on first beginning to see, all objects seem equally near. The sensation of distance is transferred by early habit from the touch to the sight.

The Supreme Being is the only cause of our sensations. The power which we have of communicating sensations, or of receiving them, must be derived from the author of our being, who gave us the organs of sense, and determined the reciprocal relations between them and the sensible objects of the universe. This power cannot be limited by our will, nor by that of others, but is regulated by general laws.

The transcendent beauty of the system of Berkeley is, that it fixes the mind on the Supreme Being in every situation in life, more than any other system of metaphysics; and it accords with the assertion of scripture, that *IN HIM WE LIVE, AND MOVE, AND HAVE OUR BEING.*

Mr. Kirwan rejects the existence of matter in philosophical speculation, though he admits the truth in cases in which we speak of, and are guided by, appearances; as the supposition is too much incorporated in the general belief, and in the popular language, to be entirely discarded. But Mr. K. does

not allow that the constitution of our nature forces us to entertain the belief. It is indeed so far from being true, that we are under any such necessity by a law of our constitution, that children seem in the first stage of their existence to have no idea of any thing external to the mind. Every thing, in fact, appears to them to exist in the mind. They have no perception of distance; and an object which is remote does not really seem farther off than one which is near. The wise are often obliged to accommodate their language to the imaginations of the ignorant, as without this conformity, the limits of social intercourse must be very much contracted; and the wise must form a language for themselves, of which the foolish must be as much excluded as from the knowledge of Persic or Hindostanee. The learned and the ignorant think differently, but they must often, and in all the common occasions of life, speak alike. They must talk as if the sun turned round the earth, instead of the earth turning round the sun.

‘By *matter*,’ says Mr. Kirwan, ‘I understand an insensate being, supposed to be the cause or occasion of our sensations.’ The existence of matter, as it is thus defined, includes no repugnancy, ‘but its existence is superfluous, and at least highly improbable.’ It is superfluous, because all the phenomena of the universe may be satisfactorily explained without having recourse to the supposition; it is improbable, because the Deity never makes use of more means than are necessary to effect his purposes. ‘The belief of the existence of matter originates, as Mr. Kirwan says, in a delusion similar to that by which an oar which is placed obliquely in the water appears to be crooked when it is straight, or as an image in a mirror appears to be a reality to a child. Here we shall let Mr. Kirwan speak for himself. He enumerates the following delusions among the principal causes of our belief in the existence of matter:

‘First, the persuasion that we perceive distant tangible objects immediately by sight; whereas we only instantaneously imagine and infer their existence from their long-experienced connexion with visual objects, and certain motions of our eyes. This is owned by the most intelligent hyloists. Thus, what we see, is barely a sign of the tangible sensation we should have, or some other mind has, if in contact with the object. In fact, we never see and feel the same thing, though we may things to which a common name is given; thus I may be said to see and feel the same billiard ball, though in fact I see only its colour, and at most half its figure; but I do not see its smoothness or hardness, no more than I can feel its colour; the former are suggested to me by the sight, in consequence of the experienced,

association of the colour with those tangible sensations, which we know we actually have not; now, of such sensations, thus suggested to us, and which we are certain we shall experience after traversing a certain distance, we imagine the causes to exist at that distance, and consequently that they are external to our minds, through our natural ignorance and habitual inattention to the Supreme Being, the only possible cause of our sensations. These suppositious imaginary causes are by the hyloists called *matter*.

' So also a blind man, finding that he can successively feel the aggregate of the resisting sensations that compose his body, naturally imagines these parts to be external to, and distant from, his mind or principle of thought, which he cannot feel.

' The same mistake, though in a lesser degree, is daily made with respect to sounds; for nothing is commoner than to say one hears trumpets, or the firing of guns, or the approach of carriages, though nothing can really be heard but the different modifications of sound connected and long associated with the above-mentioned circumstances of those bodies.

' So also, when the known figure, colour, and magnitude of an apple are seen, they immediately suggest the taste and smell; and on this aggregate of sensations, a name is bestowed, which is that of an *apple*.

' The second cause of this persuasion was suggested by the structure of language: this requires, most commonly at least, adjectives and substantives. Now the same adjective is applicable to a variety of different substantives; thus we say a good man, a good horse, a good house, &c. Frequently indeed the substantive with which the adjective is supposed conjoined, is not expressed; thus Hudibras says, "*better* is the only enemy to *good*;" but, as an adjective is imperfectly intelligible without reference to some substantive, the general term *thing* was invented, which denotes any substantive: then all sensations being expressed by adjectives, on account of their various applicability, as *red, fragrant, sweet, loud, hot, cold, hard, soft, extended, &c.* the mechanism of language necessarily supposes them to have some substantive to which their aggregate is applicable. This substantive was called a *thing*, or substance, though perfectly unknown, being unperceived by any of the senses, until a particular name was devised, which name was supposed to denote also that unknown thing, and to involve it in its signification: thus an apple was at first called a red, fragrant, juicy *thing*, before it was named an *apple*, which more expressly denoted the peculiarities of its taste, smell, colour, shape, hardness, &c. Thus these sensations were deemed to be modifications of this fictitious thing, which was called their *substratum*, and the supposed *substratum* of all sensational aggregates was by philosophers called *matter*.

' Thirdly, men were led to think, that there existed some substance foreign and extrinsic to them, by reason of the continued

reappearance of many objects totally independent of them; not reflecting, that all that was perceivable in these objects were mere sensations, as colour, taste, smell, &c. which could not exist but in some mind, though not perceived by their own, though they reappeared to them by virtue of the laws fixed by the Author of nature. Hence that profound philosopher Mr. Turgot says, that existence, relatively to us, is the permanence of certain collections of sensations, which in similar circumstances constantly reappear the same, with alterations subjected to certain laws.'

By the speculative rejection of matter we obtain great advantage in all the topics of moral and theological debate. We, in fact, as Mr. K. remarks, extirpate atheism; for the root of atheism is fixed in the alleged eternity of matter. Even the modern materialists, who contend that *organization* constitutes *thought*, make, undesignedly, some approximation to the atheistic system; for if the essence of thought consist in a certain peculiar combination of the particles of matter, and if matter be eternal, even the universe itself, in the immensity of ages, may have been produced by some fortuitous concourse of atoms, according to the epicureans. Time only seems wanting to make a sufficient number of trials; and that requisite is obtained by imparting to matter the attribute of eternity. Those who suppose matter to be eternal, and who still allow the existence of an intelligent first cause, are guilty of as great an absurdity as any in the Athanasian creed; for they make two contradictory eternities and gods; an eternity with consciousness, and an eternity without; a God with volition, and a God with no volition at all. But the immaterial system, which refers all the phenomena of creation to the never ceasing agency of the divine mind, operating according to certain fixed and immutable laws, liberates us from these absurdities, and makes us look on the Almighty Father as ALL IN ALL.

By the immaterial system we

* Disencumber philosophy of various paradoxical assertions, whose admitted incomprehensibility, though supposed to rest on geometrical demonstrations, is disgraceful to human reason, and has given rise to scepticism, and furnished fanatics and mystery-mongers with a plausible pretext to insult and humble it; such as the *infinite divisibility* of matter: the existence of *extra-mundane space*, to which many have attributed the incommunicable attributes of the Deity, and others have with no less absurdity considered as a divine attribute, will be seen to have no existence but in the mind, space being nothing more than the distance discerned betwixt tangible sensations; and thus the contradiction arising from the supposition of the divine *immensity* filling all,

even extra-mundane space, and yet to be unextended, is **at once** removed.

‘The nature of *forces*, and the *communication of motion*, are no longer unintelligible, if they are nothing more than the results of the settled laws of the divine agency: the presence of *powers* acknowledged to be inadequate to the production of the effects attributed to them, such as that of subtile particles, to produce sensations, will no longer be deemed necessary: the change which, according to St. Paul, is to take place in our bodies at the resurrection, is easily understood, as it denotes no more than an alteration in the laws by which the system of perceptions, which constitute our bodies, is at present governed.

‘Notwithstanding this speculative rejection, this word should be used, not only in popular language, wherein it is often taken figuratively, but also in that of natural philosophy, wherein it is employed as an abridged expression of *tangible sensations*.’

The charge of religious scepticism which has been adduced against the system of Bishop Berkeley, may be most successfully repelled; for there is no system which so strongly enforces the omnipresence of the Deity; or which tends to inspire such sensations of filial confidence and regard. It is indeed a system which is the perennial source of the sweetest solace, and the most cheering hopes. It tends to produce serenity and contentment, in the most gloomy and troubled hour.

We were much struck by what Warburton says of the reception which the philosophical writings of Locke experienced on their first appearance.

‘When Locke,’ says the bishop, ‘first published his essay, he had hardly a single approver.’ ‘Neither following the fashion, nor striking the imagination, he, at first, had neither followers nor admirers; but being every where clear, and every where solid, he, at length, worked his way, and afterwards was subject to no reverses.’—Warburton’s Letters, p. 282, 283.

What Warburton pronounced concerning Locke, will, probably, hereafter be said with equal truth respecting the metaphysical system of Berkeley. That system, though it had, at first, and still has but few, very few followers and admirers, is yet every where so luminous in point of exposition, and so strong in point of proof, that we have little doubt but that it will finally triumph over all opposition, and afterwards be exempted from fluctuation and decay. The *treatise of Berkeley concerning the principles of human knowledge* was published in 1710, but it was ridiculed on its first appearance, as it has been since, as the baseless fabric of a visionary. The author, because he had the hardihood to

deny the existence of *matter*, according to the *common acceptation of that term*, was supposed to be hardly deserving of a serious reply. Banter and jest, and, if these failed, a *gurre-and clean straw* were thought the best answer and the most solid refutation. When men cannot refute any system which is opposite to their preconceived opinions or long cherished prejudices, the common substitute for argument is raillery and abuse. Hard names are easily called, and it requires little intellectual effort to tell our opponent that he is a madman or a fool. We can besides often render that ridiculous which we cannot prove irrational or absurd; but the power of exciting a laugh does not furnish any criterion of metaphysical any more than of religious truth. Had Locke argued in a mixed company against a mountebank, we have little doubt but that the buffoon would soon have raised a laugh at the expense of the philosopher. The gravity of truth seems, from that rapidity of transition which there is in the sensations of man, always to border on the confines of a jest. But where men have recourse to ridicule and invective, instead of argument, it is the strongest proof which can be advanced of the intellectual impotency of the opponent.

If any thing would at first sight give us a favourable opinion of the system of Berkeley, it is the broad grin or the horse-laugh of its adversaries, which has been substituted for copiousness of induction and solidity of argument. His work, though it has now been published about a century, has never yet experienced a *rational confutation*; and, though it has not made many proselytes, it is slowly, though gradually, advancing in the public estimation.

The great impediment to the reception of the Berkeleyan system of metaphysics, is the supposition which has been embraced with inconsiderate precipitation, that the author of it denies the *existence* of the things which we see and feel. This mistake has been propagated by those who have either never read his book, or have read it with a determination to misunderstand, or to pervert his meaning. For no impartial man, not void of common sense, can read the bishop's principles of human knowledge, and his dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, without being convinced that the author is so far from denying the evidence of the senses on the existence of sensible things, that he establishes both the one and the other in a manner much more satisfactory than is possible, according to the common hypothesis of the materialists. What Berkeley denies is the existence of *unperceived substance*, and those who are the warmest advocates for the evidence of the senses, and even the actual existence

of *matter*, will surely allow that the senses can furnish no evidence of the existence of that which cannot be perceived by sense. The perception which we have of sensible things is the only evidence which we have of the existence of sensible things. If we could neither see nor feel, we could have no proof of the existence of visible and tangible things. Our perceptions of sensible things are the only proof which we have or can have of their reality. To every individual, therefore, the perception of sensible things constitutes their reality, and as every individual is convinced of the existence of other minds as well as of his own, he believes in the perceptions of other minds as well as in his own. But the *proof* of all sensible realities must be *the perception of some mind*. And though Berkeley thus makes perception to constitute reality, yet he does not deny but that sensible things may exist out of the mind of John or Thomas, or any particular individual; but he asserts that they can have no absolute existence 'distinct from being perceived by God, and exterior to all minds.'

He refers all being to the volition of the Deity, instead of setting up another deity in opposition to him in the form of an infinity of corpuscular atoms, each of them infinitely divisible, or unchangeably indivisible, and either way eternal. If the supposition of Berkeley be not at once rational and pious, where shall we look for one that is? Shall we seek it in what Warburton calls the *moonshine* of the Scotch metaphysicians?

The materialists, who are the most violent opponents of the system of Berkeley, are reduced to an alternative, in which they can hardly make a choice without foundering on atheism. They must allow that their favourite *matter* is either infinitely divisible, or not infinitely divisible. If it be infinitely divisible, or if it may be divided times without end, then it must be incapable of annihilation. And that which excludes the possibility of being annihilated must be eternal. What can never have an end in time to come, can never have had a beginning in time past. To suppose a beginning of matter, is to suppose a time when matter did not exist. But to suppose a time when matter did not exist, is to suppose a time when its existence may again be discontinued. On this latter hypothesis matter would not be infinitely divisible. Now to recur to the other branch of the alternative: if matter be not infinitely divisible, then, after a certain number of divisions, we should inevitably come to some particles of matter which were indivisible. But to suppose any particles of matter to be indivisible, is to suppose them to be unchangeable. To suppose them incapable of change is to suppose them to have

always been what they are. To suppose them to have always been what they are, and that they can never be other than they are, is to suppose them eternal. But to suppose matter eternal, which is, and must be, the ultimate hypothesis of the materialists, whether they allow that matter itself is infinitely divisible or not infinitely divisible, is to make a god out of an unthinking substance. It is indeed to suppose that there is a God without intelligence. And if the materialists will still confess an intelligent cause, exclusive of their lumpish matter of the universe, they must confess that, though he may have cut, planed, moulded, divided, and compounded the matter of the world, he did not make the matter of the world; for they make matter as eternal as his divinity. One could not have existed before, nor after the other. Is not this either to allow no first cause at all to what is called the material world, or to introduce a plurality of deities? Is it not indeed to make as many eternals as there are particles of matter in the universe? We have often heard much ridicule thrown on the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, because that doctrine supposes *three Eternals*; but the hypothesis of the materialists, which is infinitely more absurd than that of the Trinitarians, supposes more eternals than there are grains of sand on the sea-shore.

The doctrine of the materialists has a natural tendency to generate atheism, and consequently to destroy the rational expectation of a future state. It has had, and, while it is supported, it must continue to have this noxious effect on the minds of speculative men. But the system of Berkeley, which makes God all in all, which ascribes eternity only to him, and reality only to his uncreated mind, and the derivative minds of his creatures, is the most powerful antagonist to scepticism, as it respects the present, and it is full of sweet solace as it respects the future. According to the materialists, man is only a heap of flesh and bones, who, after a few years, moulders and rots on the dunghill of the earth; but, according to the system of Berkeley, man is a spirit, to whom death itself is only a change of phenomena, a transition from a grosser state of perception, to one more elevated and more pure. The more his theory is studied, the more it will be found the philosophy of truth, and the comforter of life.

We have not room to make the latter sections of Mr. Kirwan's work the subject of any animadversions, nor even to enumerate their contents. These Essays may serve as a good introduction to the study of metaphysics. In the great principles of his system, Mr. Kirwan has taken Berkeley for his guide; and we do not believe that it will be easy, among the

sole host of metaphysical writers, to find paralleled with Berkeley in sagacity of reasoning, or perspicuity of expression. We recommend the diligent study of his works, of which Mr. Kirwan may serve to prepare the way. The more the system of Berkeley is known, will be found to contain a satisfactory account of the phenomena of mind, and the more luminous and to display of the wisdom and goodness of God. It contains no common antidote against the errors of the age, and offers the most benign and cordial passage through this probationary, perplexing state.

T. II.—*Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, a Historical Romance, in 4 Volumes, by Maria Porter.*

THOUGH we do not in general approve of the blend of romance with reality, we have a considerable gratification from the perusal of the work. Discarding all ideas of historical research, and regarding the work merely as a fiction, we think it is due to the author, both for the assistance, and the discrimination of character. On the latter point, particularly, which must be the quality most difficult of attainment in fiction, Miss Porter is entitled to rank with our living novelists. But our readers will have a much clearer idea of the merits of her production from a sketch of its contents than from any eulogiums of our own. The story begins with the death of Mr. Selwyn, and the account that is given of his domestic affairs, and the factors to whose charge he was committed, and the person whom he relied, is such as to prepare us for the events which afterwards marked his character. Miss Porter has been faithful in depicting the faults which gave even to his most generous qualities the air of imprudence or rashness, and the weakness which led him, in defiance of all advice, to the destruction of so noble an armament. The picture of character with which history has furnished us, or has of course added a thousand circumstances, has only succeeded in interesting us extremely. Sebastian. On seeing the picture

princess, with whom his ministers wish him to form an alliance, he makes a rash vow never to marry, until he has accomplished his favourite project, of overcoming and converting the infidels, by an invasion of Africa. Our young king, in the mean time, rides unattended, one morning, to some sequestered regions, where chance introduces him to a very beautiful girl; the vow abjuring love is naturally forgotten in a moment, and, after having rescued the lady's favourite goat, and interchanged a few words with her, the king of Portugal becomes the slave of the fair Donna Gonsalva, whom he finds, on inquiry, to be the daughter of one of his nobles. Accustomed to receive the homage and adulation attached to high rank, the tender attentions of one, who only knows him in the light of an inferior, are particularly flattering to his self-love, and after having convinced himself of her disinterested attachment, he publicly makes known his intention of raising her to the throne of Portugal. Don Immanuel de Castro, the affianced husband of the lady, but with whom she was but slightly acquainted, most unexpectedly refuses to give up his claims, and the pope, on being referred to, annuls the former marriage only on the condition of Sebastian's vow being accomplished. Then follows the invasion of Barbary, and the battle of Alcazar, in the description of which, Miss Porter has adhered pretty faithfully to historical accounts. We could not, however, help lamenting that the striking circumstances attending the death of Muley Moluch should have been wholly passed over in silence, though perhaps there is always good generalship in keeping the fine actions of our enemies in the shade. Our author, as may be naturally supposed, preserves her hero through the dangers of battle, and, for the sake of the other three volumes (which could not otherwise have existed), conveys a pious dervise to the spot where he lies, who recovers him from all his wounds. We own that our attention began to waver, when we found him carried off by Alarbes, and sold as a slave to a Moorish governor; and when we perceived that the governor's daughter fell in love with him, we freely confess that we laid down the book in despair.

If there is, in the regions of romance, one path more completely beaten up, by constant trappings, than another, it is undoubtedly that which leads to Moorish captivity; and the many mean amblers who have tried their powers in kicking and curvetting over that well-known ground, have rendered it so irksome as to be (at least as far as readers are concerned) almost impassable: it required therefore all the confidence which we placed in our author's powers, to enable

us to overcome the dreadful damp that was thrown on our spirits, on entering the Cassavee of El Hader; and we are sorry to say, that our captivity there was not lightened by any particular cares of Miss Porter's, and that we sighed for blessed liberty quite as much as is usual on such occasions. Though no one would, for the world, see a proud and noble monarch smarting under servile discipline, or reduced to the performance of menial offices, yet we cannot help entertaining doubts whether a frown, be it ever so royal, or a contemptuous smile, be it ever so heroic, has (when unaccompanied by other weapons) sufficient power to keep in awe so savage and so well armed a task-master as Ben Tarab, and even to induce him to grant peculiar favours, merely from the principle of fear; this inconsistency set aside however, we must allow that notwithstanding our natural dislike of Moorish governors' daughters, we were obliged to make a most pleasing exception in the case of Kara Azick, whose name indeed alarmed us, but whose character presents a model of female loveliness, that we think has seldom been equalled. 'She never told her love,' and when at last informed by her noble slave, that a European lady possesses that heart which the enthusiasm of his gratitude and admiration had led her (without the slightest vanity) to imagine her own, she divests herself of all selfish feelings, and runs every risk to obtain his liberty, in which she at last succeeds; the return of Sebastian to Portugal, after two years of painful captivity, is attended with circumstances that are as happily related as they are well imagined.

Exulting in the proudest hopes, his heart beating high with love, friendship, and patriotism, he enters his native land with all the enthusiasm of delight; and Miss Porter's talents have been seldom more happily exerted than in describing the sudden fall of all his hopes in the reception he experienced. By the generality of his subjects his virtues could not be appreciated, whilst the miseries entailed on them by his headstrong imprudence were deeply felt by all; those who best knew his value were, from private views, the most interested in his absence, and all his fond expectations are at once destroyed by finding his Gonsalva false, his dearest friend perfidious, and his people quietly obeying another monarch, whilst the Sebastian, whom they considered as buried in royal state, is almost forgotten by all,

'What a return! and how fearful was the spectacle which it presented! as if a veil had been torn off by some invisible power, he beheld every heart in which he fondly thought himself cherished, false to their vows, and panting for his blood his sick

soul—"sick unto death," turned from object to object with increasing anguish: the only human beings whose love could be relied on were out of his reach; De Castro, though living, was beyond the Atlantic, Gaspar in the grave, and Kara Azick in the hateful empire of Morocco.'

'Though it was his wish and his interest to remain unknown, the mere circumstance of having passed unrecognized by two men whom he had so often noticed, joined to the singular fortune of never having been once suspected for their king by any of the Portuguese, now completed his anguish: distempered in mind, he saw not a single exception to the prevalent forgetfulness; but, wild with grief, with indignation, with blasted expectations, hurried into the barn, and cast himself on a heap of straw: "Leave me my reason, O God!" he exclaimed, in a voice, the tone of which proclaimed a reason just tottering on the verge of madness: at that sound a rustling was heard amongst the straw; Sebastian started up; the next moment a large rough dog sprung towards him, and leaping against his breast, sent forth a cry of joy: "Baremél! Baremél! O heaven, and art thou then the only one?" interrupted by a gush of tenderness, the houseless monarch clasped his dumb friend in his arms; then recollecting the last time he had seen him and the words he had spoken, "Stay, and be loved for my sake!" his heart became so subdued that he burst into tears, and wept with all the vehemence of a woman.'

It is perhaps needless to add that the favourite dog was his parting gift to Gonsalva. After a time, the tumult of his emotions in some degree subsides, and the depravity of his once beloved mistress forms so striking a contrast to the virtues and modest graces of Kara Azick, that, while his mind dwells on the remembrance of the gentle Moor,

'hopes and wishes are awakened, which a few hours previous he would have deemed it impossible for him to feel.'

'Delicacy gives law to woman's heart; honour, to that of man: woman blushes at the idea of entertaining a second passion, yet naturally tender, adheres too tenaciously sometimes to a changed object. Man, accustomed to consider the weaker sex as dependant on him for protection, abhors to exercise his power in proportion as it is easy for him to do so, and while he believes himself beloved, refuses to break through ties of which he may have become weary. Unconsciously this sentiment of honour had long been Gonsalva's auxiliary while Sebastian was in Africa; the transporting emotions caused by Kara Azick's inestimable qualities, and those tenderer ones inspired by her devotedness, had then been uniformly repressed by remembrance rather than by anticipation; when he recollected whole days of exquisite felicity, he paused not to discover, that after having become acquainted with such a being as Kara Azick, the less endearing character of Donna Gonsalva could no longer satisfy him.'

He now remembers a sealed paper which Azick had given him on the night of their separation, with injunctions not to open it till restored to his country.

'No sooner was there light enough to trace the characters made on the vellum, than he hastened to read what he believed would reanimate all his hopes and resolutions : who can describe the dismay which seized upon him, when he found this letter contained Kara Azick's eternal farewell ? To procure his freedom and restoration to Donna Gonsalva, this generous friend had consented to become the wife of a grandee, who had long solicited her of her father : by this time she was his and living far from Morocco. Immured within the walls of a haram, her noble and delicate soul had no other enjoyment left than the conviction of having sacrificed herself for the sake of him she loved. It was not from passionate complaint or studied explanation of her feelings that Sebastian gathered the extent of her generosity ; no—her relation was simple and brief, yet she was forced to tell him, that by marrying the Basha of Syria, she was binding herself to the customs of his nation, and rendering it impossible for her to retain a male friend.'

Deprived of every fond hope, Sebastian remains for a while overwhelmed with the complication of his misfortunes, but his natural energy at length rousing him to some degree of exertion, he resolves on seeking De Castro (whom he finds the only person who has remained his friend) in another hemisphere, his proud heart still whispering hopes of one day returning with him to a country which should again exult in acknowledging him its sovereign.

'While the vessel was tossing among the turbulent waves of the Atlantic, Portugal's self-exiled monarch had leisure to arrange those events, which, by their painful rapidity, had unsettled his reason : he gave up the hope of happiness ; with a moody smile he gave up the hope of blessing his benefactress ; but still it was not possible for him to abandon the expectations of regaining his rights, and with them the power of benefitting others. For him there was now no middle station ; he must either mount again to empire, or sink to utter desolation ; and it was only in the active duties of sovereignty that he could lose the remembrance of his present sufferings.'

Soon after the commencement of their voyage, the ship falls in with and captures a Turkish galley, in which (by one of those lucky chances that occur much more frequently in novels than in real life), the enraptured Sebastian discovers his Kara Azick, who was then on her way to Syria, to espouse the hated basha. After making her acquainted with his situation, he soon overcomes all her doubts and fears, and as-

sured of his tenderness, she willingly consents to become the partner of his cares. Their voyage is for a time prosperous, but at last a fatal storm arises, and the vessel is wrecked upon the perilous coasts of Tarradunt and Suz.

‘It was at this moment that Sebastian yielded to despair: he pressed Kara Azick in his arms with convulsive strength, while he repeated wildly, “You perish, Azick! and my love cannot save you.” “I perish on thy bosom, in thy heart!” she said, faintly fixing on him her asking eyes swimming in grief and bliss—“Yes, in my heart, Azick,” he exclaimed vehemently, “I call God to witness at this awful moment, that you only share my thoughts with him!” Azick raised her speaking eyes to Heaven with a look of ineffable emotion—“O grant,” she cried, “divine Prophet, that we may live together in thy paradise!”—at that expression, mortal pains seized Sebastian, his blood froze, cold damps stood on his forehead—Azick, the beloved and generous Azick, was a mahometan, and in the other world they would never be re-united. Pierced with pious sorrow, he uttered a deep groan, his arms lost their strength, they slackened their hold, and the sea breaking over them, carried with it the last earthly blessing of Sebastian.’

Quite deprived of all power of action, Sebastian would have sunk with his mistress in the waves, but for the cares of his faithful Baremel, who conveys him safely to the shore; he is there surrounded by natives, and once more becomes a slave. After many months passed in the most hopeless despondency, he has the unexpected delight of finding that his Azick still lives (having been preserved, we think, rather miraculously), and that she has returned in safety to the dwelling of her father. Many and various, however, are the barriers that still oppose the union of the lovers; but at last, after a series of adventures, which form perhaps the least interesting part of the work, they are married, and again set sail for the Brazils. Nothing material occurs during the voyage, except Sebastian's being converted to the protestant faith, by his moorish bride, a circumstance that appears rather extraordinary, but which is accounted for, by the pious cares of an English lady, who, while a captive in El Hader's house, had, by her powerful reasonings, caused Azick to abjure the mahometan creed. They are received by De Castro, with exultation and delight, and though circumstances render seclusion and secrecy advisable for the present, he never relinquishes the darling hope of being one day instrumental to his master's restoration.

Years pass on in all the tranquil enjoyments of retirement, and the domestic felicity of the banished Sebastian and his incomparable wife is only transiently clouded by the remem-

brance of past wrongs. De Castro is at length recalled to Portugal, and, on returning to his native land, evinces the utmost zeal in the cause of his sovereign, and spares no endeavours to interest foreign powers in his favour. It would exceed the limits of our paper to recount the hopes and fears that alternately animate and depress the strong mind of Sebastian, or the various trials which await him on his return to Europe. We will only give one more extract; it describes the visit made by the Duke of Sidonia to the galley in which Sebastian is confined, to determine whether there is any truth in his assertion of being king of Portugal.

‘ Hyppolito was the first to spring on deck: he looked eagerly round, and immediately singled out the august object of his search. Removed from the other slaves, in a lonely quarter of the ship, he saw a man seated, with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground; his single garment was coarse and dark; his head and limbs were without covering; but the large and noble proportions of those once powerful limbs, and the majestic air of that head, denoted him to be the king of Portugal. Hyppolito hastily advanced, and his quick breathing stirred the attention of Sebastian; he looked up, his eyes met those of Hyppolito, who felt them enter into his soul. By a sudden impulse, the young man half bent his knee; surprise and inquiry illuminated the countenance he was observing. Sebastian slowly arose, and as he did so, his youthful companion heard the clank of chains. Such an expression of shame and indignation banished the air of veneration with which Hyppolito was looking at him, that Sebastian understood what passed in his mind. “Young man,” said he, “blush not for me—blush for my oppressors and my coward friends! Deserved punishment is disgrace, but unmerited oppression, if nobly borne, is glory!”—He moved away as he concluded, leaving Hyppolito gazing after his kingly step and yet commanding figure.’

The duke (Hyppolito’s father) is immediately convinced that the true Sebastian is before him; but, more forcibly to prove the fact to those around him, he places before the king a large heap of armour, from which the king instantly selects the sword he had himself presented to the duke, on his departure for Africa, and which from its plainness would have been passed over by an impostor.

‘ The deck of the galley became for a while a scene of confusion and strong emotion. Sebastian alone was little moved; he was no longer to be deceived by vain hopes; he knew that all those people would go home convinced of his truth, pitying his misfortunes, and earnest in wishing them at an end; but that in a short time their wonder and their concern would cease, he would be forgotten and left to his fate.’

We must allow that this novel possesses a merit which few can boast, that the interest is well sustained to the end, and that indeed no part appeared to us more admirably managed than the concluding pages. But we cannot take our leave without regretting that Miss Porter should have thought it necessary to usher it into the world with an introduction, that we own appeared to us rather ridiculous; we agree with her in thinking, that 'the pen of history has seldom recorded a more affecting event than that which bore the house of Braganza to another hemisphere,' but it is impossible not to lament that the poor prince regent, in addition to all his other woes, should have been burthened with so unconscionable a roll of paper as the four volumes of Don Sebastian; and though we would by no means insinuate that his burthen was less precious than that of the pious Æneas (to which it is compared) we could wish at least that Miss Porter had allowed him to carry it in a more convenient as well as roomy receptacle than the inside of his waistcoat. We have some doubts too, whether it is quite fair, while a man is still living, (though in the new world) to invent so very dull and unnecessary a speech for him as is here assigned the prince.

Considerable objections might also be made to the style in which this romance is composed, Miss Porter, as well as some other female writers, whom it has been our fate to criticise, evidently at times mistaking affectation for sentiment, and inflation for elegance or sublimity. But we are not in a censoring mood, and have already extended our article to more than the convenient length.

ART. III.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By George Viscount Valentia. (Continued from p. 266.)

ON the 13th of March, 1804, Lord Valentia left India, after a residence of fifteen months. He embarked for the Red Sea on board the *Antelope* brig, commanded by Captain Keys, who had received orders from Marquis Wellesley at Calcutta to consider himself under the command of Lord Valentia. On the 12th of April the African coast was in view. On the 15th the *Antelope* anchored at night near Cape Aden in Back Bay. The town was on the eastern side of the head-land, whither his lordship sailed the next day.

'The bottom of every bay,' says Lord V. 'was a sandy

beach ; beyond that ran a chain of mountains at a distance. I never beheld a more dreary scene ; nor one that less accorded with the idea that might be formed of the country, from the beautiful description of Milton : no " Sabeian odours " came off to gratify our senses, from the shore, nor did they ever exist there, but in the mind of the poet, as a more wretched country does not exist ; for the myrrh and frankincense come from the opposite coast, though the Arabs were, and are still, the medium of conveyance to Europe.'

On the 17th, Lord V. Mr. Salt, &c. ascended a ridge of hills, from the summit of which they had a clear view of Cape Bab-el-Mandel, and the island of Perim. They afterwards proceeded along the shore to point Bab-el-Mandel. The air was so hot as to scorch the skin, and two officers of the ship, who bathed, ' were of a perfectly red colour.'

' I am convinced,' says Lord Valentia, ' that the straits are not above three miles w.de. We all took the precaution of anointing our faces ; those who had their bodies exposed suffered severely ; we, who were more prudent, escaped with losing the skin off our noses.'

Lord Valentia landed at Mocha on the 18th of May, when Mr. Pringle invited him to the factory, where he resided during his stay ; but as his lordship afterwards made a longer continuance at this place, we shall follow his plan, and give no account of Mocha till we arrive at a later period of his travels. We shall omit the dry details of Lord V.'s journal till the 24th of May, when he landed at Massowah, where he experienced an amicable reception from the nayib. The nayib told Lord V. that the island was his, and begged that he would make what use he pleased of it. A house was prepared for him, and he was requested to continue in it during his stay.

' To this,' says Lord V. ' I assented. Coffee was brought, after the Arab fashion, in very small cups, without milk or sugar ; these were placed in larger ones of gilt filagree, to prevent the fingers from being burnt. Afterwards a caftan of red silk was thrown over my shoulders. They inquired who Mr. Salt was, and on being informed he was my secretary, there was some confusion, and a man went out. I now wished to take my leave, but was desired to stay till my house was ready. I suspected what afterwards proved to be the case. A man entered, and immediately a caftan of blue cloth with yellow silk facings, was thrown over Mr. Salt.'

After this interview our noble traveller retired to a small house, which had been prepared for him by the sea-side. He

found several couches in a stone-built room, some with carpets, and some with blankets thrown over them. The room was rendered comparatively cool, by the thickness of the walls, and the many openings, which admitted the sea breeze.

‘The Banians,’ says he, ‘attended me, and I was soon overpowered with visitors. After obtaining some sherbet, I sent off Mr. Salt to inform the captain of what had passed, and to invite him on shore. My servant went also to bring back the things necessary for my stay. I then told my visitors I wished to go to sleep, and they all immediately retired.’ ‘The thermometer was at 94° in a stone built room, the walls of which were four feet thick, and a pleasant sea-breeze playing through it. We slept on our couches without any covering, and found the air pleasant.’

‘On the hills of Jibbel Gidden, and those behind Arkeko, are elephants, the teeth of which are exported: from Habesh they send gee, hides, gold dust, civet, sheep, and slaves. Of the latter the number is lately much lessened; a very satisfactory circumstance, and a proof of the increasing civilization of that country. The Suakin trade in slaves is, they say, proportionably augmenting. In return they send up British broad-cloth, arms, ammunition, and the different manufactures of India: a little grain is also brought from Abyssinia.’ ‘The houses are each surrounded by a fence of reeds: the rooms are detached, and built of the same: within they are lined with mats. The common people are extremely civil, and no one carries any arms, except the immediate family of the nayib. My ascar had no weapon except a stick. The natives did not seem jealous of their women, who came down to bathe and perform their ablutions close to the place where I sat, without any appearance of shame.’

On the night of the 11th of June, while Lord V. was at Massowah, he heard ‘a most terrible uproar of women screaming and crying,’ which he found to be occasioned by intelligence of the death of the master of one of the neighbouring houses.

‘Early in the morning all the women in the town were down at the water side in their best clothes, to wash themselves and the widow in the sea, after having assisted her all night in her lamentations. At the end of four months she may marry again. None of them attempted to keep their faces covered. Their dress consisted of two pieces of the striped cloths of Arabia, one worn round their middle, and another over their shoulders, but both without any making. Their hair was plaited, whether woolly or not; the plaits taken with these plaits, when the former is the case, conquers nature, and gives a length of several inches to the hair. They wore ornaments of beads, small hoop ear-rings of gold or silver, and sequins. The dress of the men is nearly similar. The higher order wear the Arab dress, or a

plain shirt and drawers of the same : the common people a single wrapper round the middle. They use sandals as drawn by Niebuhr.'

Lord V. says, that the people of Massowah are from the highest to the lowest importunate beggars, and he found them by experience occasionally thieves.

Lord V. left Massowah, and went on board the *Antelope* on the 19th of June ; on the 24th the ship anchored near Mocha. His lordship had, for the present, been frustrated in his design of exploring the western coast of the Red Sea, as far as Suakin, by the impediments which were thrown in his way by Captain Keys, the commander of the *Antelope*. After leaving Mocha, his lordship arrived on the 18th of July in Aden roads. The town of Aden was once the great mart of the Arabian trade, which has since been transferred to Mocha, a much less convenient situation. Aden is said to be the only good sea-port in Arabia Felix, and when we consider that the town offers such points of defence, as would, if properly fortified, render it impregnable, that the harbour may be quitted at all seasons, and that it enjoys every facility for an extensive trade with Arabia, we are rather surprised that it should have so long escaped the ambitious grasp, or the politic seizure of the government of Calcutta. Aden is at present 'nearly a heap of ruins, out of which two minarets and two mosques rear their white-washed heads.'

On the 14th of September we find Lord Valentia landing at Bombay, where he makes a journey to Poonah, and pays his respects to the Paishwa. On his way he had several distressing spectacles of the effects of famine, which then raged in that part of India. We select the following. At Campaly his lordship saw

'several wretches who were too weak to raise themselves up, to receive the charity that was offered them. Close to the choultry were bodies in every state of decay ; some with their clothes on, that could not have been dead above a day or two ; others with only a small portion of flesh left on their bones, by the vultures and jackalls.'

At the village of Candalla

'there is a very large tank, and below it a plain, which exhibited a more horrid spectacle than Campaly ; above one hundred dead bodies lay upon it, on which the vultures and Paria dogs were feeding : famine was in every face ; several houses were uninhabited, and the last victims had never been removed from the places where they perished.'

On his return to Bombay his lordship visited the celebrated

caves of Carli, of the principal of which we find a very good engraving by Landseer, from the delineation of Mr. Salt.

‘ The length of the whole is one hundred and twenty-six feet, the breadth forty-six feet. No figures of any deities are to be found within the pagoda, but the walls of the vestibule are covered with carvings in alto relievo of elephants, of human figures of both sexes, and of Boodh, who is represented in some places as sitting cross-legged, with his hands in the posture common among the Cingalese ; in others he is erect, but in all he is attended by figures in the act of adoration ; and in one place two figures, standing on the lotus, are fanning him with chouries, while two others are suspending a rich crown over his head. I think, therefore, that it is beyond dispute, that the whole was dedicated to Boodh.’ ‘ The followers of Boodh no longer worship here ; the country is in possession of their great enemies ; the Brahmins, and the pagoda itself is considered as haunted by evil spirits, in defiance of the vicinity of the holy goddess Bow-annje ; so much so, that the native draughtsman, who drew the cave at Ellora, for Sir Charles Mallet, could not be induced to accompany us by any persuasion of Colonel Close, declaring that, if he did, the evil spirit would injure him.’ ‘ A line of caves extends from about one hundred and fifty yards to the north of the great one. These are all flat roofed, of a square form, and appear to have been destined for the attendants on the pagoda. In the last is a figure of Boodh, and in another is an inscription. They evidently were never finished. A veil at present is suspended over the relative antiquity of the Boodhists and the Brahmins, which may possibly be hereafter removed ; but these hopes are lessened by the recollection, that all the learning that has yet been found in India has been in the possession of the Brahmins, who seem to have completely triumphed over their dangerous rivals, the Boodhists, who profanely gave precedence to the royal cast, above the holy race of the priesthood.’

The following circumstance, which is related by Lord V. in this part of his travels, places the patience and resignation of the Hindoos in a striking point of view.

‘ During the whole of the late dreadful famine, grain has passed up to Poonah through villages where the inhabitants were perishing themselves, and, what is still more dreadful, seeing their nearest relatives perishing for want, without a single tumult having taken place, or a single convoy having been intercepted.’

Our noble author returned to Bombay on November 1. Bombay has been rapidly rising into consequence since its cession to the English in 1662, as part of the portion of Queen Catharine of Portugal. .

‘ Towards the sea Bombay is extremely strong, and battery

above battery completely commands the harbour; to the land side it by no means offers the same resistance; but this is of little consequence, as at present were an enemy once landed, and capable of making regular approaches, the town must surrender. The houses, which are lofty and combustible, approach so close to the walls, that were they once in flames, it would be impossible for any troops to stand on the ramparts. A bombardment would lay the whole town in ashes in a few hours, and even the magazines themselves would probably share the same fate.'

There is no place, says Lord Valentia, in our Indian possessions, where we are so vulnerable as at Bombay, 'from the smallness of the surrounding territory, and the distance from which all supplies must be drawn.' Lord V. informs us, that most of the situations in the marine arsenal of Bombay have sunk into sinecure employments; and, if his information be correct, the abuses which prevail in the dock-yard of this settlement are not to be paralleled even by those which have been discovered in the dock-yards of this country. The establishment of the dock-yard at Bombay

'is almost entirely composed of Persees.' 'The person, who contracts to supply the timber, and the person who examines it, are both Persees; consequently the articles are frequently of inferior quality. The master builder has only people of his own persuasion under him; no complaint therefore is ever made of neglect of work on the one hand, or of overcharges on the other.'

The dock-yard is said to be a fashionable lounging place for all the idlers of the town, and many of the artificers only make their appearance to answer to their names at roll-call, without any possibility of detection, as the yard is a sort of public thoroughfare: and 'they may pass and repass as often as they choose.'

'The view from the fort is extremely beautiful towards the bay, whose smooth expanse is here and there broken by the islands, that are, many of them, covered with wood, while the lofty and whimsically shaped hills of the table land, form a striking back ground to the landscape. The sea is on three sides of it, and on the fourth an esplanade, at the extremity of which is the Black Town, embosomed in a grove of cocoa-nut trees.'

The situation is said to be unhealthy, and the liver complaint more frequent and more fatal than in any other part of India. The generality of the country houses at Bombay

'are comfortable and elegant; and if they have not the splendid Grecian porticos of Calcutta and Madras, they are probably

better adapted to the climate, and have most unquestionably the advantage of beautiful views; for even the island of Bombay itself is broken by several beautiful hills, either covered by coconut trees, groves, or villas of the inhabitants.'

'The greater proportion of the inhabitants of Bombay are Persees, descendants of the ancient Persians,' who escaped from the persecutions of Shah Abbas in the sixteenth century. There is not, says his lordship, an European house of trade in which one of them has not a share, and in general it is the Persee who contributes the largest portion of the capital. 'Their influence is very great, and the kind of brotherly connection that subsists among them enables them to act with the force of an united family.' Lord V. was most magnificently entertained by Ardiseer Dady, one of the richest members of the Persees. Liqueurs were placed opposite each Persee, which they drank in glasses as freely as wine.

'We had a very good set of nautch-girls, which much pleased Sir James Machintosh, who had not before seen this Asiatic amusement.' 'To the credit of the Persee humanity, they provide for all their poor; and to the credit of their private morals, there is not a single prostitute or mistress to a gentleman, of their cast, in the settlement.'

Lord V. commends their manners as conciliatory and mild, and gives them the preference to all the subjects of the British empire in the east.

'The beauty of the esplanade, every morning and evening, is greatly heightened by the votaries of the sun, who crowd there in their white flowing garments and coloured turbans, to hail his rising, or pay respect, by their humble prostration to his parting rays. On this occasion the females do not appear, but they still go to the wells for water, as did the wives of the ancient patriarchs.'

Our noble traveller visited the caves of Kenneri, in the island of Salsette, which are similar to those at Carli, but inferior in size, in ornament, and execution. The greater part of the island of Salsette 'remains an useless jungle, instead of being converted into fields of rice and plantations of sugar.' Lord V. afterwards visited the island of Elephanta, which 'rears its woody head nearly in the centre of the bay.'

On the 4th of Dec. we find Lord Valentia again at sea; he passed Aden early on the morning of the 18th, and the same night entered the straits of Bab-el-Mandel, and 'at seven anchored considerably to the northward of the north fort of Mocha.' The violence of the gale did not permit his lordship to land till the 22d, when the dola, or governor, seem-

ed inclined to pay him more attention than he had on a former occasion, and, at the end of his interview, conducted him 'the whole length of the room quite to the door, a *compliment he* (the dola) *never before paid to any one.*'

At Mocha, Lord Valentia was fortunate enough to procure a pilot, who 'had been thirty years sailing between Mocha and Suakin.' Our traveller and his party left Mocha again on the 2d of January, 1805. On the 5th they anchored off Dhalac, when Captain Court, Mr. Salt, and Captain Rudland went on shore, and made preparations for completing the survey of the island. This they executed by the 14th, and his lordship has inserted Mr. Salt's account of their proceedings. The island appears to be upon the whole rather a sterile spot. The mimosas, with which it abounds, brave the most burning heat, and afford nourishment to the numerous goats as well as to the camels, which roam about without constraint. Mr. Salt verified several of the facts which are related by Bruce, but found him inaccurate in some particulars, in which he trusted too implicitly to the information of the natives. One of the oldest inhabitants of the island 'confirmed to me,' says Mr. Salt, 'the names of all the islands we had seen in the morning, which agree most perfectly with what Bruce has called them. He recognised every island, excepting two mentioned by Bruce, as I named them from the book.' But Bruce's *three hundred and seventy cisterns, all hewn out of the solid rock*, were found to amount in reality to less than twenty; but Mr. Salt had heard a traditionary account of three hundred and sixteen tanks. Lord V. thinks that Bruce was never on the island of Dhalac; but this does not follow, because he did not take such an accurate survey of it as Mr. Salt or Captain Court, or because he sometimes relates what he heard, instead of what he saw.

Lord V. commences, c. vi. of vol. ii. with some pertinent geographical observations on the true positions of Aduli, Ptolemais Theron, Berenice, and other places on the Red Sea, mentioned by the ancient geographers, and particularly the author of the *Periplus*. He supposes the stadium used by the latter, in the calculation of distances, to be the Egyptian of fifteen to a mile. He considers the island of Diodorus as the modern Toualout, and the position of the ancient Aduli to accord with that of the present Arkeko. Orine he supposes to be Valentia island. The sandy islets called Alalaïou, which cluster round the island of Dhalac, are an evidence of the descriptive accuracy of the author of the *Periplus*. The position of Aduli, in the bay of Massowah, is supported by the Abyssinian exports of ivory and rhinoceros'

horns, and the imports of European and Indian goods, which are still carried by the ancient route through the passes of the mountains to and from Massowah. Lord V. places Aduli in N. lat. $15^{\circ} 36'$, Ptolemais Theron $18^{\circ} 56'$, and Berenice in $23^{\circ} 22'$.

In sailing along the western coast of the Red Sea, from Massowah, Lord V. says, 'We were astonished, when in twenty-two fathoms, with the white appearance of breakers, when the captain immediately let go the anchor. The pilots declared that it was only fish, and so it proved; for soon afterwards, it approached and passed under the vessel.' The same circumstance happened to Don Juan de Castro, who says, that it emitted flames like fire; 'which,' adds Lord Valentia, 'confirms the conjecture that the brilliant appearance of the sea is owing to fish spawn and animalculæ.' When they approached the ancient site of Ptolemais Theron, they could discern large groves of trees stretching into the country, and others to the north on the sea shore. Lions, panthers, and elephants are said to abound; it was from this point that Ptolemy Philadelphus procured these animals, and he established the port of Ptolemais Theron, for the convenience of hunting them.

Lord V. says, that Port Mornington, which he places in N. lat. $18^{\circ} 15'$, is the best harbour in the Red Sea; that it is accessible without any danger at any season of the year, and will afford to any ships, not only a secure asylum, but a supply of water and fresh provisions. Port Mornington is in nearly the same latitude as Asseez, or Ptolemais Theron. At Suakin Lord V. was received in a very friendly manner by the Turkish dola.

'After sitting an hour, sherbet, made with honey, was handed about. Afterwards a khelaut was put over my shoulders, which, to my great surprise, was of the most holy colour, green. Such a gift would never have been permitted in Turkey a few years ago. Even the wearing a bit of that colour would have been dangerous to a christian. It was handsomely lined with ermine.'

The town of Suakin is nearly in ruins, 'two minars give it a handsome appearance at a distance; and the buildings, being white-washed and on an elevation, look much better than they really are. It covers the whole of a small island, as it did in the days of De Castro;' but it no longer enjoys the extensive trade which it then possessed. The port, however, still retains its former advantages.

Lord V. took his departure from Suakin on the 26th of February. He sailed through a new and perilous passage,

among the shoals beyond Salaka, but was prevented from reaching Macowar, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances.

‘Although,’ says his lordship, ‘I was not so fortunate as to reach Macowar, yet I was sufficiently near to it to convince myself that the accounts I had received at Massowah and Suakin, of its actual position, were perfectly true, and that Mr. Bruce’s adventures at, and near it, were complete romances. I confess that I always had some doubts in my mind respecting this voyage from Cosseir, from the account he gives of his taking a prodigious mat sail, distended by the wind, then blowing a gale, in his arms, and yet having one hand at liberty to cut it in pieces with a knife. Nor could I more easily credit his finding, at Jibbel Zumrud or Siberaeit, the pits still remaining, “five in number, none of them four feet in diameter, from which the ancients were said to have drawn their emeralds.” That five wells should now exist, which have not been worked since the days of the Romans holding Egypt, a period of thirteen centuries, in a country where the sand is driven about by incessant gales; that he should find a man who had twice before visited these unworked mines situated in a desert country; and, above all, that he should there have found “nozzles and some fragments of lamps,” still lying on the brink of these wells, which would have been covered with sand by one single shemaul or north-wester, are circumstances of such extreme improbability, that nothing but the highest character for veracity could induce me to believe the person who narrated them.’

Lord V. adds, that Mr. Bruce has borne damning testimony to his want of veracity, by giving false suppositious latitudes.

‘He declares that, by his own observations, Jibbel Zumrud is in lat. $25^{\circ} 3'$ N. when, in fact, it is a place as well known as any part of the Red Sea, and is in $23^{\circ} 48'$. It might be supposed that this is an error of the press, were it not that he has placed the island in the same latitude in his extraordinary chart, of which I shall have to speak hereafter; and also that the account of his voyage renders a lower latitude impossible.’

Lord V. contends that the whole voyage of Mr. Bruce from Cosseir to Macowar is an episodical fiction, compiled from the accounts of other navigators, and the information which he might have collected at Jidda. We shall leave it to the learned author of the life of Mr. Bruce (see Murray’s *Life of Bruce*, C. R. January, p. 68) to vindicate his fame.

On the 27th of March Lord Valentia again arrived at Mocha, and took up his residence in the British factory.

‘The appearance of Mocha from the sea is tolerably hand-

some, as all the buildings are white-washed, and the three minarets of the mosques rise to a considerable height. The uniform line of the flat-roofed houses is also broken by several tombs, which are called Kobas, after the celebrated mosque at that place, which was consecrated by Mahommed himself, and was similar to them in its construction, being a square edifice covered with a circular dome.

But the moment the traveller passes the gates, the sentiment of beauty is completely banished by the filth which abounds in every street.

The windows of the houses are

in general small, stuck into the wall in an irregular manner, closed with lattices, and sometimes opening into a wooden carved-work balcony. In the upper apartments there is generally a range of circular windows above the others, filled by thin strata of a transparent stone, which is found in veins in a mountain near Sana. None of these can be opened, and only a few of the lower ones, in consequence of which a thorough air is rare in their lower houses; yet the people of rank do not seem oppressed by the heat, which is frequently almost insupportable to an European. The floors as well as the roofs of the larger houses are made of chunam, which is sustained by beams, with pieces of plank, or thin sticks of wood laid across, and close to each other. As they never use a level, the floors are extremely uneven, but this is a trifling inconvenience to people who never use chairs or tables, but are always reclining on couches, supported on every side by cushions. The internal construction of their houses is uniformly bad. The passages are long and narrow, and the staircases so steep, that it is frequently difficult to mount them. At the dola's, numerous doors are well secured on the landing places, to prevent any sudden hostile attack. Little lime is used in any of their buildings; a constant care is therefore necessary to prevent the introduction of moisture; but with caution they last for many years. If, however, a house is neglected, it speedily becomes a heap of rubbish; the walls returning to their original state of mud, from which they had been formed into bricks by the heat of the sun alone. The wooden materials very soon vanish in a country where firing is extremely scarce, so that even the ruins of cities, which were celebrated for their magnificence in former times, may now be sought for in vain.

The best houses are all facing the sea, and chiefly to the north of the sea gate. The British factory is a large and lofty building, but has most of the inconveniences of an Arab house. It is, however, far superior to the French or Danish factories, which are rapidly falling to decay. The lower order of Arabs live in huts, composed of wicker work, covered on the inside with mats, and sometimes on the outside with a little clay. The roofs are uniformly thatched. A small yard is fenced off in

front of each house, but this is too small to admit a circulation of air. It is singular that these habitations should be crowded close together, while a large part of the space within the walls is left unoccupied.'

The walls of the town are not more than sixteen feet high towards the sea, though they are in some places thirty towards the land. But they are too thin to resist the impression of artillery; and the broadside of an English man of war would soon beat down either the walls or the forts. The guns of the batteries were purchased from infidels, and were consequently reckoned too profane for use, till they had been hallowed by enlarging the touch-hole to such a size as to destroy the effect of the explosion. When any of the garrison are on guard at the different gates, 'they recline on couches, with their match-locks lying neglected by their sides; while their right hand is occupied, either in sustaining a pipe or a cup of coffee.' This is rather a picturesque delineation of the indolence of Mussulmauns.

The Jews, who inhabit an extensive village without the town, carry on a lucrative but pernicious trade, in a spirit which they extract from the date, which is drunk in secret by the followers of Mahommed, who are not very rigid in observing their vows of abstinence from spirituous fermentations. When any connection is discovered between a christian and an Arabian woman, the head of the latter is shaved and blackened, and she is led round the town on a jack-ass, and exposed to the derision of the populace. But this punishment does not seem to render Mahommedan chastity insuperable to Christian gold.

'The Arabs are in general a healthy race of people, fevers being very unusual, though severe colds are common during the cooler months. Ulcers are so prevalent, that it is rare to see a person without a mark from them on the legs; this is chiefly owing to their bad treatment; they only apply a piece of wax to the wound, which is never changed till it falls off; cleanliness is indeed no quality of an Arab, either in his person or habitation. The part of his dress which is concealed is rarely changed till it is worn out, and it was a work of the greatest difficulty to force the servants to keep even the British factory free from accumulations of nuisances in every part. The form is gone through, every morning, of sweeping a path across the square from the dola's house to his stables; yet at the same time, a dunghill is formed under his windows, by the filth thrown out from his zenana, so extremely offensive, as often to induce the Europeans to take a circuit to avoid it.

'The Arabs, when very young, have an expressive, but mild countenance, and a pleasing eye. As they become men, the

change is very disadvantageous ; their figures are not good, and the beard is generally scanty ; but in advanced age, their appearance is truly venerable. The fine dark eye is then admirably contrasted by the long white beard, and the loose drapery prevents the meager figure from being observed. The few women who were visible had rather pretty countenances, but, in contrast to the males, their legs were of an astonishing thickness. An exchange in this respect, would be greatly to the advantage of both parties.'

The character of the Arabs, which is given by Lord Valentia, exhibits that people in a point of view much more unfavourable than that in which they are usually regarded by Europeans.

'A longer residence,' says he, 'among the Arabs, settled in towns, has only increased the detestation and contempt with which I behold them. They have all the vices of civilized society, without having quitted those of a savage state. Scarcely possessed of a single good quality, they believe themselves superior to every other nation; and though inveterate cowards, they are cruel and revengeful. Superstitious followers of Mahomed, they do not obey one moral precept of the koran, and though they perform the prescribed ablutions with strict regularity, yet I never heard of a vice, natural or unnatural, which they do not practise and avow ; and though they pray at regulated times to the Deity, yet they also address their prayers to more saints than are to be found in the Romish calendar. Hypocrisy and deceit are so natural to them, that they prefer telling a lie, to speaking the truth, even when urged to do so by any motive of interest. To this they are trained from their youth, and it forms a principal part of their education. As a government, they are extortioners and tyrants ; as traders, they are fraudulent and corrupt ; as individuals, they are sunk into the lowest state of ignorance and debauchery ; and in short, require to be civilized more than the inhabitants of the South Seas.'

In p. 357, we have an anecdote of Sir Home Popham which we do not recollect to have heard before, but which seems to accord with the characteristic traits of that *enterprising* and *modest* gentleman, as they have been exhibited in America and in Europe. When this admiral was in the Red Sea, he

'endeavoured to make his way to Sana as an ambassador, but was obliged to return, as I have been informed by Mr. Pringle, in no very pleasant manner; though attended, when he set out, by a guard of one hundred marines, who ought either not to have been taken, or to have been employed in protecting him from insult.'

Hence we see that Sir Home Popham, who had previously tried the mercantile and the military character, wished to make an experiment of the diplomatic. But he appears to have been the first diplomatist who ever travelled towards the capital of the power where he designed to exercise his ambassadorial functions, with a *guard of one hundred marines*. This guard was not sufficient to protect him from indignities, which he seems very tamely to have endured.

The Imaum is the only horse-dealer in his dominions.

'The Arab system of riding totally destroys a horse in a very short time. He is taught only to walk, canter, or gallop, as at the menage; and when at full speed is made to stop short by means of a strong bit, which ruins his mouth in a year, while the force employed throws him on his haunches, and very frequently founders him at an early age.'

'The country in the vicinity of Mocha is more dreary than can well be conceived; to the foot of the mountains it is an arid sand, covered with a saline efflorescence, and producing in abundance the common mimosa, and a species of salicornia, whose embrowned leaves, and burnt appearance, gives (give) little idea of vegetation. Near the town the date-trees are in profusion, but their stunted growth shews the difference between the soil of Arabia and the fertile plains of India; where a brackish well has given an opportunity of raising a few vegetables, the scene is still cheerless, from the fence of dried reeds, which is alone visible.'

From certain calculations, which Lord Valentia states in this part of his work, we learn that Mocha coffee might be brought direct to England in British vessels, and cost only 6l. 18s. 10d. per cwt. 'were it not for the insuperable impediment of the Red Sea being within the charter of the East India company.' The Americans have, within the last five years, opened a trade with Mocha, and they can afford to sell it in America for 6l. 18s. 10d. per cwt. The competition, which was excited at Mocha by the arrival of the American traders, raised the price of gum arabic, myrrh, and frankincense, as well as of coffee. The American embargo caused a suspension of this effect; but it will probably soon occur again, when the Americans are not unlikely to become the venders of the produce of the east to the nations of Europe, to the exclusion of the British mercantile interest.

Sir Home Popham, from what cause we shall not inquire, was frustrated in his attempt to reach Sana, but it has been twice visited by Mr. Pringle, the acting resident at Mocha. According to Mr. Pringle, Sana is situated in latitude 15° 20' N. and longitude 46° 45' east of Greenwich. It is said

to be a handsome town and surrounded by gardens; the air is cool, and the soil produces an abundance of grain and a profusion of fruit.

On Nov. 3, we find Lord V. again leaving Mocha, and embarking for Massowah, where he arrived on the 7th, and had the great satisfaction of learning that Mr. Salt, whom his lordship had dispatched into Abyssinia, was on the road near Arkeko, and would be with him the same day. Mr. Salt had been attended in this expedition by Captain Rudland and Mr. Carter. The baharnegash of Dixan accompanied them on their return, and Mr. Salt had also with him a servant of the Ras.

'The baharnegash,' says Lord Valentia, 'visited us every day. We worked the guns for him, and made the Sepoys go through their exercise. He was much astonished and delighted, and said that twelve such men would enable the Ras to beat the Galla. I represented to him that the arms were procurable from the English in abundance, if the trade could be opened. He would not eat with us, but drank spirits or wine, and was pleased with sweetmeats. He was astonished at the number of pieces of china on the table at breakfast and dinner, and always counted them. He was in high spirits, and seemed greatly pleased with the presents we made him, which consisted of a fine piece of kineaub, one hundred dollars in money, a razor, some china, sweetmeats, coffee, snuff, and a number of other little articles. He told us that he had always supposed all the articles brought to Massowah were made in Arabia, but he now found they came first from us. The Ras had sent me his own knife, spear, and shield, and a very fine piece of Habesh cloth; in return I presented him with my silver chourie, an article of great use in Habesh, a bottle of lavender water, of which I heard he was very fond, and a pair of razors.

'Nathaniel Pierce, who had accompanied Mr. Salt, was induced by the Ras to stay in the country. Should any connexion take place between Habesh and India, his being there, and understanding the language, will be advantageous. Mr. Salt left him every thing he could spare, and we sent him several other articles which he had mentioned in his letters. I also procured from Captain Court two of the ship's muskets, some powder, flints, and balls. He had a gun, so that he was the best armed man in Habesh. I wrote to Mr. Pringle to procure me six more, in consequence of the Ras's promise to give him a district when he had six matchlocks. He is a clever fellow, and will, I have no doubt, do well. He had several female protectors, and they have as much power in Habesh as elsewhere. He draws a little, which pleased the priests, for whom he manufactured saints in abundance. I sent him some money, and secured him more, should he wish to leave the country. I entrusted every thing to Hadje Hassan to be sent to Paclia Abdallah, as the safest con-

veyance. The baharnegash declared to me, in the most solemn manner, that he would protect Pierce with his life, I also sent Pacha Abdallah a handsome present of kincaub, requesting his friendship for this poor fellow: from the same motive I gave another to Hadje Hassani himself, who, in an equally solemn manner, promised to be his friend. I have great hopes of this man's ultimately increasing our knowledge of the interior of Africa. He meant to return by Senaar; he might then be induced to join the Kafia to Tombucto, for which he is well qualified, by his knowledge of the Arabic, and by his having conformed to the religion of Mahommed, and knowing their prayers perfectly.'

Mr. Salt's journal, with the exception of an appendix, occupies the remainder of the volume.

'Our party,' says Mr. Salt, 'on quitting Arkeko, consisted of the following persons. Myself; Captain Rudland; Mr. Carter; Hamed Channie, an interpreter, likewise from Mocha, who spoke English well; Pierce, an English servant, who spoke a little Arabic; two Arabian servants, Seid, and Ageeb, a boy from Massowah, who spoke the language of the country and Arabic; and an old man who carried our pedometer: total in number, ten. We were accompanied also by an old Mussulmaun sheik, and his little boy, going up into the country on a trading expedition, both of whom continued with us the whole of our journey, and proved very attentive and useful.

Our guard consisted of about twenty-five of the Nayib's As-cari; beside whom we had a guide belonging to the Shiho tribe, and about ten camel-drivers, natives of the country.'

Mr. Salt and his party passed to the south, through well-cultivated gardens. About a mile and a half from Arkeko, they came to six wells, from which the town receives a scanty supply of fresh water. These wells are near twenty feet deep, and above fifteen in diameter. The water is so nearly exhausted by the evening, that, what rises in the centre of each well, is taken up with a flat vessel like a skimming-dish; when it is 'put into skins, and brought up a broken ascent by men, women, and children in a state of perfect nudity.' The villages and gardens, as they proceeded, were protected by a fence, formed from large branches of the thorny acacia. They slept at night on the rising ground called by Bruce Shillokeeb, and by the natives Shillikee. They recommenced their march, the next morning, about half past two, as soon as the moon arose. The acacia, which grows to the height of forty feet, nearly covered the face of the country.

'After being wearied,' says Mr. Salt 'with the sun-burnt foliage of the acacia, we were much gratified with the sight of green trees at a distance, indicating the presence of fresh water.'

The party soon reached a torrent called Weah. As they advanced farther into the country, the guard of Ascari, which they had received from the nayib, began to display their rapacity and insolence; and Mr. Salt thinks they were restrained from the most sanguinary violence, only by the superior fire-arms of himself and his associates. They passed the second night at a station called Markela, which was then occupied by a tribe of the Hazorta, whom the drought had brought into the low country.

‘ Their encampment was nearly circular, and about a hundred yards in diameter, well fenced with thorns and brushwood; within was a circle of rude huts, composed of sticks and mats, and placed at equal distances from each other; while the vacant space in the centre formed a secure resting-place, during the night, for their goats and sheep, of which they had an ample stock.’

On the 22d of July our travellers were gratified by the arrival of ten mules, which the Ras sent under the charge of an Abyssinian christian, to convey them and their baggage to his presence at Autalow. With these mules and a train of thirteen camels, Mr. Salt and his party made a respectable appearance. ‘ The road,’ says he, ‘ seemed perfectly secure, and well frequented; as we saw, almost every hour, small kafilas of twenty or thirty people, passing with merchandize to Arkeko.’ The servants had neglected to fill the skins with water, and our travellers were much incommoded by thirst. Mr. Salt was for a time ‘ relieved by the kindness of a poor fellow coming down from the hills, who gave him a portion of a small quantity that he carried in a cruise upon his back.’ This was an act of no common charity, and will not, we trust, fail of its reward. On the evening of the 22d, after a harassing journey during the day, our travellers had to encounter a violent storm. The rain was discharged in torrents, accompanied with wind, flashes of lightning, and loud peals of thunder.

The air became

‘ so cold as to render both a cloth coat and camolind (an Arab cloak) very acceptable.’ ‘ Bruce,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘ passed a night on the same spot; and it was his fortune, as well as ours, to encounter here a terrible storm, which, as usual, he describes with some exaggeration, although he was here on the 17th of November, a very different season.’

On the 23d of July, as the provisions of the party began to fail, Mr. Salt dismissed the Nayib’s Alscars. This day our travellers passed a cave,

‘ inhabited by a family of the natives; in it was a woman grind-

ing corn, and some children playing about her. The general face of the country began to improve, the vegetation was fresher, and we observed a considerable variety of plants; some of them seemed to belong to the liliaceous tribe, and made a very beautiful appearance.

On the 24th, our travellers arrived at Tubboo, a very picturesque station, abounding in groves of various shady trees,

‘and surrounded by abrupt cliffs and precipices. Bruce has well described this place.’ ‘We saw here two large trees, of the sycamore fig, being about nineteen feet in girth at their base; out of the sides of the largest boughs were growing great bunches of figs, which, however, were devoured by the black-an before they were ripe.’

At night they took up their quarters at Illilab, or the Lia of Bruce.

On the 25th, our travellers found the road, which had been gradually ascending since they left Arkeko, rise more rapidly. This day they reached the foot of the lofty Taranta. Here, as they could no longer make use of the camels for the conveyance of their baggage, they hired some men and boys to transport the packages on their shoulders. Mr. Salt gratified one of the chiefs of the Hazorta tribe with some trifling presents, which he had demanded for a free passage over the mountain. In the evening, a venerable patriarch of the above tribe,

‘placed himself on a rising ground, and having raised his garment on the end of a spear, and demanded silence, made a speech to the following effect: “Be it known to all, that these people who are passing, are great men, friends of the Nayib of Masowah, friends of the Sultaun of Habesh, friends of the Ras Wellela Selasse, and friends of the Baharnegash Yassous; we have received and eaten of their meat, drank of their coffee, and partaken of their tobacco, and are therefore their friends; let no man dare molest them!”

The next morning Mr. Salt obtained the following information from the Hazorta chief. He said that the

‘population of the tribe amounted to about five thousand; that they possessed many cattle, but seldom killed them, unless they were likely to die from disease, or accidents, these animals forming the chief medium of barter for grain, with the Abyssinians. On inquiring why they did not raise corn themselves, he replied, that they were ignorant of the art of doing so, otherwise they would willingly supply their own wants, without having recourse to others. He further informed me, that they never stripped the branches from the trees except for the purpose of feeding

their cattle, when the grass was burnt up or consumed. Hence, it appears not improbable, that these people might, by gentle means, be brought to a much higher state of civilization than that in which they are at present; with regard to their population, if their number be only half so many as the chief represented them, they must be considered as a very powerful tribe; and being a brave, though rude people, and in possession of a very strong country, through which lies the only practicable passage into Abyssinia from this quarter, they might assume and maintain an importance much superior to what they actually possess.

As our travellers advanced up the mountain of Taranta, the way became more and more obstructed by loose stones and masses of rock, but these did not impede the progress of their mules. When they reached the top of Taranta, they found that, notwithstanding various delays, the ascent had occupied only three hours. The summit of this mountain was covered with a thick copse, the berry-bearing cedar of Bruce, and the sides were thickly set with kolquall, which grows to the height of forty feet.

We now directed our course into a beautiful little green valley, shaded by cedars, and adorned by a pool of water; the sight of which was particularly grateful to us, as we had been repeatedly told that there was none on the top; near it was grazing a large herd of cattle. Wandering about the valley, we discovered a great profusion of mushrooms, of which, notwithstanding they were considered by the natives as poisonous, we collected a large quantity: part we stewed for immediate use; and the remainder we bottled, and found them both wholesome and highly grateful, in the total want of vegetables, which we afterwards experienced. Soon afterwards Captain Rudland shot an owl of a very large species, and Mr. Carter and myself collected a number of flowers, several of which had bulbous roots; among the shrubs were the sweet briar, and several others highly aromatic. We were soon overtaken by men and boys who had charge of our baggage; one of our heaviest boxes, containing ammunition and dollars of considerable weight, was, to our surprise, brought up by a boy about thirteen years of age; and one of the walls of our large tent, together with the two poles, were conveyed by one man from the bottom to the top of the pass in about four hours. It is not easy to reconcile these facts with Bruce's representation of the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend during two days in going over the same distance, unless the re-establishment of peace between the Nayib and the tribe of Hazorta had been attended by a surprising improvement of the road, which is not probable, as by Bruce's own account, the trade, if we may judge by the number of slaves, was then fully equal to what it is at present. Besides,

we did not meet with a single hyæna, or troglodytical cave; and luckily "had not our hands and knees cut by frequent falls, or our faces torn by thorny bushes;" which last, indeed, appears scarcely possible in so open and frequented a path.'

During the subsequent descent, the road lay through gullies down which the water, occasioned by a heavy rain, poured with great force, but the mules 'descended almost like goats from rock to rock, and not one of the whole number made a single false step in the course of the way.' Our travellers reached Dixan on the 27th, where they were received by the Baharnegash Yasous, and the head men of the town.

Some of Mr. Salt's party went out for two hours in the evening in pursuit of the hyænas, which they supposed would be attracted by the carcasses of a dead horse and an ass, which were lying in the skirts of the town. They discovered a great number of these animals, growling and fighting over their food, and making at times a hideous roaring; one of them was seen dragging the entire carcass of the horse; they varied in size, but one of them is said to have been as large as a small ass. The dog and the hyæna, though mutually inimical, seldom hazard a contest.

'We have more than once observed their passing and re-passing, each snarling, but neither venturing to begin an attack; and one evening both were seen feeding on the same carcass. The hyæna, however, always retires from the presence of man; and the dogs, by barking, give notice to their masters of its approach.'

Captain Rudland shot a hyæna; when the baharnegash begged the liver of the animal, which forms one of the ingredients in which the amulets are written that are worn round the arms.

'The houses at Dixan are flat-roofed, and without windows, and instead of chimneys, have two pots of earthen-ware rising out of the roof, but so narrow, as to give vent only to a small portion of the smoke; the houses are built round a hill commanding an extensive prospect of the mountains of Tigré, and country around, which consists almost entirely of rocky mountains, on many of which are to be observed villages, constructed much in the same style as at Dixan.'

The natives are idle, ignorant, and dirty; but they have as much christianity as consists in kissing the cross, and saying their prayers. Boys marry at fourteen, and girls still earlier; and the number of wives which each individual possesses seems to be chiefly limited by his means of supporting them.

'Each woman must be furnished with a separate place of re-

sistence.' 'Most of the laborious occupations, both abroad and at home, devolve upon the women; such as grinding the corn, bringing in wood and water, which is brought from a valley about a mile from the town, cultivating the ground, and picking herbs for the consumption of the day. They carry their children on their backs, and wear tanned hides round their waists; their necks and arms are ornamented with beads and white shells, and the women of the higher class allow the nails on the left hand to grow to a great length, wearing cases of leather on their fingers, several inches long, to preserve them.'

The ploughs of the inhabitants are rudely shaped out of the root or branch of a tree. The land is twice ploughed, when 'the clods are broken with rude hooked instruments by the women, who, at the same time, pull out the weeds; the grain is then strewn upon the ground, and they seem to make choice of the worst samples for seed.' The sheep are mostly black, but some have white faces; the skins are valuable commodities, 'and no man moves a hundred yards from his house without having one hung over his shoulders.'

The baharnegash is said to carry on the affairs of his government entirely by verbal messages, and Mr. Salt supposes him incapable both of reading and writing, though he officiates, not only as governor, but as priest. His dress, like that of his people, consists of a single garment wrapped round his body; and a peeled staff, of about six feet long, is the only emblem of his authority.

(To be continued.)

ART. IV.—*Imitations and Translations from the ancient and modern Classics, together with original Poems, never before published. Collected by J. C. Hobhouse, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Longman, 1809. 8vo. pp. 255.*

THE collector of these poems, who is also, as he himself informs us, the author of the greatest number of them, would have made a much more acceptable present to the world had he acted, in all respects, up to the professions made by his preface. He there declaims against immorality and licentiousness of the pen, with as much apparent zeal as the most religious puritan in sentiment.

'Such writers' (he says, speaking of those who disseminate 'profaneness, obscenity, or malicious falsehood'), 'such writers, as they apply themselves to the strongest and most prevalent passions of mankind, have but too good a chance of doing at least a temporary mischief to society; and as I am aware of the

disgrace justly attached to such a conduct, I should, indeed, be ashamed if there were any thing in these verses that could scandalize virtue, or do violence to the feelings of innocence and youth.'

He then proceeds to draw a distinction between fastidiousness and true delicacy; and that such a distinction (and a very broad one it is) actually exists, no man of sense and feeling can question. All men, however, will not be inclined to adopt the boundary-line laid down by Mr. Hobhouse. It may be true (but we pretend not to 'assert' it) that 'no man or woman was ever made worse by reading the *Dressing-room* of Dr. Swift;' but it is certain that the cause of virtue cannot be served by familiarizing the innocent mind to images of disgusting beastliness, or of degrading sensuality. This argument might be pushed a great deal farther if there was occasion for it; but in the present instance there must be either a total want of modesty, or a total want of judgment, in the framer of an apology so grossly inapplicable. Whatever casuists may allege in defence of nastiness, every body, and Mr. Hobhouse himself, in explicit terms, acknowledges, that the defence cannot extend to downright obscenity; and really, if a man chooses to be obscene, it is a pleasant apology that he makes, by saying that he will not conceal his obscenity. It is like setting up, by way of defence to an indictment for a nuisance, that the nuisance was committed under the nose, and before the eyes, of the plaintiff, which, though it might argue much for the defendant's impudence, would not be expected to go very far in his justification.

If the collector of these poems had not so greatly aggravated his offence by the unblushing assumption of innocence, we should not perhaps have thought that it demanded so severe a reprehension; but, as the book is of such a form and appearance as is precisely calculated to win the attention of a female reader; and as, amidst a great deal of, not only decent, but, beautiful poetry, that which is exceptionable is so confounded, as to give no sort of warning of its vicinity, we have thought it incumbent on us to supply the warning which we find deficient, and publicly to inform the ladies that there is in the volume, a tale, imitated from Boccace, but rendered much more offensive than the original, by dilation, which they would with reason be ashamed to acknowledge, and therefore had better not read.

Having thus discharged our consciences of a disagreeable task, we shall enter with the lighter spirits upon the pleasant part of our duty. Of the poems which are marked with the collector's individual signature, the three first are free and paraphrastic imitations of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, the

third of the first book of Horace, and the nineteenth of the first book of Epistles, of the same author. The following extracts will, we hope, appear sufficient to confirm our opinion that Mr. Hobhouse knows how to temper the spirit of his great master, Pope, with so much of original genius, as to make it peculiarly his own.

The first in order of these poems is, indeed, more fitly to be styled an imitation of Pope than of Juvenal. Pope knew how congenial the light and playful (though often stinging) irony of Horace was to his own talent, and Horace, accordingly, was made the original of all his imitations. Mr. Hobhouse has infused so much of the same humour into his satire, that he has given it a nearer resemblance to Horace than to its real father. This cannot be rendered more evident than by comparing a few of its passages with the corresponding ones in Mr. Hodgson's translation of the same poem, which is, upon the whole, a most faithful copy of its original.

When Juvenal indignantly records of the insatiable Roman glutton, that,

—When the solitary pound is spent,
Each ancient vase is to the broker sent—
His mother's bust—
Procures the relish of one earthen plate,
With one last pleasure wards the stroke of fate,' &c. &c.

His imitator laughs, with good-humoured irony, at the *bon-vivant* of our latter days, and paraphrastically says,

Thus, in the jaws of famine and a jail,
Flesse sends him still her hog, and France her quail;
Still must he seek what swells his debts the most,
Despise the value and esteem the cost.
The Jews are soon his friends, and soon they fly;
But Christie's arts one dinner more supply:
Coins, plate, and pictures, some tit-bit procure,
And e'en his grandsire goes to buy liqueur.

A little farther, we have the following picture of the incurable spendthrift, who, in the very jaws of a jail, cannot yet forbear to administer to his paltry appetite.

Behold the spendthrift's life—he wastes at home
His gather'd loans from every fool in Rome;
And, while a little yet remains, but now
Prophetic terror clouds the usurer's brow,
Makes off to Baiæ, or to Ostia runs,
And brushes from the sight of gaping duns.

For now to give the constable the slip,
 Is thought no more of than to take a trip
 To the Esquilian hill in summer's heat,
 And leave your town-house for your country-seat.
 'Tis but a pleasant jaunt for change of air—
 And, in their flight, the jolly exiles' care
 Is only that they lose their pleasures here,
 And shall not see a play this whole long year.
 Shame they have none—no kindling blushes speak
 Through the brass armour of a debtor's cheek.
 Derided modesty has flown away,
 And few were anxious to prolong her stay.—*Hodgson.*

If you who saw the course which B—y ran,
 Would see what other rogues and spendthrifts can,
 Attend—when empty stewards aid refuse,
 They run to Britton, or some brother Jews;
 Then live and eat, till all the thousands lent
 On handsome premiums of twice ten per cent.
 In Chaliér's wines, or Jaquier's soups decay,
 Or else in Simkin's* sauces melt away.
 At last, when frighten'd synagogues suspect,
 And friends in city and at court reject,
 These bankrupts bold (an honest name) repair
 On Brighton Steyne to taste the country air,
 There still too nice to live on boil'd and roast,
 They crack live crabs and cray-fish on the coast.
 Depress'd and vex'd 'tis true; obliged to stay—
 One spring from town, from opera, park, and play;
 Nor need they blush: for shame from Britain flies,
 To seek the mansion of her native skies:
 And Paull alone withstands corruption's flood,
 Content to be ridiculous and good.†—*Hobhouse.*

The Invitation and Country Bill of Fare which succeed, are conceived in the happiest spirit of imitation; and the simple character of Curius meets with an excellent parallel in that of Temple. We shall extract, without any apology, the whole comparison of ancient frugality with the ostentation of modern times, which, besides the merit of good poetry, possesses that of very close illustration; but our limits will

* 'Simkin,' late proprietor of the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

† ——— morantur
 Pauci ridiculum fugientem ex urbe pudorem.

This in Mr. Paull was a virtue so much the more disinterested, as every one must have seen the effect of his attempts; though the generous few alone might have been able to discern his noble aim.

not admit of our referring to the original any otherwise than by pointing out the first verse of the passage imitated.

'Cum tremere autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,' &c.

' In good queen Bess' and Harry's earlier time,
Prudence was just, and luxury a crime ;
Then want of temperance was want of sense,
And floors of straw too cleanly gave offence.*
A king† no lover of a foreign dish
Would hardly fit a fleet in search of fish ;
Nor knew the value of the western sphere,
Which since has sent such weight of turtles here,
Dragg'd from the bosom of th' Atlantic main
To glad the peer and glut the alderman.
Hardy and strong (such men our age requires)
And half uncover'd like his painted sires ;
His native cottage rear'd each British son,
Not yet the sickly tenant of a town.
His dwelling simple, and his fare the same,
Supplied a mighty soul, a mighty frame,
Ere Paris, * * *, and cookery, and taste,
Had brought our bodies and our wits to waste.
Was he a soldier ? to reward his toil,
His aim was glory, not ignoble spoil :
The shield emboss'd, perhaps, or silver'd lance,
The pride before, the future dread of France,
Except the honours of a well-fought day,
Was all the generous victor bore away ;
Or else a golden gorge or plummy crest,
And all his treasure glittered on his breast.
Without a softer bed or dish the more,
Content with this, the soldier still was poor ;
A state how blest, and better far for health
Than Clive's large honours, or than Benfield's wealth.
Their island then was heaven's peculiar care,
By day, by night, the God was present there.
And when the hostile fleets of haughty Spain
Hung o'er the shores and cover'd all the main,
The God of battles crush'd their monarch's pride,
And ranged his waves and storms on Britain's side.
And yet religion was not then an art
Where priests and pageants bear the only part.
Not yet, St. Paul's ! thy costly fabric shone,
But God's own temple was the heart alone.

* It was one article in the charges against Wolsey, that he changed the straw of his apartments too frequently.

† Henry VII. who refused Columbus's offers, when he proposed to equip a fleet of discovery.

Their household goods as simple as their food,
 Plates, dishes, spoons, and bowls were all of wood :
 If then the gay luxurious lords forsook
 Their wonted willow* for too precious oak,
 The graver sort cry'd shame on such a boast,
 And thought all ancient British vigour lost.'

From the succeeding poem, 'Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus,' &c. we shall make no extract, partly because, though we think it *well hit off* in many respects, we disapprove (notwithstanding the occasional example of Pope himself, as well as of other translators) of the four-foot measure which is in this instance adopted. The satire against water-drinkers, 'Prisco si credis,' &c. furnishes a better example of the author's taste.

'If still, my friend, no charms in wine you see,
 But find that water can with wit agree ;
 Hear then what Bentley often would advise—
 Bentley† the grave, the critic, and the wise.
 "He that would gain a name by tuneful rhymes,
 The present charm, and live through future times,
 Must leave the fools to sip at Maudlin's bowl,
 And raise, by wine, the raptures of his soul ;
 Miscall'd the sons of Phœbus and the nine,
 The bards must own their sole inspirer, wine.
 Wine gives the poet all his sprightly hues,
 When morning draughts assist the maudlin muse.
 Lo ! all the wits of Charles and Anna's days,
 The god that fires them justly has their praise.
 Our Addison,‡ before he sweeps the strings
 To Blenheim's heroes, and the wars of kings,
 Must taste th' ambrosia that the grape distills,
 And take his dose at Button's or at Will's.
 The wreathes of Bacchus should no more entwine
 The sober lawyer than the dull divine :

* "When our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men ; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration." Holme's, *Description of Britain*, c. 16. If Holme's complained of these men of willow, what must we in our times say ?

† The great critic, Dr. Bentley, a wonderful genius, and remarkable for his attachment to wine. Even the amiable Mr. Cumberland, whose zeal for the character of his celebrated ancestor is surely to be admired, will not be angry at this mention of his grandfather.

‡ Many of the most elegant and important lucubrations in the *Spectator* were written under the influence of wine. Mr. Addison was, perhaps, of the same nature as Lamprias, the father of Plutarch, who never philosophized so clearly, nor discoursed so eloquently, as when well heated with the juice of the grape. This Plutarch mentions of his father.

No noisy muse, no Bacchanalian din
Should burst the grave repose of Lincoln's Inn :
No wits for nectar to the fount resort,
Nor woo th' inspiring god in Fig-tree Court."
Since this mature advice, the sons of song
Follow the drunken train and reel along :
Since this advice, the rhymster of the stews
Just throws up fifty verses ere he spews ;
Thus every Julia finds some poet—Moore,
And greasy ballads greet each graceless whore.
But what's the wisdom and distinction nice,
That leaves the virtue, but extracts the vice ?
The fool uncomb'd, and wash'd but once a week,
Thinks Porson's lice can give him Porson's Greek.
If Robson be downright, and Hanger plain,
Is this a Shippen then, or that Montaigne ;
The reeling senator, so pert and young,
Who sees the Commons hang on Brinsley's tongue,
Full of the rosy god, will archly cry,
" Friend Sherry's always drunk, and so am I."
My B. . . . , no doubt, has read how Savage fared,
And thinks that dirt and drink bespeak a bard.
O servile herd of imitators ! hence
With all your borrow'd art and dull pretence ;
This, this the end of all your toil, at best,
To raise our anger, and provoke a jest.'

Mr. Hobhouse is not merely a satirist. His translations from Tibullus and Ovid, his Lament for Robert Burns, and Verses on the Death of a young Lady, afford sufficient evidence to talents of a very different cast. But there are other contributions to this collection, which demand some portion of our attention, particularly those of Lord Byron. Some of the latter will, we imagine, add considerably to the reputation which that nobleman has deservedly acquired. He too is a satirist ; and, as is now well known, the author of " English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," which we noticed in a former volume with the praise of which we then thought, and still think, it fully deserving. But in the present volume, he appears in a more gentle character ; and we have seldom read (with the exception of the last stanza only) verses of more tenderness and real feeling, than those which compose the following address.

' To

* * * * *

' Well ! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal,
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

- ' Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot ;
 But let them pass—oh ! how my heart
 Would hate him if he loved thee not !
 ' When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break,
 But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.
 ' I kiss'd it—and repress'd my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see ;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.
 ' Mary, adieu ! I must away,
 While thou art blest, I'll not repine !
 But near thee I can never stay,
 My heart would soon again be thine.
 ' I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all, save hope, the same.
 ' Yet I was calm : I knew the time
 My breast wou'd thrill before thy look,
 But now to tremble were a crime,
 We met—and not a nerve was shook.
 ' I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there ;
 One only feeling couldst thou trace,
 The sullen calmness of despair.'
- * * * *

In the last stanza, " Lethe's fabled stream" unfortunately spoils all ; we make no apology, therefore, for omitting it in our copy. If we had room, we should be tempted to select many more specimens from this collection, which, upon the whole, contains a greater proportion of really good poetry, with very little mixture, if any, of what is flat and insipid, than we generally find in a miscellany. But we are obliged to conclude,

ART. V.—*The Life of George Romney, Esq.* By William Hayley, Esq. Payne, London, 1809.

THE painters have been more fortunate than the professors of any other art : in very few instances, we believe, have they been defrauded by time of the fame due to their labours.

Few have died unlamented ; few have been overwhelmed in the long night of oblivion, from the want of a pious bard, or an honest chronicler. Romney has been peculiarly happy in leaving the care of his memory to an ancient, a tried, and an affectionate friend, and one who, from his literary eminence and kindred pursuits, was peculiarly qualified for the office.

That we may, as far as in us lies, assist in the ceremony of embalming his character, we shall give the substance of Mr. Hayley's memoir of his life, as briefly as we can, without omitting material facts.

The father of Romney united the employments of farmer, builder, and merchant ; he resided on a little patrimonial estate at Dalton, in the picturesque tract of Furness, in Lancashire, where the painter was born in 1734, and buried in 1802. The rudiments of education were given to the latter at a village school ; at the age of 12 he discovered a passion for mechanics, music, and carving small figures in wood. The accident which disclosed the first ray of his pictorial abilities is thus related :

‘ In his youth he observed a great singularity of countenance in a stranger at church ; his parents, to whom he spoke of it, desired him to describe the person—he seized a pencil, and delineated the features from memory, with such a strength of resemblance, as amazed and delighted his affectionate parents. The applause that he received from this accidental performance, excited him to draw with more serious application.’

The flame thus kindled, was excited by a Mr. Williamson, an alchymist, who, upon a grand explosion during an absence from his laboratory, occasioned by his yielding to the invitation of his wife, and quitting the retort for the tea-pot, had taken an utter aversion to the innocent cause of the calamity, and had fled from Whitehaven to Dalton, to sooth his mortification in peace, and to exchange his golden dreams for the less costly amusements of the pencil. When Romney left his paternal roof, he was placed with a cabinet-maker at Lancaster, who observing that he frequently occupied himself in sketching the attitudes of his associates, suggested to his father the idea of making him a painter, and recommended a young travelling artist, named Steele, as a tutor. This man had travelled to France for his improvement, and it is said was not unacquainted with the principles of his art. His character appears to have been eccentric. He engaged his pupil to assist him in the management of an elopement, which proved fruitful of matrimony in a double sense ; for Romney, overcome by his exertions, fell dangerously ill, during which he

was attended by Mary Abbot, a young woman of a compassionate character, whom, upon his recovery, he precipitately married.

No sooner had he imitated one of his masters by his marriage, than he determined to copy the other, the alchymist, in his desertion of his wife. This purpose he effected in a few days after his marriage, by removing with Steelé to York. The 'terror of precluding himself from those distant honours, which he panted for in his profession, by appearing in the world as a young married man,' is the only reason assigned for this action. Steel resided nine months at York, during which time Sterne sat to him, and paid such civilities to Romney, as a discerning and good-natured man, in sitting to a painter, would readily render to his attentive and promising pupil. He then returned to Kendal, and soon after being called to Ireland, released his young friend from the bond of apprenticeship. In working rapidly and patiently at different places in the North for a few years (by painting heads as large as life at two guineas, whole lengths, in a small scale, for six guineas, and some historical pictures, which he disposed of by raffle) Romney contrived to raise nearly 100*l.* of which he took 30*l.* and left the remainder for the support of his wife and two children, adhering to his determination of freeing his neck from the mill-stone of a family. At this period he enjoyed the society of his long and invariably esteemed friend, Mr. Adam Walker, one of the first and one of the latest subjects of his pencil.

On his arrival in London, 1762, he continued for some weeks at an inn, till accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Braithwaite, of the Post Office, who acted as a cicerone, and at the same time assisted him in obtaining lodgings near his own residence. Here he painted heads at the price of five guineas. In 1763 his *Death of General Wolfe* obtained the second prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, but the decree was afterwards reversed at the instance of Reynolds, who justly, even in Romney's opinion, contended that Mortimer's *Edward the Confessor* seizing the Treasures of his mother, deserved the preference. The committee, however, awarded 25 guineas as an encouragement to such promising talents. This circumstance seems to have influenced the sensitive mind of Romney, so far as to have prevented him from further contest with his successful rival.

In 1764, Romney, in company with his friend and school-fellow, Mr. Greene, of Gray's Inn, visited Paris, where he was received by Vernet with that gay and attentive civility

which is eager to anticipate all the wishes of a stranger, and by his means obtained free access to the Orleans collection.

On his return to London he removed from the city to Gray's Inn, and soon became a favourite with the gentlemen of the law, from his success in painting more than one eminent person of that profession.

In 1765 he obtained the second prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, for his *Death of King Edmund*. In 1768 we find him residing in Great Newport-street, where Reynolds also lived; but the season was not yet arrived, when, according to an expression of Lord Thurlow, "the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney." An early source of the popularity of the latter seems to have been a family piece of Sir G. Warren with his lady, and a little girl caressing a bullfinch that sits on her hand, exhibited in Pall Mall, 1769. The following year was rendered still more propitious to his reputation, by his exhibition of his two whole length figures of *Mirth and Melancholy*. His resemblances at this period are said to have been eminently strong, but often hard, cold, and heavy. A portrait of Mr. Humphry, and another of an old man, appeared at the exhibition near Exeter Change, 1772, and these, on the authority of Mr. Isaac Reed, are said to be "the last traces that can be found of Romney's exhibiting."

In 1773, Romney, accompanied by the above-mentioned Mr. Humphry, a professional brother, travelled into Italy, and on his arrival at Rome, devoted himself to intense and sequestered study. He was singularly addicted to that honourable but perilous kind of intemperance, the intemperance of study, and the deplorable infirmities, that overclouded the evening of his day, are to be imputed to his great want of self-command in this respect. Mr. Hayley is able to specify only three of the many drawings and paintings, which he must have executed during his residence in Rome: a large copy in *chiaro oscuro* from the lower half of Raphael's *Transfiguration*, and two portraits painted as studies, to shew the peculiar strength of character in Italian features. At Venice he painted a head of Wortley Montague, in the style of the Venetian school: the death of that extraordinary man was occasioned by an accident which happened while Romney was with him; the bone of a small bird which he swallowed, wounded his throat, and an inflammation ensued.

In 1775 we find Romney the inhabitant of a spacious house in Cavendish-square, in which he succeeded Coates the painter in crayons, and is himself succeeded by Shee. The first symptoms of his hypochondriacal disorder betrayed themselves in his fears, lest his business should not be sufficient to

support him in his new habitation. Mr. Cumberland announced his return to England in two well-intended odes, in which, however, he does not seem to have perceived that the painter, with all his diffidence and timidity, had an ardent, active, and impetuous mind.

At this period the friendship of the painter and his biographer commenced, and in the same year, 1776, the former paid his first visit to the latter at Eartham, the first of an uninterrupted series of visits, which were repeated annually for twenty years. These periods of relaxation were spent in the "chase of ideas." In 1777 Mr. Hayley published his *Epistles to Romney*, which are among the happiest of his poetical efforts, and will be perused or re-perused with peculiar interest, in conjunction with the life to which they are attached in this publication. From this date Romney's time seems to have been divided between his residence in London, and his autumnal excursion, with little variation, and the account of his life consists principally of the history of the plans and progress of his more distinguished works, which, however interesting and deserving of the public notice, cannot be reduced into the compass of an article for a Review.

Romney was at one time advised to become a member of the Royal Academy, but dissuaded by his friend, who observes :

'If Reynolds, who certainly possessed in a consummate degree that mild wisdom and conciliating serenity of temper, which Romney as certainly wanted, if Reynolds could ever find his seat of dignity (so perfectly merited) a thorny situation, that he was eager to relinquish, the more apprehensive and more hasty spirit of Romney would have been utterly distracted in a post so ill suited to a mind of sensibilities, infinitely too acute for the peaceful enjoyment of a high public station.' p. 101.

His business was now become so extensive, that the prices of the portraits painted in 1785 amounted to 3,635*l.* at 80 guineas for a whole length, 60 for a half whole length, 40 for a half length, 30 for a kit-cat, 20 for a head. His taste for painting a new face, added to the pecuniary advantages of that branch of his profession, impeded his progress in the higher field of imagination. At length, however, a more splendid prospect opened with the project of the Shakspeare Gallery, which originated in the parlour of Romney, and was by him warmly patronized, till some pecuniary disputes with Alderman Boydell disgusted him. The principal cause of this misunderstanding is thus explained.

'Romney's first proposal was liberal and friendly in a high

degree; but it was conditional, and the alderman himself violated the condition, in a manner that wounded the honest pride of the artist, by offering to other painters a sum far superior to what Romney had suggested, as the general reward for each. They were both men of an eager spirit and a warm temper, such as are very apt to misunderstand each other, and to grow angry in proportion to their misunderstanding; both have been accused of avarice, by their enemies, and both, I am persuaded, unjustly.'

Romney's favourite model of female beauty was Lady Hamilton, whom he has represented in the various characters of a Circe, a Calypso, a Magdalen, a Pythian Priestess, a St. Cecilia, Sensibility, Miranda, and Cassandra. From the three last, engravings by Caroline Watson are inserted; the Miranda has exquisite expression. Lord Thurlow, who appears to have been uniformly the friend and patron of Romney, advised him to read Shakspeare before he painted him; but this was advice which was not followed, if we may believe with Mr. Hayley, that it is questionable whether he ever read, without interruption, two acts together of the dramas that he most cordially admired.

In 1790, Romney, accompanied by his friends Mr. Hayley and the Rev. T. Carwardine, revisited Paris, by the invitation of Dr. Warner, then chaplain to the English ambassador, Lord Gower. Madame de Genlis paid every attention to the party. A characteristic likeness of that lady is given in this volume, from a portrait painted by Romney at a subsequent period, when she visited London. It bears a great resemblance to the youngest of the three heads in the frontispiece, which are portraits of himself, and by himself, at different periods of his life. At Paris the travellers were indebted to the celebrated artists David and Greuse, for their attentions.

After this excursion the health of Romney was much impaired, and he began to entertain the idea of leaving off business; but the return of Lady Hamilton re-invigorated his taste for his art. After her departure to Naples, with Sir William Hamilton, in 1791, he again felt his spirits flag. In 1792 he met Cowper and Charlotte Smith at Earham, and executed likenesses of both; that of Cowper, Romney considered as the nearest approach he had ever made to a perfect representation of life and character, and that it was not less satisfactory to the original, appears from that inimitable sonnet,

'Romney, expert infallibly to trace,
On chart or canvass,' &c.

The decease of Sir J. Reynolds rather quickened than relaxed the ambition of Romney. He acknowledged all the merits

of his predecessor, and felt himself stimulated by them to exertion. For the benefit of his health, he took lodgings in a new garden-ground on the Kilburn road, where he breakfasted and worked two hours every morning; the house was occupied by an honest couple, and eight fine children, who waited upon him; this villa he called Pine-Apple Place.

In a letter of January, 1794, he thus notices the death of Gibbon, who was in the number of his friends :

‘His last words were “*Mon Dieu, Bon Dieu!*” They have affected me so much, I shall turn my thoughts more to christianity than I have done. The approach of death convinced him, that there is something more than he had formerly believed.’ p. 210.

In the summer of this year, he visited the Isle of Wight. At the beginning of the next Mr. Hayley’s son became his pupil. In the spring of 1796 Romney had a short but very serious illness, which did not, however, prevent him from resuming his professional employments, though his mind was suffering from the insidious attacks of melancholy. In the commencement of the year 1797, his spirits seem to have suffered a deeper depression, which, in the following, was increased by the illness of his pupil, Mr. Hayley’s son, who, after lingering for two or three years, died in the spring of 1800. His despondency seems, however, to have been occasionally relieved during this period, by the interest which he took in building for himself a house at Hampstead. His last visit to Earham was in 1799, and in his favourite gallery there, he executed a resemblance of himself in spectacles, which, with two others painted in the same place, is prefixed to this work. A fourth likeness of him, from a medallion by Mr. Thomas Hayley, is also contained in this volume. The faces are dissimilar, and would with difficulty be recognized as belonging to the same person. In 1798 symptoms of decay of his powers as an artist began to appear; in the following year he found it necessary to retire to Kendal.

‘There he had the comfort of finding an attentive and affectionate nurse, in a most exemplary wife, who had never been irritated to an act of unkindness, or an expression of reproach, by his years of absence and neglect.’ ‘In his letters to me from Kendal, my old friend did not fail to do full, though late justice, to the virtues of his excellent wife. He spoke of her kind attention with the tenderest gratitude, and professed himself as comfortable in her indulgent care of him, as with nerves so shaken he could expect to be.’

He still continued to amuse himself with sketching in crayons, though obliged to renounce oil colours, and had far-

ther interested himself in the purchase of a pretty large estate in that country. In spring, 1801, he lost his worthy friend and amanuensis, Mr. Cocking, who died under his roof. His faculties were now so much impaired, that when his brother, Colonel Romney, returned from the East Indies, he did not recollect him.

‘ On being asked if he did not know him, he looked eagerly in his face, burst into an agony of tears that spoke his tender remembrance, and then immediately lost all recollection of his person and character.’ p. 299.

His death followed soon after this event, on the fifteenth of November, 1802, at Kendal.

His person was rather tall, his features were broad and strong, his hair was dark, his eyes indicated much vigour, and still more acuteness of mind.

His heart was tender and charitably disposed. He was a great encourager of youthful talents. His piety was sincere, but rather contemplative than active. When the peculiar shyness of his disposition did not interpose, he was uncommonly entertaining as a companion, from the force and originality of his ideas : but his general habits were of a retired nature.

With regard to his professional character, an admirable sketch of it is given by the hand of Flaxman, than whom no one could have been chosen more adequate to the task, from their mutual friendship and kindred arts :

“ Hic Saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem ponere hunc deum.”

‘ When he first began to paint,’ says the eloquent author of this sketch, ‘ he had seen no gallery of pictures, nor the fine productions of ancient sculpture ; but men, women, and children were his statues, and all objects under the cope of heaven formed his school of painting. The rainbow, the purple distance, or the silver lake, taught him colouring ; the various actions and passions of the human figure, with the forms of clouds, woods, mountains, or valleys, afforded him studies of composition. Indeed his genius bore a strong resemblance to the scenes he was born in ; like them, it partook of the grand and beautiful ; and like them also, the bright sunshine and enchanting prospect of his fancy, were occasionally overspread with mist and gloom.’

‘ After contemplating the purity and perfection of ancient sculpture, the sublimity of Michael Angelo’s Sistine Chapel, and the simplicity of Cimabue’s and Giotto’s schools, he used these qualities in viewing and imitating nature. Few painters have left so many examples in their works of the tender and delicate affections, and several of his pictures breathe a kindred spirit

with those of Corregio. His diligence was as unceasing as his gratification in his art. His compositions, like those of the ancient pictures and basso relievos, told their story by a single group of figures, in the front, while the back ground is made the simplest possible. In his compositions the beholder was forcibly struck by the sentiment at the first glance. His heads were various, the male were decided and grand; the female lovely: his figures resembled the antique; the limbs were elegant and finely formed; his drapery was well understood, either forming the figure into a mass with one or two deep folds only, or by its adhesion and transparency discovering the form of the figure, the lines of which were finely varied with the union or expansion of spiral or cascade folds, composing with or contrasting the outline and *chiaro oscuro*. He modelled like a sculptor, carved ornaments in wood with great delicacy, and could make an architectural design in a fine taste, as well as construct every part of the building.

To this eulogy from the pen of Flaxman, Mr. Hayley adds another from the person, who, of all his companions, may be said to have contemplated his works and his character through the greatest length of time, with increasing esteem and admiration—we presume Mr. Carwardine is meant.

‘ After his return from his studies abroad, he was not less qualified to excel in the highest walk of art, history, than for the profession of portraiture. For luxuriance of invention, he may be classed with Rubens himself. The beauty of his draperies surpasses every thing of the kind; they were all painted from models, and after he had finished adjusting them upon the layman, he always said he looked upon them as half done, so ready and certain was his execution, that it is but justice to say that he stands unrivalled in this department of the art.’ p. 315.

Mr. Hayley adds his own opinion to these testimonies in favour of his friend.

‘ In my apprehension his chief excellence consisted in strong and delicate delineations of character, however dignified or refined. He seemed to me most perfect in the powers of expression.’ p. 316. ‘ I recollect that, in reading a letter of Salvator Rosa, from his favourite book, the Collection of Letters written by eminent painters, I said to him, “ Here, Romney, here Salvator has drawn your portrait, as well as his own, in a single short sentence—“ *Tutto spirito, tutto fusco, tutto bile*”—all spirit, all fire, all bile.’

An attempt to throw any finishing strokes of our own into a delineation of Romney’s abilities so fully and correctly drawn, and so vividly coloured, if it did not argue self-confidence and presumption, would at least be deemed super-

fluous. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating, that this work is adorned with prints from several of his celebrated paintings, which, independently of the praise due to them as engravings, are well chosen specimens to exhibit the gradations of his improvement, and the peculiar qualities of his style. The first of these is the introduction of Dr. Slop into the parlour of Mr. Shandy; which, perhaps, is too just and natural to be sufficiently humorous. The next is a sketch of the horseman at the Cape of Good Hope rescuing the sufferers in a shipwreck. In this the sentiment, as observed by Mr. Flaxman, is caught at a glance, the light is happily spread upon the gloom, and the confused horrors of the scene represented with great clearness and simplicity. The characters taken from the model of Lady Hamilton have been already mentioned; if we may venture to criticise works of such established reputation, we shall say that Sensibility is too pretty, and Cassandra too like a Bacchante of the lowest order. The head of our Saviour in the wilderness, surrounded by infernal ghosts and hellish furies, though it expresses abstinence and grave attention, is not quite equal to Milton's description; the nose wants the dignity of the eye and mouth. The infant Shakspeare is above our praise—the drapery is a happy illustration of the remarks upon that subject above quoted. If the colouring be equal to the design of the piece entitled Newton with the Prism, we conceive that this one specimen concentrates the excellencies of Romney's manner, namely, character, expression, strength, delicacy, grace, simplicity, and the dexterous management of light and shadow. As we have not had the opportunity of contemplating the originals, these hasty remarks must be considered as entirely suggested by the engravings.

We do not feel inclined to lengthen this article by any elaborate disquisition on the merits of Mr. Hayley's style as a biographer. His want of compression, and his tedious habit of introducing vapid phrases, are faults so well known, that they need not our emblazoning. On the other hand, his good qualities, his truth, the general correctness of his judgment, his experience of the world, and just feeling, his candour and liberality, have not been duly appreciated by our contemporaries. The services which he has rendered to the cause of literature are of such great value, and so much of the respect with which mankind is disposed to view a veteran in arms, is unquestionably due to him; that, had we the power, we would pass an absolute act of grace for all his faults, with no exception of the most obnoxious, not even the perpetual recurrence of the expletive epithets, 'juvenile, affectionate, interesting,' and some others of the like inanity of character.

ART. VI.—*The Travels of Captains Lewis and Clarke, from St. Louis, by Way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806, by Order of the Government of the United States; containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians, compiled from various authentic Sources, and original Documents; and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of Meriwether Lewis. Illustrated with a Map of the Country inhabited by the western Tribes of Indians. London, Longman, 1809. 8vo, pp. 307.*

ON the 18th of January, 1803, Captain Meriwether Lewis was appointed to trace the river Missouri, from its mouth to its source, and thence crossing the high lands, to seek the best communication by water to the Pacific Ocean. He was assisted by Lieutenant Clarke, and a party consisting of forty-three persons. These persons were divided into two companies, the one of which travelled by land, and the other was conveyed by water, in three small vessels, adapted for the ascent of the Missouri. Both companies met together at night, and encamped by the river.

The Missouri joins the Mississippi, five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th degree of north lat. Captain Meriwether Lewis ascended it about 600 leagues, without perceiving any diminution of the velocity or the width of the stream. Settlements of American families extend to twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi. Beyond this point its banks are peopled by the Indian tribes. Among these are found the names of the Great and Little Osages, the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes, or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, and the Sioux. The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies; the latter become every year more numerous, by the ravage of the fires which the Indians or the white hunters kindle in the autumn.

The flat country is covered with huge and stately trees; canoes are said to be made out of one piece of the sycamore, 'which carry nearly 18,000 cwt.' But we suppose that here is some error of the press. The soil is adapted to every species of grain. Hemp seems to be an indigenous plant. Salt water springs are numerous, and salt mines have been found.

The *Snake Indians* inhabit the country at the head of the Missouri. They are represented as existing in a deplorable

state of savage wretchedness; and to have 'little besides the features of human beings.' They subsist

'on berries and fish; the former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess,—in these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless inoffensive people; when we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror, many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

'The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterise any other tribe of Indians, that came within the compass of our observation. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large light coloured eyes, and are very meager, which gives them a frightful aspect.

'For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty-seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.'

The head of the river Columbia is inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the *Pallotepallors*, or *Flatheads*. The latter appellation is given to them from their predominant fashion of rendering the skull as flat as possible. For this purpose they compress the heads of their children by boards, laid together and adapted to the accomplishment of this important purpose. Their criterion of beauty is constituted by this factitious deformity of the skull. These savages, like the *Snake Indians*, are said to abound in horses, which are supported during the winter on a shrub which bears a nutritious leaf. The following is an extract from a letter from Captain Clarke to his brother, dated St. Louis, 23d Sept. 1806, after his return. In returning across the rocky mountains;

'we divided ourselves into several parties, digressing from the route by which we went out, in order the more effectually to explore the country, and discover the most practicable route which does exist across the continent, by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers: in this we were completely successful, and have therefore no hesitation in declaring, that, such as nature has permitted, we have discovered the best route which does exist across the continent of North America in that direction. Such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the Rapids, below the great falls of that river, a distance of two thousand five hundred and seventy-five miles, thence by land, passing by the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of the Kookoonke,

three hundred and forty; and with the Kooskooske, seventy-three miles. Lewis's river one hundred and fifty-four miles, and the Columbia four hundred and thirteen miles, to the Pacific Ocean, making the total distance, from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean, three thousand five hundred and fifty-five miles. The navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good; its difficulties arise from its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, its sand bars, and the steady rapidity of its current, all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty, by using the necessary precautions. The passage by land of three hundred and forty miles, from the falls of the Missouri to the Kooskooske, is the most formidable part of the track proposed across the continent. Of this distance, two hundred miles is along a good road, and one hundred and forty miles over tremendous mountains, which for sixty miles are covered with eternal snows. A passage over these mountains is, however, practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September; and the cheap rate at which horses are to be obtained from the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and the west of them, reduces the expences of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. The navigation of the Kooskooske, Lewis's river, and the Columbia, is safe and good, from the first of April to the middle of August, by making three portages on the latter river; the first of which, in descending, is twelve hundred paces at the falls of Columbia, two hundred and sixty-one miles up that river; the second of two miles at the long narrows, six miles below the falls, and a third, also of two miles, at the great Rapids, sixty-five miles still lower down. The tide flows up the Columbia one hundred and eighty-three miles, and within seven miles of the great Rapids. Large sloops may with safety ascend as high as the tide water; and vessels of 300 tons burthen reach the entrance of the Multnomah river, a large southern branch of the Columbia, which takes its rise on the confines of New Mexico, with the Callorado and Apostle's rivers, discharging itself into the Columbia, one hundred and twenty-five miles from its entrance into the Pacific Ocean. I consider this track across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in nine-tenths of the most valuable fur country in America, may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia, and shipped from thence to the East Indies, by the first of August in each year; and will of course reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain.

These American travellers represent the treatment, which they received from the Indian tribes through which they passed, as kind and hospitable; with the exception of the Sioux, who seem to have conceived a project for murdering their visitants, from which they are said to have been deter-

red only by the threat of Captain Lewis and his associates to spread among them the infection of the small-pox, of which plague they felt a most vivid dread from melancholy experience of its ravages. The other tribes of Indians invited our travellers with unsuspecting confidence to

' smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children in particular were not wanting in shewing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a "talk," in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

' When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer; of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—"That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright starlight by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children." These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight.'

These gentlemen were often exposed to danger from the attacks of wild beasts, particularly a kind of light-coloured bear with which the head of the Missouri abounds. These animals are said to rush with great fury upon every assailant. The following is a description of an encounter which one of the party had with an enormous snake.

' Before we reached Fort Mandan, while I was out on an excursion of hunting, one of the greatest monsters that ever shocked the mind with horror was presented to my sight. When passing deliberately in a forest that bordered on a prairie, I heard a rustling in the bushes; I leaped towards the object, delighted with the prospect of acquiring game. But on proceeding a few paces further, my blood was chilled by the appearance of a serpent of an enormous size; on discovering me, he immediately erected his head to a great height; his colour was of yellow, hue than the spots of a rattle snake, and on the top of his back were spots of a reddish colour: his eyes emitted fire, his tongue

darted, as though he menaced my destruction. He was evidently in the attitude of springing at me, when I levelled my rifle at him ; but probably owing to my consternation, I only wounded him ; but the explosion of the gun and the wound turned to flight the awful enemy. Perhaps you may think, that my fright has magnified the description. I can candidly aver, that he was in bulk half as large as a middle sized man.'

Captain Lewis remarks, that he never observed any decayed teeth among the Indians, and that their breath is as sweet as the air they inhale. They do not attach any idea of ornament or dignity to a beard ; and as soon as any hairs appear on the face, they pluck them up by the roots, with nippers, which they form out of bent pieces of hard wood. In deep snows the Indians

' wear skins that entirely cover their legs and feet, and almost answer for breeches, being held up by strings tied to the lower part of their waist. Their bodies, in the winter season, are covered with different kinds of skins, that are tanned with the fur on, which they wear next to the skin. Those of the men, who wish to appear more gay than others, pluck out the greatest part of their hair, leaving only small locks as fancy dictates, on which are hung different kinds of quills, and feathers of elegant plumage superbly painted. The Sioux and Osages, who traffick with the Americans, wear some of our apparel, such as shirts and blankets ; the former they cannot bear tied at the wristbands and collars, and the latter they throw loosely over their shoulders. Their chiefs dress very gay : about their heads they wear all kinds of ornaments that can well be bestowed upon them, which are curiously wrought, and in the winter long robes of the richest fur, that trail on the ground.

' In the summer there is no great peculiarity, only that what the higher rank wear is excessively ornamented.

' The Indians paint their heads and faces yellow, green, red, and black ; which they esteem very ornamental. They also paint themselves when they go to war ; but the method they make use of on this occasion differs from that which they employ merely for decoration.

' The *Chipaway* young men, who are emulous of excelling their companions in finery, slit the outward rim of both ears ; at the same time they take care not to separate them entirely, but leave the flesh thus cut, still untouched at both extremities, around this spongy substance, from the upper to the lower part, they twist brass wire till the weight draws the amputated rim in a bow of five or six inches diameter, and drags it down almost to the shoulder. This decoration is esteemed gay and becoming.

' It is also a custom among them to bore their noses, and wear in them pendants of different sorts. Shells are often worn, which, when painted, are reckoned very ornamental.

The Indians who live near the snowy mountains subsist in a great measure on berries, which abound in the fields.

The *Taukies*, and other eastern tribes, where Indian corn grows, take green corn and beans, boil them together with bear's flesh, the fat of which gives a flavour, and renders it beyond comparison delicious: they call this dish *succatosh*.

In general they have no idea of the use of milk, although great quantities might be collected from the buffalo and elk. They only consider it proper for the nourishment of the young of these animals, in their tender state. It cannot be perceived, that any inconvenience arises from the disuse of articles so much esteemed by civilized nations, which they employ to give a relish and flavour to their food. But on the contrary, the great healthiness of the Indians, and the unhealthiness of the sons of *Epicurus*, prove that the diet of the former is the most salutary.

They preserve their meat by exposing it to the sun in the summer, and in the winter by putting it between cakes of ice, which keep it sweet, and free from any putrefactive quality.

Their food consists, in a great measure, of the flesh of the bear, buffalo, and deer. They who reside near the head of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, chiefly make use of the buffalo and elk, which are often seen from fifty to a hundred in a drove. Where there are plenty of the two last mentioned animals there are but few of the former, and where there are many of the former, but few of the latter.

The mode of roasting their meat, is by burning it under ground, on the side of a hill, placing stones next to the meat: the mode of building to heat it somewhat resembles the fire-place made under a limekiln. In this manner they roast the largest of their animals.

The mode of cooking smaller pieces is to roast them in stones, that are hewn out for the purpose.

These gentlemen represent the Indians among whom they travelled as in the highest degree hospitable and kind. Their generosity, indeed, is depicted as such, that they will not refuse to share their last morsel with the indigent of their own tribe, or even of other tribes. They elicit fire by the friction of pieces of wood of a particular kind; with which they procure it with ease. They are said to be very circumspect and deliberate in their conduct, and not to kindle into anger on trivial occasions. The rancour which they cherish towards their enemies, has, from long habit, acquired the force of instinct among all the tribes.

The author mentions instances of their apparent want of those sensibilities, the possession of which is with us reckoned the highest ornament of the human character.

'If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months,

either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more refined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house: he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.'

The self-denial which they practise, and the command which they acquire over the most imperious appetites are truly admirable.

'If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.'

Their sagacity is such, that they will cross a forest or a plain of two hundred miles in extent, without any considerable deviations from the direct line, to the particular point which they wish to reach. Their sense of smell or of sight is so acute, that they will pursue, with the utmost certainty, the traces of man or beast either on leaves or grass. Their memories are so retentive, as to serve for an accurate register of all the events of their time. They pay a greater respect to age, than ever seems shewn by more civilized people. Like all savages, they seem to pass their lives in the extremes of activity or indolence. When any of them are bereaved of their children by death or casualties, those, who have the greatest number of prisoners, supply the deficiency. These persons who are thus adopted, are treated with every instance of parental regard.

The contempt, which the Indians manifest for money, is almost incredible to Europeans, particularly those among whom the '*auri sacra fumes*' most prevails.

‘ The Indians can form to themselves no idea of the value of money; they consider it, when they are made acquainted with the uses to which it is applied by other nations, as the source of innumerable evils. To it they attribute all the mischiefs that are prevalent among Europeans, such as treachery, plundering, devastation, and murder.

‘ They esteem it irrational, that one man should be possessed of a greater quantity than another, and are amazed that any honour should be annexed to the possession of it.

‘ But that the want of this useless metal should be the cause of depriving persons of their liberty, and that on the account of this particular distribution of it, great numbers should be shut up within the dreary walls of a prison, cut off from society of which they constitute a part, exceeds their belief; nor do they fail, on hearing this part of the United States’ system of government related, to charge the institutors of it with a total want of humanity, and to brand them with the names of savages and brutes.’

The Indians have little recourse to physic or physicians; and even the use of midwives is unknown.

‘ Soon after the birth of a child, it is placed on a board, which is covered with a skin stuffed with soft moss: the child is laid on its back, and tied to it. To these machines are fastened strings, by which they hang them to branches of trees; or, if they do not find trees handy, they place them against a stump or stone while they dress the deer or fish, or do any domestic business. In this position they are kept until they are several months old. When taken out they are suffered to go naked, and are daily bathed in cold water, which renders them vigorous and active.

‘ An Indian child is generally kept at the breast until it is two years old, and sometimes, though rarely, a year longer.’

The modes of life which the Indians pursue, prevent them from the persecution of that horrid train of nervous diseases which embitter the days of more sickly Europeans. The author says, that on a very vigilant search, he could not learn that a single case of *melancholy* or madness had ever occurred among them. They are said to cure fever by the alternate use of the vapour and the cold bath. Their mode of preparing the former is ingenious, and might suggest some useful hint for the domestic application of this useful remedy amongst ourselves. Some stones, heated red-hot are placed in a cavity in the earth, from which runs an aperture, over which the patient is placed. Hot water is poured on the stones, from which a stream of vapour ascends, which soon causes the person above to break out into a profuse perspiration. These savages, if so they may be termed, are then said to

plunge into a river, and thence to retire 'into a warm bed.' This sudden change of temperature and sensation would probably be fatal to the majority of Europeans, though it seems to be practised not only by the Indians, but by the Russians without any inconvenience.

The Indians in the interior parts, to whom the observations of the author are chiefly applicable, number their years by winters, or as they more specifically express it, by snows. Some of the tribes reckon their years by moons, and make them 'consist of twelve synodical or lunar months; taking care, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon; and then begin to count as before.' They call their months by very expressive names, significant of some particular circumstance, which is then an object of peculiar interest or attention. For instance, they call August the sturgeon moon, because they then catch great numbers of that fish. They term October the travelling moon, because in that month they travel towards the place where they intend to hunt during the winter. They name November the beaver moon, because the beavers then begin to retire to their houses, after having laid in their winter store.

They reckon the distance of places by a day's journey, which appears to amount to about twenty English miles. These days' journeys they divide into halves and quarters, and are said to note them with great exactness with hieroglyphic signs, in charts which they draw on the bark of the birch.

Every nation of Indians is divided into bands or tribes, each of which forms a community, which is distinguished by some peculiar badge or symbol, as that of the eagle, the panther, the buffalo, &c. The different nations are characterised by similar distinctions. Every band has a chief, who is chosen to direct their military operations; and another, whose pre-eminence seems to be hereditary, and who has the more especial care of their civil interests. Every Indian is so tenacious of his liberty, that he spurns every appearance of arbitrary restraint. Their chiefs rather suggest what it is fit to do, than command it to be done. Thus the emulation of individuals is inflamed; and the chiefs establish an almost absolute sway rather on the respect which is paid to their authority, than on any servile submission to their power.

Each family has a right to appoint one of its chiefs to be an assistant to the principal chief, who watches over the interest of his family, and without whose consent nothing of a public nature can be carried into execution. These are generally chosen for their ability in speaking; and such only are permitted to make orations in their councils and general assemblies.

‘ In this body, with the hereditary chief at its head, the supreme authority appears to be lodged ; as by its determination every transaction relative to their hunting, to their making war or peace, and to all their public concerns is regulated.’

The author says, that dog's flesh constitutes the only dish at all their grand public feasts. As hunting is their principal occupation, as they are trained to it from their youth, and as it is both a way to distinction and a mean of subsistence, it is no wonder that they are famed for their dexterity in the chase. They can discern the footsteps of the animals they are pursuing when they are imperceptible to every other eye, and they can ‘ follow them with certainty through the pathless forest.’ Their hunting expeditions are said to be preceded by a preparatory fast, which they do not observe by *eating to excess*, (as is the case in some other places) but by a total abstinence from food of every kind. But their cheerfulness is not diminished by the rigour of their mortification. They assign one curious reason for this fasting ;—that they can then more freely dream. Nothing can exceed their indefatigable activity when they are in pursuit of their prey. They proceed in the most direct line to their object, without being stopped by thickets, torrents, pools, or rivers. The author gives a copious and particular account of the military system of the Indians, of their mode of declaring war, of their method of conducting it, and of their treatment of their prisoners. The Indians generally attack their enemy just before day-break, when they suppose them to be merged in the most profound sleep.

‘ Throughout the whole of the preceding night they will lie flat upon their faces, without stirring ; and make their approaches in the same posture, creeping upon their hands and feet till they are got within bow-shot of those they have destined to destruction. On a signal given by the chief warrior, to which the whole body makes answer by the most hideous yells, they all start up, and discharging their arrows in the same instant, without giving their adversaries time to recover from the confusion into which they are thrown, pour in upon them with their war clubs or tomahawks.

‘ The Indians think there is little glory to be acquired from attacking their enemies openly in the field ; their greatest pride is to surprise and destroy. They seldom engage with a manifest appearance of disadvantage. If they find the enemy on their guard, too strongly entrenched, or superior in numbers, they retire, provided there is an opportunity of doing so. And they esteem it the greatest qualification of a chief warrior, to be able to manage an attack, so as to destroy as many of the enemy as possible, at the expense of a few men,

‘ When the Indians succeed in their silent approaches and are able to force the camp which they attack, a scene of horror that exceeds description ensues. The savage fierceness of the conquerors, and the desperation of the conquered, who well know what they have to expect should they fall alive into the hands of their assailants, occasion the most extraordinary exertions on both sides. The figure of the combatants all besmeared with black and red paint, and covered with the blood of the slain, their horrid yells and ungovernable fury, are not to be conceived by those who have never seen them.’

They guard the prisoners whom they make in war, with the greatest circumspection, while they are retiring to their own frontier.

‘ During the day, if the journey is over land, they are always held by some of the victorious party; if by water, they are fastened to the canoe. In the night time they are stretched along the ground quite naked, with their legs, arms, and neck fastened to hooks fixed in the ground. Besides this, cords are tied to their arms or legs, which are held by an Indian, who instantly awakes at the least motion of them.

‘ During their march they oblige their prisoners to sing their death song, which generally consists of these or similar sentences: “ I am going to die, I am about to suffer: but I will bear the severest tortures my enemies can inflict, with becoming fortitude. I will die like a brave man, and I shall then go to join the chiefs that have suffered on the same account.” These songs are continued with necessary intervals, until they reach the village or camp to which they are going.’

On the return of the warriors to their village or camp,

‘ the women and children arm themselves with sticks and bludgeons, and form themselves into two ranks, through which the prisoners are obliged to pass. The treatment they undergo before they reach the extremity of the line is very severe. Sometimes they are so beaten over the head and face, as to have scarcely any remains of life; and happy would it be for them, if by this usage an end was put to their wretched beings. But their tormentors take care that none of the blows they give prove mortal, as they wish to reserve the miserable sufferers for more severe inflictions.’

‘ The prisoners destined to death are soon led to the place of execution, which is generally in the centre of the camp or village; where, being stript, and every part of their bodies blackened, the skin of a crow or raven is fixed on their heads. They are then bound to a stake, with faggots heaped around them, and obliged, for the last time, to sing their death song.

‘ The warriors, for such only commonly suffer this punishment, now perform in a more prolix manner this sad solemnity.

They recount with an audible voice all the brave actions they have performed, and pride themselves in the number of enemies they have killed. In this rehearsal they spare not even their tormentors, but strive by every provoking tale they can invent, to irritate and insult them. Sometimes this has the desired effect, and the sufferers are dispatched sooner than they otherwise would have been.'

When the Indians send a deputation to negotiate a termination of hostilities, they bear before them the pipe, or calumet of peace, which is universally treated with the greatest veneration, even by the most barbarous tribes. This calumet is about four feet in length. The bowl is made of red marble, and the stem of a light wood, painted with hieroglyphics of various colours, and adorned with feathers of the most beautiful birds. Each nation is said to have a different method of decorating the calumet. All treaties are introduced by the ceremonious use of this sacred symbol of amity. A belt of wampum serves as a ratification of the treaty.

' These belts are made of shells found on the coasts of New England and Virginia, which are sawed out into beads of an oblong form, about a quarter of an inch long, and round like other beads. Being strung on leathern strings, and several of them sewed neatly together with fine sinewy threads, they compose what is termed a belt of wampum.

' The shells are generally of two colours, some white and others violet; but the latter are more highly esteemed than the former. They are held in as much estimation by the Indians, as gold, silver, or precious stones are by the Americans.

' The belts are composed of ten, twelve, or a greater number of strings, according to the importance of the affair in agitation, or the dignity of the person to whom it is presented. On more trifling occasions, strings of these beads are presented by the chiefs to each other, and frequently worn by them about their necks as a valuable ornament.

' The Indians allow of polygamy, and persons of every rank indulge themselves in this point. The chiefs in particular have a seraglio, which consists of an uncertain number, usually from six to twelve or fourteen. The lower rank are permitted to take as many as there is a probability of their being able, with the children they may bear, to maintain. It is not uncommon for an Indian to marry two sisters; sometimes, if there happen to be more, the whole number; and notwithstanding this (as it appears to civilized nations) unnatural union, they all live in the greatest harmony.'

The priests of the Indians, like those of all uncivilized nations, perform at the same time, the office of physicians and of conjurors.

' When any of the people are ill, the person who is invested with the triple character of doctor, priest, and magician, sits by the patient day and night, rattling in his ears a gourd shell, filled with dry beans, called a *chichicoue*, and making a disagreeable noise that cannot well be described.

' This uncouth harmony one would imagine would disturb the sick person and prevent the good effects of the doctor's prescription; but, on the contrary, they believe that the method made use of contributes to his recovery, by diverting from his malignant purposes the evil spirit who has inflicted the disorder; or at least that it will take off his attention, so that he shall not increase the malady.'

The following account evinces a degree of sagacity which is not often equalled by the disciples of *Æsculapius* or the ministering priests of *Lucina*, even in this enlightened country. A woman at *Penobscot*, in the province of *Maine*, in the north east part of *New England*, had been for two or three days in travail. Every possible assistance which the obstetric skill of the place could afford had been applied in vain, and it was expected that the poor sufferer would soon breathe her last. While she was in this situation, an Indian woman happened to be informed of the circumstance, when she requested to be admitted to prescribe in this desperate exigency. This was permitted, when she

' took a handkerchief, and bound it tight over the nose and mouth of the woman: this immediately brought on a suffocation; and from the struggles that consequently ensued, she was in a few seconds delivered. The moment this was achieved, and time enough to prevent any fatal effect, the handkerchief was taken off. The long suffering patient thus happily relieved from her pains, soon after perfectly recovered, to the astonishment of all those who had been witnesses to her desperate situation.'

The calm composure with which the Indian contemplates his approaching end, and the dignity which he displays in the closing scene, will not always very readily find a parallel in the death-beds of more civilized religionists.

' An Indian meets death when it approaches him in his hut, with the same resolution as he evinces when called to face him in the field. His indifference under this important trial, which is the source of so many apprehensions to almost every other nation, is truly admirable. When his fate is pronounced by the physician, and it remains no longer uncertain, he harangues those about him with the greatest composure.

' If he is a chief and has a family, he makes a kind of funeral oration, which he concludes by giving to his children such advice for the regulation of their conduct as he thinks necessary. He then takes leave of his friends, and issues out orders for the pre-

paration of a feast, which is designed to regale those of his tribe that can come to pronounce his eulogium.'

The author appears to have drawn a very fair and impartial summary of the Indian character, of its dark and its bright parts, in the next passage which we shall produce.

'That the Indians are of a cruel, revengeful, inexorable disposition, that they will watch whole days unmindful of the calls of nature, and make their way through pathless, and almost unbounded woods, subsisting only on the scanty produce of them, to pursue and revenge themselves of an enemy; that they hear unmoved the piercing cries of such as unhappily fall into their hands, and receive a diabolical pleasure from the tortures they inflict on their prisoners, I readily grant; but let us look on the reverse of this terrifying picture, and we shall find them temperate both in their diet and potations, (it must be remembered that I speak of those tribes who have little communication with Americans) that they withstand, with unexampled patience the attacks of hunger, or the inclemency of the seasons, and esteem the gratification of their appetites but as a secondary consideration.

'We shall likewise see them social and humane to those whom they consider as their friends, and even to their adopted enemies; and ready to share with them the last morsel, or to risk their lives in their defence.

'In contradiction to the report of many other travellers, all of which have been tinctured with prejudice, I can assert, that notwithstanding the apparent indifference with which an Indian meets his wife and children after a long absence, an indifference proceeding rather from custom than insensibility, he is not unmindful of the claims either of connubial or parental tenderness.

'Accustomed from their youth to innumerable hardships, they soon become superior to a sense of danger, or the dread of death; and their fortitude, implanted by nature, and nurtured by example, by precept and accident, never experiences a moment's alloy.

'Though slothful and inactive whilst their stores of provisions remain unexhausted, and their foes are at a distance, they are indefatigable and persevering in pursuit of their game, or in circumventing their enemies.

'If they are artful and designing, and ready to take every advantage, if they are cool and deliberate in their councils, and cautious in the extreme, either of discovering their sentiments, or of revealing a secret, they might at the same time boast of possessing qualifications of a more animated nature, of the sagacity of a hound, the penetrating sight of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, the agility of a bounding roe, and the unconquerable fierceness of the tiger.

'In their public characters, as forming part of a community,

they possess an attachment for that band to which they belong, unknown to the inhabitants of any other country. They combine, as if they were actuated only by one soul, against the enemies of their nation, and banish from their minds every consideration opposed to this.

They consult without unnecessary opposition, or without giving way to the excitements of envy or ambition, on the measures necessary to be pursued for the destruction of those who have drawn on themselves their displeasure. No selfish views ever influence their advice, or obstruct their consultations. Nor is it in the power of bribes or threats to diminish the love they bear their country.

The honour of their tribe, and the welfare of their nation, are the first and most predominant emotions of their hearts; and from hence proceed in a great measure all their virtues and their vices. Actuated by these, they brave every danger, endure the most refined torments, and expire triumphing in their fortitude, not as a personal quality, but as a national characteristic.

From hence also flow that insatiable revenge towards those with whom they are at war, and all the consequent horrors that disgrace their name. Their uncultivated mind being incapable of judging of the propriety of an action, in opposition to their passions, which are totally insensible of the controul of reason or humanity, they know not how to keep their fury within any bounds, and consequently that courage and resolution, which would otherwise do them honour, degenerate into a savage ferocity.

We have next some interesting sketches of the Knistenaux and Chepewyan Indians 'from the pen of Mackenzie.' They follow some slight notices, called a 'statistical view' of the 'grand Osage nation,' the 'Kanzas,' 'Ottoes,' 'Missouri,' 'Panas,' 'Panas Republicans,' 'Panas Loups,' 'Mahas,' 'Poncars,' 'Ricaras,' 'Mandans,' 'Ahwahhaway,' 'Mine-
tares,' 'Saukies and Renars,' 'Wahpatone,' 'Mindawarcarton,' 'Wahpacoota,' 'Sissatone,' 'Yanktons of the North,' 'Yanktons Ahnah,' 'Tetons Bois Brule, Tetons Okandandas, Tetons Minnakineazzo, Tetons Sahone,' 'Chyennes,' 'Wetepahatoes,' 'Dotame,' 'Castahana,' 'Crow Indians,' 'Paunch Indians,' 'Manetopa, Oseegah, Mahtopanato,' 'Chippeways, of Leach Lake,' 'Chippeways, of Red Lake,' 'Chippeways, of River Pembena,' 'Algonquins, of Rainy Lake,' 'Algonquins, of Portage de Prairie,' 'Christenoes,' 'Aliatans, Snake Indians,' 'Aliatans, of the West,' 'Aliatans, of La Playes,' 'Pania Pique,' 'Paducas.' We have mentioned the names of these different Indian nations, that our readers may have recourse to their maps, and see how many of them have obtained the notice of geographers. These numerous tribes will, probably, in the course of a few

centuries, vanish before the population of European settlers, which is spreading towards the west, and labouring to extend itself across the North American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The ravages of the small-pox and of fermented liquors, have been almost equally fatal to the Indian tribes, and many of their districts have been depopulated by these two scourges, for both of which they appear indebted to the settlers from the old world. The introduction of the vaccine process may, probably, counteract the desolating effects of the one, but mercantile avarice will not readily cease to supply the other.

After this 'statistical view,' we have some 'historical sketches of the several Indian tribes in Louisiana, south of the Bakansas river, and between the Mississippi and River Grand.' Then comes an essay, on the 'origin of the North American Indian population;' in which the subject is left in its pristine obscurity. Arguments from ancient traditions are very vague and indefinite; arguments from the affinities of language are almost equally fanciful and uncertain. Those reasons which are founded on geographical position, or local contiguity, seem the most satisfactory, as they not only exhibit a theory, but shew the facility of its practical accomplishment. Hence those who derive the Indian American population from the north-eastern extremities of Asia, seem to support the most plausible hypothesis. The volume is concluded with

'Observations made in a voyage, commencing at St. Catherine's Landing, on the east bank of the Mississippi, proceeding downwards to the mouth of the Red River, and from thence ascending that river, the Black River, and the Washita River, as high as the Hot Springs, in the proximity of the last mentioned river, extracted from the journals of William Dunbar, Esq. and Doctor Hunter.'

Upon the whole, this is an interesting volume, and exhibits not only some valuable geographical notices, but very copious and amusing details respecting the manners, habits, and divisions of the Indian North American tribes.

ART. VII.—*History of Dissenters, from the Revolution, 1688, to the Year 1808; in four Volumes. By David Bogue and James Bennett.* London, Williams and Smith, 1808.

CIVIL history is, for the most part, only a tissue of atrocities and crimes; and ecclesiastical history, though it is

not without its crimes and atrocities, is yet more particularly a picture of the follies and delusions of our imperfect fellow-creatures. Those religious truths, which are of any importance to mankind, are very few in number, and very easily discerned; but such are not the truths which most engross the attention, or animate the controversial ardour of theologues or their auditors. Questions about frivolous ceremonies, or mysterious and idle doctrines, with the conduct which their different champions pursue in defending them, and in combating the arguments or assailing the tenets of their adversaries, chiefly occupy the dull and cheerless page of ecclesiastical history. The English dissenters, even of the last hundred and twenty years (a period in which knowledge of all kinds has been gradually but widely diffused), have not, on many occasions, shewn less zeal about trifles, or less heat, ill-will, and animosity about dark and inscrutable points of belief, than religionists of more ignorant and more turbulent times. The history of these persons then, except as far as relates to their struggles for civil and religious liberty, in which men of all persuasions are more or less interested, does not appear to us to possess any attractions very superior to what we find in the theological history of a less enlightened age. The doctrinal controversies which have been agitated in the bosom of the presbyterians, the independents, or the methodists, or in which these different bodies of religionists have been engaged in a war of words with the established church, are almost as disgusting and repulsive to a man of good sense and sober piety, as those which relate to the Gnostics, Valentinians, Nestorians, Eutychians, &c. of an early period, whose different modes of mental hallucination are now equally disregarded and despised. The history of fanaticism, in order to be rendered instructive and interesting, ought not be written by a fanatic; and he, who thinks to unveil the delusions of others with historical fidelity, ought not himself to be a slave to the spells of which he undertakes to depict the effects. He, who would write a clear, luminous, and impartial history of dissenters, should be able to elevate his mind above the contracted views, the sordid conceptions, and the illiberal principles by which they have too often been actuated, and from which they are not even yet entirely free. But what can we expect from a history of dissenters, written by two persons, who, as appears from the present work, are votaries of that species of nominal Christianity which passes under the name of Calvinism?

In the preface to their work these writers say, 'It is in the ecclesiastical department that history is carried forward to its true and noblest end. For, who but children read the historic

page, for the mere knowledge of *tales and dates*?' We do not know exactly what the authors mean by *tales* in the passage just quoted; but we suppose that they intend it as an ironical or contemptuous term for *facts*. But this would imply that ecclesiastical history, which Messrs. Bogue and Bennett so highly extol, has nothing to do with *facts and dates*, which are to be consigned to the nursery, and not to burthen the brains of adults. We will readily concede to Messrs. Bogue and Bennett that history has nothing to do with *tales*, if by *tales* be meant fictitious representations, rather than real facts. But as from the word *dates*, which are connected with *tales* in the above passage, we cannot but conclude that they mean facts rather than fictions, we must assert the honour of history in opposition to their detraction; and ask in what has history such a close and intimate concern as with facts and dates? The authors proceed, 'he whose mind is imbued with the true spirit of history, values it chiefly for the *knowledge of man which it conveys*, and the lessons of moral and political wisdom which it so forcibly inculcates.' In this passage the pious writers contradict, at least by inference, what they had said in the preceding; for can the knowledge of man be obtained by him who has no knowledge of the facts relative to man, and who considers *facts and dates* as no better than the idle prattle of the nursery? Are not facts the criterion of human virtue and ability? He who values history, may value it chiefly for the moral lessons which it conveys; but how are those moral lessons to be formed, except from reflection on the conduct of individuals and nations, as it is developed in the facts of history, lucidly stated and orderly arranged? In whatever light we consider history, we must regard *facts and dates* as matter of its highest interest and concern. But what are we to think of a history compiled by writers, who set out with professing their contempt for facts and dates? With respect to the few *facts* which are recorded in these volumes, the authors have been rather sparing of the *authorities* on which they rest; and with respect to *dates* they have been true to their principles, and hardly favoured us with any. Without the quotation of *authorities*, the credibility of history resolves itself into that of the writer; and without *dates*, any narrative soon becomes a chaos of confusion. In p. 22, the writers say, 'is it to the credit of our regard for christianity that we have no modern history devoted chiefly to the *church of Christ in Britain*?' We suppose that these writers mean to supply this defect; but they adopt rather an odd method of doing it, by confining the pale of the *church of Christ* to the dissenters. The dissenters do, as we admit, form part of this church; but we cannot

agree with Messrs. Bogue and Bennett that they ought to occupy the nave and both the aisles. In p. 25, the authors furnish us with a rare specimen of *profundity* and of elegance. They say, 'by mutual acquaintance men cease to stare at each other as barbarians.' If we were acquainted with Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, we might, perhaps, *cease to stare* at the diction of their history. P. 26, the authors say, 'when power was in the hands of the dissenters, then they promulgated the doctrine, that conscience was free from all restraints but that of God.' Do Messrs. Bogue and Bennett recollect the conduct of the assembly of divines, who *voted presbytery to be of divine right*, and who were much less tolerant in their opinions and their conduct than the establishment has ever been since the restoration? In p. 31, the authors, who had previously professed no predilection for facts and dates, tell us, in a tone of great self-complacency and exultation, 'We have departed widely from the *unprofitable sterility* of Mosheim, *who has given the history of any thing but religion*.' Messrs. Bogue and Bennett must accordingly suppose that they have given the *history of nothing but religion*. But if that be religion which they have described, where are we to seek the phenomena of folly and delusion? The following may serve as specimens of the religious temperament of Messrs. Bogue and Bennett:

'If, after the public worship of the Sabbath, the rest of the day is given up to business or *pleasure*, to *unprofitable visits*, and *worldly conversation*, what is there to stamp his character as a christian, and to distinguish him from the world which lieth in wickedness?'

We are no advocates for the Sabbath being made a day of *business*, if by *business* be meant keeping shop, scoring accounts, holding the plough, or filling a dung-cart. Nor are we advocates for making Sunday a day of *pleasure*, if by *pleasure* be meant throwing dice, playing cards, fighting cocks, getting drunk at a tavern, or riding after a pack of hounds. We are not advocates for profaning the Sunday by these or by any vicious, extravagant, or intemperate amusements. But we think with a wiser than ourselves, or even than the *eminent* historians Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, that 'the *Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath*;' and that, after a certain reasonable portion of the day has been spent in devotional effusions of praise and thanksgiving to the Father of mercies, the remainder cannot be better employed than in social hilarity and innocent recreation. The exercise of the benevolent sympathies of the heart in the kind and endearing intercourse of friends and acquaintance on the Sabbath is, we

have no doubt, a more acceptable homage to the Father of spirits, than the brawling out Watts's or Wesley's hymns in the tumultuous concourse of the tabernacle. The following passage, to which we might add many similar, or some in which the language is even more gross and less becoming the dignity of history, shews the *polemical slang* of the school to which the writers belong :

‘ This fiery persecution’ (of the dissenters by James II.) ‘ produced an effect supremely honourable to the sufferers ; for several ministers of the establishment forsook it, as unworthy the name of a church of Christ, since it was stained with the blood of the saints, the *dye of the scarlet whore*.’

Of Charles II. we are told that ‘ he used to come from the bed of his harlots to church and to sacrament.’ In the end of vol. i. the writers thus express their sentiments on episcopal ordination and the imposition of hands.

‘ If it is conceived,’ say they, ‘ that any influence was actually communicated, it must be of so deleterious a quality, that a person of a pure mind who had viewed the channel through which it ran, on seeing the lawn sleeves lifted up to confer ordination, would cry out in terror, *Keep off your filthy hands from me : the head of Judas Iscariot would be polluted by their touch*.’

We are not among those who ascribe any virtue whatever to the imposition of episcopal hands ; but we do not like this rude and vulgar assault on what is, at worst, not only an ancient but a harmless ceremony. In describing the origiu of the methodists, the writers say,

‘ The present methodists sprang from Oxford, which has thus alone atoned for the guilt of cherishing high-church prejudices and monkish bigotry, by giving birth to sons who have enlisted themselves in the ranks of dissent, and have reduced the crest of the priesthood lower than ever it had fallen before.’

Whatever may have been our past or may be our present regret for the want of *whiggism* in our alma mater, we yet did not imagine that any writers would appear who could suppose this defect to be removed by the parturition of a monster with a thousand heads. Only the two first volumes of this work are before us, and we have not learned that the remainder are yet published. We hope that the style and manner of the writers will improve as they proceed in the prosecution of their task, and that the two last volumes will be free from the numerous faults which occur in the two first.

ART. VIII.—*The Iliad of Homer, translated into English blank Verse, by the Rev. James Morrice, A. M. &c. &c.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 21s. boards. White, 1809.

WITHOUT giving into the fashionable cant, borrowed from the custom-house and the counter, of 'the glut of literary articles,' 'overstocking the market,' 'expenditure,' and 'consumption,' &c. &c. &c. without denying to every writer the privilege and benefit of 'a free trade,' or calling the legal exercise of that privilege into question; and, moreover, granting the claims to attention which are justly possessed by one who has devoted a considerable portion of time and labour to the illustration of the first of poets; it is nevertheless consistent with all these professions to require that some reason should, at least, be offered for presenting to the public a work so unlikely to have been called for, as a new translation of Homer. Mr. Morrice, it should appear, has seen no necessity for any exposition of this nature.

'By what motives he (the translator) may have been induced to add one to the versions which have been given in the English language, it is not material to relate; nor, if related, could it be presumed that others should see in them sufficient reason for obtruding it on the world, what influence soever they might have on his own mind.' p. 7.

This sort of apology it is very difficult to understand. Supposing an author to be at liberty to withhold from the public the motives which have brought him before its tribunal, he is at least bound to weigh those motives in his own mind, and, if his private judgment has pronounced them to be defective (which is what Mr. M. seems to avow), then what reasonable excuse can be made for his acting in the same manner that he would have done had it led him to a different result? An author may be mistaken in his estimate; and the natural propensity of man to over-rate his individual merits is a fair ground of palliation for the error of publishing. But if an author is fortunate enough to judge without that natural partiality, and if the conclusion he forms be that the public will not thank him for the gift he had thought of presenting for its acceptance, why press his favours upon an unwilling receiver?

But Mr. M. not only admits that he has no reason, or an insufficient reason, for publishing a new translation of Homer; he does not even suggest an opinion respecting the defects in former translations, which, whatever might be the result, would have justified him in making the attempt to supply them.

'It is by no means the intention, nor indeed could it well be expected, that the author of the present (version) should give his opinion, or endeavour to point out their respective merits, still less to animadvert on their errors: they are before a discerning public, most of them, indeed, long since, and have assuredly been duly appreciated by those better qualified to deliver a more impartial judgment.'

When Mr. Cowper presented his blank verse translation to the world, he stated openly, and much at length, the reasons which led him (in common with many other men of learning and genius) to think the work of Pope an inadequate representation of its great original, and to prefer the plan pursued in his own version.

"Whether a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made, by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day. I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties, in his version of HOMER, that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections. I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope, as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine*, in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible

even for me to follow him with some advantage."—*Preface to Cowper's Homer, 1st Edition.*

Mr. Cowper has thus, in a fair and manly way, stated and explained the deficiency which he conceived to exist, and which he undertook to supply. That that gentleman was misled by the seduction of a favourite theory, is undoubtedly the opinion entertained by the writer of this article; and he is far from thinking it a compensation for the waste of so much valuable time and transcendent talent, that the failure of Cowper's undertaking is left as a beacon to warn succeeding writers from the errors which occasioned it. But the world is indebted to him for the exposition of his doctrine, which may enable its opponents to point out the misapprehension on which they conceive it to be founded.

In the first place, the assertion '*that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impossible*,' though made with a dictatorial positiveness which some may think justified by the high reputation of the assertor, would prove a great deal too much. It depends altogether on the interpretation annexed to a very equivocal term indeed, '*just translation*.' If by '*just*' is meant a '*literal*' translation, then it may be safely asserted, not only that a just translation *in rhyme* is impossible, but that a just translation *in any manner of verse* is impossible. A literal version *must* be in prose, since it must be a rendering, word for word, from the original; and it is impossible that, *word for word*, what is verse in one language can also be verse in another. If by '*just*,' on the contrary, be meant a *faithful* translation, so far as *fidelity* is consistent with the harmony of numbers, then the writer of this article will venture to assert, in opposition to the high authority just stated, that it is full as possible to execute a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme as in blank verse.

It is a false notion that rhyme is fettered, and that blank verse is free. It is equally false that the shackles of blank verse are at all lighter, or wider, or in any respect more comfortable to the wearer than those of rhyme. The only restriction which is felt by the rhyming poet from which the writer of blank verse is exempt, is that which constitutes the distinction in name between the two species of versification. But in a language so abounding in synonymes, and of such extraordinary variety in sound, as our own, it is not once in a period of a hundred couplets that a writer of any ordinary facility is delayed by the want of a '*homotonous*' expression ready at hand; and it seldom if ever happens, that by some easy conversion of a sentence, without injury to the sense, he is not able to surmount every little difficulty of that nature which

may occur. That this is the real fact may be almost proved to the satisfaction of those who never wrote a verse in their lives, by calling their attention to the instance of Spenser, who has not only left to posterity the longest poem in our language, written in stanzas, every one of which contains four homotonous terminations of one sound, and three of another, but has been followed by so many successors in the formation of the same stanza, that it is evident to the meanest capacity how very easy is the task of composing it. And, if it be required to establish the fact by *translations*, we have Huggins, Harrington, and Fairfax, the fidelity of whose respective versions executed in stanzas of nearly equal *homotonous* repetition, is so great as almost to make us recal our concession, 'that a literal translation cannot be effected in verse.'

Such being the only shackles of rhyme which are not equally worn by blank verse, let us now consider in what respect the shackles of blank verse are heavier than those of rhyme.

It must be admitted that, by taking away this distinctive qualification, one of the barriers (in modern language) between verse and prose is removed; and that, in order to elevate poetry to its proper dignity in the comparison, some substitute must be adopted for that which is rejected. Not in dramatic poetry—that species of composition stands on its own distinct foundation, and is governed by its own separate and independent rules. Sublime and beautiful conceptions will naturally fall in with an elevation of language, sufficient, without any adventitious aid, to establish the desired distinction; and the additional charm of harmonious cadence supersedes the desire of further ornament. But these superior beauties can be but occasionally and sparingly introduced, and for the principal part of the dialogue, the interest of which must wholly depend on the conduct of the piece, blank verse is most admirably suited, as approaching so nearly to the language of common conversation. But the very reason which renders blank verse the fittest vehicle for dramatic poetry, is that which renders it unfit for the narrative, the descriptive, and the epic.

Take for instance the first of our English epic poets, Milton—where his subject requires sublimity, nothing can exceed the animation, the grandeur, the majestic harmony of his verse. In like manner nothing can exceed the exquisite grace and beauty which he displays in *some* of his descriptions. But these beauties and excellences are, and must be, rare in a composition of such extent; the general tenor of the *Paradise Lost*, and of every other poem in which narration occupies the principal part, must be of a far less elevated na-

ture, and, in order to be poetical, some adscititious aid must be resorted to. Accordingly, in Milton, and in all writers who, after his example, have made blank verse the vehicle of epic narration, we find that the language is uniformly sustained by the most laboured inversions, and unnatural (or at least uncommon) phraseology. And the necessity of these and similar expedients, for the purpose of keeping up the prosaic tenor of the verse to any thing like a poetical level, is (in the opinion of this writer) a fetter ten thousand times more uneasy both to the wearer and the spectator than any which it is imagined that the laws of rhyme can impose.

In another view of the subject we find that the ancient poets, unsupported by rhyme, were most amply recompensed for the absence of it by the variety of metres in which the flexibility of their language permitted them to range at will. The Iambic (our *only* metre) was by them almost exclusively confined to the drama, to which (as we have before observed) its approach to the language of common discourse peculiarly adapted it. But the more stately and uniform march of epic poetry required the support of a metre which should never degenerate into, or resemble, prose. Accordingly the most simple and unadorned passages of the Iliad, those (and they are such as form the general tenor of the poem) which are wholly unsupported by poetical *sentiment*, are nevertheless always *poetical* from the mere construction of the verse.

The genius of our language refuses to bend itself to the diversity of metre, and it is therefore absolutely necessary to have recourse to some substitute for the poetical privilege of the ancients. The oldest and best established of those substitutes is *rhyme*; which is in itself so distinguishing a mark as to require (with the accompaniment of measured cadence, which is essential to all poetry) no further aid whatever in those passages which have not the support of elevated and poetical sentiment. *Rhyme* is, therefore, infinitely better adapted to the translation of an ancient poet than blank verse; or rather, it is much more likely that a just sense of the spirit of an ancient poet will be communicated by the one than by the other; since the use of unnatural inversion and inflated diction, to which all writers in blank verse are obliged, more or less, to have recourse, is not in any case justified by the ancient author, who had no occasion to resort to the same expedient.

Whether we have, or have not, in the preceding observations, traced the effect to its true source, it will hardly be denied by Cowper's most zealous admirers that his version of Homer has entirely failed, either of superseding, or of deserving to supersede, that of Pope. It may be admitted that his more scrupulous fidelity will sometimes render it conve-

nient, or desirable, to consult his work by way of reference ; but is there any man who can assert that he has read it with pleasure ? If it be true then that Cowper has failed, Mr. Morrice must, unless he can assert superior claims to honourable distinction, consent to share the quiet and undisturbed repose in which the labours of his predecessor are involved.

In order to enable our readers to form some comparative judgment on this head, the following passages appear to us to be as favourable for quotation as any that we can select :

*Quotations from Morrice's Translation, Book III. v. 166—186;
v. 231—251.*

Thus spake the chiefs ; when Priam's friendly voice
In mildest accents Helen thus bespoke :
' Approach, my child, and take thy seat by me,
And view thy former husband, and thy friends ;
Nay, child, I blame not you ; the heav'nly pow'rs,
To Troy unfriendly, have uprais'd this war.
Tell me what name he bears, whose portly mien,
And form majestic, chief respect commands :
Others in stature and in size excel,
But one more venerably beautiful
These eyes have ne'er beheld : some king, I deem.'
Helen replied : ' O much esteemed sire,
Most fear'd, yet most belov'd ! O had I died
Ere with thy son I rashly did forsake
My husband, child, and friends ! yet these things are ;
And that they are, I do lament me much.
What you inquire, I will with truth relate ;
Atreides, king of all the Grecian host,
You there behold ; in council and in war
Pre-eminent ; my brother once so dear,
My husband's brother ; would he were so now !'

* * * * *

Again when Ajax to his view appear'd,
Thus question'd Priam : ' Who of stature vast
And bulk immense is that above the rest ?'
When Helen, fairest of her sex, replied,
' The mighty Ajax, bulwark of the war :
Near him, encircled by the Cretan bands,
Idomeneus, with other mighty chiefs
Assembled, stands : for often, as a guest,
To Menelaus' hospitable roof
The brave Idomeneus to Sparta came.
Each Grecian chief I see, and can relate
Their names and rank : for two I look in vain ;
Castor, well skilled to rein the foaming steed,

And Pollux, victor in the Pythian games.
 My brothers : Sparta yet perhaps detains
 Them distant far ; or if to Troy they came,
 They shun the conflict, and the glorious toils
 Of war, o'erwhelmed with grief and shame for me.
 Thus Helen spake : but long the silent tomb
 In Sparta, in their native land, embrac'd
 Their sad remains, though sprung from mighty Jove.

From Couper's Translation of the same Passages.

So they among themselves ; but Priam call'd
 Fair Helen to his side. ' My daughter dear !
 Come sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
 Thy former lord, thy kindred and thy friends.
 I charge no blame on thee—the gods have caused,
 Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
 Name to me yon Achaian chief, for bulk
 Conspicuous and for port—taller indeed
 I may perceive than he ; but with these eyes
 Saw never yet such dignity and grace.
 Declare his name—some royal chief he seems.'

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex :
 ' Oh worthy of all reverence from me
 And filial love ! I would that I had made
 Some bitter death my choice, when I renounced
 The nuptial bed, my kindred, the delights
 Of friendship, and my daughter's dear embrace,
 For thy son's sake ! But death was not my choice.
 Grief, therefore, now consumes me night and day.
 But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
 Of Athens, Agamemnon, mighty king,
 In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
 And once (unless I dream) by sacred ties
 A brother to the shameless wretch, myself.'

* * * * *

The third of whom the venerable king
 Inquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian chief,
 Whose head and shoulders tow'r above the rest,
 And of such bulk prodigious—who is he ?

Him answered Helen, loveliest of her sex :
 ' A bulwark of the Greeks—In him thou seest
 Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
 The Cretans, and, among the chiefs of Crete,
 Stands, like a god, Idomeneus : him oft
 From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont
 To entertain ; and others now I see,
 Achaians, whom I could recall to mind
 And give to each his name ; but two brave youths
 I yet discern not, for equestrian skill

One famed, and one a boxer never foiled ;
My brothers, born of Leda, sons of Jove,
Castor and Pollux—Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or, if they came,
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abashed,
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.

She said ; but they already slept inbumed
In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil.

The merit of the foregoing comparative specimens appears to us so very equally balanced, that, as the reader already knows our judgment of Cowper, he must be prepared to anticipate that which impartiality compels us to pronounce on the pretensions of Mr. Morrice. This, however, is what we will not do without submitting to the public one further extract from the evidence on which it is founded. If the death of Hector awakens not a single poetical feeling or expression, we conceive that no one will be found hardy enough to impugn the decision we have made.

————— Achilles view'd
With searching eye, where vulnerable most
Hector ; but him the radiant arms, erewhile
Torn from Patroclus, cover'd o'er secure,
Save where the shoulder and the neck unite,
And surest death ensues : with certain aim
Just there Achilles fix'd the deadly wound,
And all his neck transfix'd ; but utterance left
And pow'r of speech, though in the dust he lay.
Extended ; when the victor thus exclaim'd :

" Hector, secure thou didst esteem thyself,
Clad in the spoils from brave Patroclus won ;
Nor didst thou think of me : yet at the ships
I, his avenger, but remain'd awhile ;
And I have slain thee, whom the dogs shall tear,
And birds ; him Greece united shall entomb."

With fainting spirits Hector thus replied :
" Oh hear a suppliant's pray'r ; By thine own life,
By thy loved parents I entreat thee, hear !
Nor give me at the ships to dogs a prey.
Accept the gifts, my venerable sire,
My mother will bestow ; gold, sculptured brass :
Restore me to my friends : give me to share
Those sacred rites which grateful Troy shall pay."

Achilles sternly thus : " Entreat me not,
Wretch as thou art, nor claim a suppliant's boon.
O that the fury of my mind were such
That nought but to devour thee could appease
My great revenge ! such mischief thou hast wrought.
Trust me, no power shall save thee from the dogs :

No; should they offer twenty times as much,
 And promise more: would Priam give thy weight
 In gold, yet on thy melancholy bier
 No mother shall the son she bare lament;
 But dogs and birds shall all thy limbs devour."

Hector, now dying, faintly thus replied:
 "Too well indeed I knew no prayer of mine
 Could pity move in thy relentless breast:
 Beware lest Heaven, in revenge of me,
 Repay this wrong; when Phœbus by the hand
 Of Paris shall thy boasted strength subdue,
 And stretch thee breathless at the Sœan gate."

He, apace; and darkness closed his eyes in death:
 His spirit to the gloomy mansion fled,
 To Pluto's realm; health, vigour, beauty, gone!—
 Him dead, thus Peleus' mighty son address'd:

"Die thou! When Jove and other powers of Heaven
 Ordain, I bravely too will meet my fate."

Morrice's translation, book 22, v. 324.

After all, we are not certain that, in ranking Mr. Morrice's translation as equal to Cowper's we have quite done justice to the former gentleman. Cowper, understanding the real wants and exigencies of that blank verse to which he was so strangely bigoted, has attempted to raise his language into poetry, by those expedients which we have before stated to be essential to the purpose. But his inversions are forced, his expressions turgid, his imitation of the language of Milton often puerile, conceited, and unnatural. The consequence is that his version, although vastly unlike prose, bears yet a remoter resemblance to that for which it was meant. Mr. Morrice, on the contrary, appears to have thought that, to constitute poetry, nothing is wanting but an accurate measurement of syllables; and, accordingly, what he has produced is so very little removed from prose itself, that we confess it offends us much less than the anomalous fabrication of his predecessor.

Mr. Morrice will, perhaps, be displeased with us that we have not taken the pains of comparing his version with the original Greek, and forming a judgment as to his merits on the score of strict fidelity. To this charge, if it be instituted against us, we can only answer that we know it is impossible for measured verse, even prosaic as Mr. M.'s, to be the vehicle of a *literal* translation; and we are compelled reluctantly to conclude, that the publication before us is even unfit for the only purpose to which it might have been applied, that of a diligent and faithful exposition of the Greek original. As for examining whether Cowper or Morrice has

most accurately understood the sense of Homer, we must beg to be excused altogether from so burthensome, and, in our opinion, unnecessary a task.

Most sincerely as we admire the beauties of Pope's translation (and, as a poem, without reference to the original, we know not its equal in any modern language), we are ready to admit its gross defects in the light of a faithful representation of Homer; and are far from saying that some future poet, gifted with the genius of Pope, may not have the power of improving most materially upon that version, which now stands alone and unrivalled. Believing this to be possible, we would not discourage all competition; but, if any competitor does hereafter arise, we earnestly entreat him to weigh well his abilities before he commences his task; and

' By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r,'

O let his translation be in rhyme!

ART. IX.—*Observations on Fungus Hamatodes, or soft Cancer, in several of the most important Organs of the human Body: containing also a comparative View of the Structure of Fungus Hamatodes and Cancer, with Cases and Dissections. By James Wardrop, F.R.S.E. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the Surgeons of the public Dispensary of Edinburgh. Illustrated by Plates. 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Constable, 1809.*

MR. BURNS of Glasgow, in his dissertations on inflammation, is the first who has given a detailed account of this morbid change of structure, which he described under the name of *shongoid inflammation*; but it is to Mr. Hay, of Leeds, that we owe the name of *fungus hamatodes*, several cases of which he described occurring in the superior and inferior extremities, and also in the female breast. There seems to be no part of the body exempt from this disease. Mr. Wardrop has divided his book into chapters, in which he has treated separately of fungus hæmatodes affecting the eye-ball, the extremities, the testicle, the liver, the spleen, the kidney, the lungs, the uterus, the ovarium, and the female breast. The work is concluded by a comparative view of the structure of fungus hæmatodes, and cancer.

We will extract Mr. Wardrop's description of the disease, when it affects the ball of the eye.

' The first appearances of the fungus hæmatodes, when it at-

tacks the eye, are observed in the posterior chamber. The pupil becomes dilated and immovable, and instead of having its natural deep black colour, it has a dark amber, and in some cases a greenish brown, giving to the eye very much that appearance which is observed in the sound eye of the sheep, the cat, and in many of the lower animals. As the progress of the disease advances, the colour becomes more remarkable; and it is soon discovered to be produced from a solid substance, which is forming at the bottom of the eye, and gradually approaching towards the cornea.

The surface of the substance is generally rugged and unequal, and not unlike what may be supposed to arise from a quantity of effused lymph. In some cases, red vessels can be seen running across the opaque body, but these are not the vessels which nourish it, but the ramifications of the central artery of the retina lying above it. During the progress of the disease, the new formed substance gradually fills up the whole of the posterior chamber; its surface advances so as to arrive at the same plane with the iris, and has the appearance of an amber or brown-coloured mass. In this stage of the disease I have known two cases which were mistaken for cataracts; and in one of them an experienced surgeon attempted to couch it. When the disease advances still further, the form of the eye-ball begins to alter, acquiring an irregular knobbed appearance; at the same time the sclerotic coat loses its natural pearly white colour, and becomes of a dark blue or livid hue. The tumour, by its continued growth, finally occupies the whole anterior chamber; and, in some cases, a quantity of purulent matter collects between it and the cornea. At last the cornea ulcerates, and a fungous tumour shoots out from the portion of the diseased substance contiguous to the ulcerated cornea; and, in other cases, the tumour pushes itself through the sclerotic coat.

This fungus is very rapid in its growth, and, before the disease arrives at a fatal termination, it often acquires a very great bulk. When it is small, it has a good deal of the appearance of the softer kind of polypi which grow from mucous membranes. It is generally of a dark red, or purple colour. Its surface is irregular, and often covered with coagulated blood.

The substance of this fungus is very readily torn; and when a portion of it is separated, or if it be slightly scratched, it bleeds profusely. In other cases, the tumour is of a firmer texture, and if, as sometimes happens, instead of coming through the cornea, it burst through the sclerotic coat, it then pushes before it the conjunctiva, and thus derives a mucous covering. When the tumour becomes very large, portions of the most prominent parts begin to lose their vitality, and separate in sloughs, which have a very fetid and offensive smell, and are accompanied with the discharge of an acrid sanies.

The absorbent glands become also affected during the progress of the disease; they swell and inflame, and sometimes grow to an enormous size. In some cases the swelling of the

glands commences at a very early period, whilst in others they are not affected until the disease is far advanced. Most commonly those glands swell which lie in the immediate neighbourhood of the parotid gland, or lower jaw. In two cases, I found a small hardened gland close to the optic nerve; in a third case, glands were found near the nose, and on the supercilia; and, in another case, a diseased gland was found adhering to the os malæ within the margin of the orbit.

This disease has its foundation deep in the organization of all the parts connected with the organ. The retina is obliterated; the humours of the eye absorbed and lost; and the chambers occupied by a substance, more or less of the appearance of medullary matter, being opaque, whitish, and homogeneous, and having the pulpy softness and tenacity of the brain. Sometimes bony matter has been found in some of the tumours, in the form generally of small gritty particles. The optic nerve itself is in all cases injured, though the magnitude and appearance of the injury varies in different subjects. In one example, where the contents of the eye-ball and external tumour had a very remarkable dark appearance, we are informed that,

‘ it was found, on dissection, that the same singular black appearance extended along the medullary portion of the optic nerve, to beyond the union of the two nerves; and, what is an important fact to the physiologist, this case proved, in a very striking manner, that the optic nerves do not decussate each other. The nerve of the *right* eye arose from the right side of the brain, and was healthy all the way to where it formed the retina; whereas the *left* optic nerve was black, from the place where it had been divided during the operation of extirpating the eye-ball, to beyond the union of the two nerves.’

The disease sometimes extends to the brain itself, and like the cancer, it contaminates through the medium of the absorbent system. The substance of the gland is converted into a matter similar to that of the original disease; the gland sometimes ulcerates, and the ulcers are foul, sloughy, and unhealthy. The primary ulcers in this disease fungate, but the secondary ones, or those of the absorbent glands, do not.

In all these circumstances the analogy between fungus hæmatodes and cancer is so striking, that notwithstanding the arguments of Mr. Wardrop, we believe that most surgeons will still be inclined to consider it to be a cancerous disorder. In both the progress is generally slow; the ulcers in both discharge a fetid excoriating ichor, and occasionally bleed profusely; both sometimes assume a fungous appearance, and both during their progress contaminate the absor-

bent glands; both are equally destructive, and contaminate indiscriminately the neighbouring parts, whatever may be their nature; both too affect several organs at the same time. To these strong and striking analogies, Mr. Wardrop opposes the structure of the tumours, which are different; the periods of life which the diseases take place, which are different; and some organs it is said are attacked with the one which have never been observed to be affected.

We do not think much of the argument drawn from structure. We think that the foundation of scrofula and cancer is laid before there is any change of structure. An observation of Mr. Wardrop's strikingly illustrates this fact. He says, 'when the fungus hæmatodes' (in the eye-ball) 'takes place in children, they are generally found to have entirely lost the sight of the affected eye, before it is remarked by the parents.' This shows most convincingly that the whole organ, including probably the retina and optic nerve, is blighted, if we may be allowed the expression, before there is any morbid change of structure. The same is true of scrofula; a blow is received, and the injured part becomes scrofulous. The fibre therefore is morbid previous to the injury. In the acknowledged cancer, the structure is by no means uniform. Take the following fact from Mr. Home's observations. After the extirpation of a tumour from the breast, he informs us,

"When the tumour was cut into, to examine its structure, there was no hardness in any part of it; nor had it the appearance usually met with in tumours, that have contaminated the neighbouring parts with the cancerous poison. The patient got quite well in three weeks, and I had no doubt of her continuing so. In less than three months she consulted me again, and to my great surprize and chagrin, both edges of the cicatrix were studded with the small cancerous tumours in the skin already described."—See *Home's Observations on Cancer*, p. 96.

Now that we have Mr. Home's book before us, we cannot help referring to the 17th case related by that experienced surgeon, and the inference deduced from the facts recorded. In this case the pectoral muscles had become contaminated before a cancerous breast had been extirpated. In consequence, the disease recurred after a certain period, in the muscle, and the appearance of the disease was exactly that of fungus hæmatodes. Can we then refuse to subscribe to Mr. Home's conclusion, when he says, "it explains the fungated sore and the caucer to be the effects of the same disease, only varying according to the structure of the parts which are attacked?" So says Mr. Home, and, though wholly uninfluenced by the authority of any name, so say we.

Mr. Abernethy indeed has divided this disease from carcinoma, affixing to it the name of *medullary sarcoma*; and has adduced the pulpy testicle as an example of the disease.

‘The simple ulceration of the skin from distention,’ he observes, ‘and the subsequent healing of the ulcer shew that this morbid affection is unlike carcinoma, which communicates its disease to all contiguous parts; neither has it the hardness nor disposition to ulcerate which characterize cancer.’

This is no more than saying that in certain cases the testicle perishes by internal absorption; in others the effort of nature is directed, though vainly directed, to throw off the diseased part by sloughing. But we can see in neither case any essential difference in the real nature of the disease. In both these forms of cancer (as we should call them) surgical operations are of little utility. They sometimes suspend for a time the progress of the malady; at other times they accelerate and exasperate the mischief.

The change of the diseased part into a matter analogous in colour and consistence to the brain, is undoubtedly a curious circumstance: but no more so than the constant resemblance of the matter of scrofulous abscesses to cheese or curds.

The early period of life at which this disease occurs, is one of its most striking features. Five cases out of six, in which the eye was its seat, occurred in subjects under twelve years of age. To the same purpose M. Bichet says,

‘Le carcinome de l’œil attaque tous les sexes, se manifeste à tous les âges; cependant il semble plus que les autres tumeurs de cette nature s’attacher à l’enfance. L’observation l’a démontré à Hotel Dieu où plus du tiers des malades qu’y a opérés Dessault étoient au dessous de 12 ans.’

We think the true inference from this fact to be, not that this affection is not cancerous, but that the cancer in early life has a different seat, and some peculiarities, which distinguish it from the same disease at a more advanced period.

‘The locality of cancer,’ says Mr. Wardrop, ‘has engaged the attention of many celebrated authors, and from what is known of the history of this disease, and of the success attending the extirpation of primary cancerous tumours, there seem sufficient grounds for considering it as a local affection.’

We are astonished that Mr. Wardrop can persist in upholding such a delusion. So much convinced are all enlightened surgeons of the inefficacy of extirpation, that we believe that not a twentieth part of the operations are now

performed, which were in the days of Mr. Pott; and the almost uniform want of success attending extirpation, has convinced thinking men that the cancer depends on constitutional causes.

Every dissection given in this work proves the truth of this doctrine. In almost all, the liver was affected with the same kind of disease as the original seat of complaint. In others, the lungs, the kidneys, and other organs were likewise found similarly affected. The resemblance in one case between the external and internal morbid change was very striking.

‘I have also seen it,’ (the colour of the tumour) says Mr. Wardrop, ‘of a dark brown colour, and, in one instance, both the tumour within the cavity of the eye-ball, and that exterior to it, were tinged of a deep black colour, only a few greyish coloured streaks being interspersed through the dark mass. In this case the dark colour was so remarkable, that I bestowed great pains, in order to discover, if possible, the cause of such a singular appearance, and from all that I could observe, I at first conceived that it was produced in consequence of a morbid secretion of the black pigment. By an accurate comparison of the two substances, when viewed through a microscope, they appeared quite analogous. They soiled the fingers or paper of the same dark brown colour as the black pigment, and communicated to water the same tinge. After the tumour was macerated for some time in water, a great part of the colouring matter was dissolved, and the solid substance was similar both in general appearance and texture to the tumours in the other cases or to a piece of brain. On the death of the patient, however, all these hypothetical speculations were overturned, as an examination of the body after death shewed that the liver was also affected with the same disease, the tuberculous masses which were formed in it being composed chiefly of the same dark brown medullary matter.’

This example, and such as this, (which almost every case of the disease furnishes) is, we think, wholly decisive of the question.

Mr. Wardrop, besides the cases which he has himself observed and related, has collected many others from different quarters. By this he has rendered his book more valuable, and we do not doubt that surgeons will become, by his assistance, better acquainted with the forms of this truly formidable disease. Unfortunately, we seem as far distant as ever from its cure. Still, however, we think it creditable to the professors of the healing art, that it has excited, and is exciting, the attention and strenuous exertions of so many able men, who have within these four or five last years written concern-

ing it. We hope that by their united efforts some check may at length be given to this most dreadful scourge of human nature.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Divinity of the Apocalypse demonstrated by its Fulfilment: in Answer to Professor Michaelis. By the Rev. J. M. Butt, A. M. late Student of Christ Church, and Author of 'a Commentary on the Seventy Weeks and last Vision of Daniel.'* London, 12mo. Hatchard, 1809.

WE delivered our opinion on what is here called 'the divinity of the Apocalypse,' at some length in the C. R. for January, 1807, in a review of Mr. Archdeacon Woodhouse's translation, &c. of that work, and again in the C. R. for June, 1807, in a review of Mr. Faber's supplement to his dissertation on the 1260 years. Our subsequent reading and reflection have not made any alteration in the sentiments which we then expressed, but have rather served to strengthen our conviction of their truth. We must refer our readers to these numbers of our journal for the reasons on which we ground our rejection of the claim of the Apocalypse to a supernatural origin. We will extract a few of the observations which have been made by Mr. Butt. Mr. B. says, what many other commentators dispute, that 'the 1242 years of the prevalence of the apostacy, at least in respect to this kingdom, are now finished;' and that 'the times of the beast terminated in the year 1697.' 'The interval between the English revolution and the year 1697 had been occupied in completing the deliverance of the witnesses, who were to be received into the ark, and in warning the apostates of the approaching deluge of fiery death.' This remark is still as enigmatical to us as any part of the book which Mr. Butt has attempted to explain. 'The rectitude of the administration of justice is so greatly owing to the institution of a jury of twelve men, and so analogous to the tribunal of Christ, in which the twelve apostles are assessors, rather than judges, that we ought to glorify God when we reflect upon it.' The author forgets that the institution of juries is of pagan origin. As the author discovers a typical analogy between twelve English jurors and the twelve apostles, so he finds a remarkable resemblance between the four-and-twenty English bishops and the four-and-twenty elders who are mentioned, Rev. xi. 16. 'On December 12, 1697,' says Mr. Butt, 'the thanksgiving day for the peace, by which the king's title was acknowledged, one of the spiritual lords (bishop Bur-

net) preached before king William from the words of the queen of Sheba, addressed to him who completed the first temple (2 Chron. ix. 8) : 'Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee to set thee on his throne, to be king for the Lord thy God ; because thy God loved Israel, to establish them for ever, therefore made he thee king over them, to do judgment and justice.' Let this text, with the circumstances attending it, be compared with Rev. xi. 15—19, and it will be acknowledged to be *the only text in scripture which fully corresponds to this prediction.* We have inspected the passage in the Apocalypse, to which the author refers, and we cannot discover a single trace of that correspondence which appears so singularly luminous to Mr. Butt. Besides, is it not a little incongruous to look to a text in the book of Chronicles for the completion of a prophecy in the Apocalypse ? This seems a sort of Irish way of interpreting prophecy, by making it foretell what was past several centuries before it was pronounced. The author asks whether 'the destruction of Pope and Turk can be dated from a more just epoch than that of the peace of Ryswick ?' Buonaparte has already in part answered this question, as far as it refers to the pope ; and we believe that it will not be long before he gives a very impressive reply to that portion of the query which relates to the Turk. We will make one more extract before we conclude. 'The church is now in the land of Beulah, and may, if she has eyes to see, behold in her own peace, prosperity, and glory the reflection of the celestial city. From the summit of mount Pisgah she may behold the promised land and the glorious holy mountain. But let us remember that there is a delusive path leading from the very doors of heaven to the gates of hell. If ever the church be seduced from her fundamental doctrines of justification by Christ alone, &c. she may and probably will be converted into a PILLAR OF SALT.' Mr. Butt is not the first person who has written nonsense in commenting on the Apocalypse.

ART. 11.—*A Vindication of the Jews, by Way of Reply to the Letter addressed by Perseverans to the English Israelite, humbly submitted to the Consideration of the Missionary Society and the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. By Thomas Witherby, Author of an Attempt to remove Prejudices concerning the Jewish Nation.* London, Hatchard, 1809. 8vo. pp. 287.

THE author commends the policy as well as morality of the Jews, in refusing to enter the lists of religious controversy. He says that when after a long banishment they returned to our shores in the time of Cromwell, it was stipulated, among other things, that they should make no proselytes. This condition they have scrupulously observed ; for though we have heard of many attempts to make proselytes among them, we are not acquainted with any endeavour on their part to make proselytes among us. They know that they could not dispute the divine mission of Jesus without offending the scruples or exciting the

animosity of the community in which they are permitted to reside; and they therefore sedulously avoid those discussions which could be productive only of rancour and of strife. This they are said to do in conformity to a precept which was given them during their captivity in Babylon, which they consider as applicable to them in their present situation. When Mr. David Levi engaged in the controversy with Dr. Priestley, he is said to have acted in opposition to the sentiments of his countrymen. The Jew is not on a footing of equality with his opponents. He cannot deny the christian religion to be true, not only without exasperating those among whom he dwells by sufferance, but without violating an express law of the land, 9 and 10 William III. c. 32. The author therefore contends, with some show of reason, that any attempt to provoke the controversial ardour of the Jews, and to inflame their hate by the display of our proselyting propensities, is hardly compatible with justice or with charity. Mr. Witherby seems to be a serious and well-disposed christian, a friend to peace and good will both among the followers of Moses, and the disciples of Jesus.

ART. 12.—*A short Catechism from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with a Preface and Dedication.* 12mo. Rivingtons.

THE re-publication of this brief and useful catechism will probably be very acceptable to those who have the care of children, and wish to employ every wise expedient of giving a devotional turn to their minds, which, as long as it is kept within the bounds of sobriety and good sense, is the fruitful source of virtue and of happiness.

ART. 13.—*A Sermon, preached at Pell-street Meeting-house, Radcliffe-highway, Wednesday, October 25, 1809, being the Day on which his Majesty King George the Third entered the fiftieth Year of his Reign.* By Thomas Cloutt. London, Conder, 1809. 1s.

ART. 14.—*A Sermon preached at the Scots Church, Crown Court, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, on the 25th of October, 1809, being the fiftieth Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne.* By George Greig, Minister of the said Church. Published by Desire. London, Hatchard, 1809. 1s. 6d.

THE above are two sermons preached by dissenters, who, on this occasion, have vied with the most zealous ministers of the establishment, in the tribute of respect which they have offered to the aged monarch on the throne. Mr. Greig of the Scots church, Crown Court, says, that 'from the moment of his majesty's accession to the throne, the dew of divine goodness has distilled upon his sacred head, and gently descended even to the skirts of his empire.' The ludicrous impropriety of this kind of language may not be remarked, when it is delivered with oratorical fervour before a mixed audience; but we would advise Mr. Greig to avoid it when he prepares another sermon for the press. Ministers on serious subjects should be particularly care-

ful against employing terms which may involuntarily excite ridiculous or disgusting associations of ideas.

- ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached at Worship-street, Finsbury Square, Wednesday, October 25, 1809; being the fiftieth Anniversary of the Reign of George the Third. By John Evans, A. M. Morning Preacher at Worship-street, and Afternoon Preacher, Leather-lane, Holborn. London, Sherwood, 1809. 1s.*

MR. Evans adopts 1 Cor. xv. 25; 'He must reign till he have put all enemies under his feet,' as the text of his discourse. Instead of saturating his pages with any excess of courtly adulation, Mr. Evans gives to the present sovereign that praise which is due, and no more. He draws an animated sketch of that state of felicity, that real jubilee of virtue and of peace, which he anticipates under the future reign of the Messiah; when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

POLITICS.

- ART. 16.—*Two Letters from the Right Honourable George Canning to the Earl Camden, Lord President of the Council. London, Cadell and Davies, 1809.*

WE shall give the substance of this pamphlet, and then make a few remarks on the political intrigue which it unfolds. April 2, 1809, Mr. Canning wrote to the Duke of Portland on the necessity of some change in the administration, and, if this were not effected, stating his own intention to resign. The business, therefore, begins with an alternative, proposed by Mr. Canning, of his own resignation, or of some change in the ministry. The sequel will shew how Mr. Canning wavered with respect to the execution of the alternative which he proposed. Mr. Canning states, that in some further communication with the Duke of Portland, between April 4 and 8, he requested that the business might be brought to a termination before the parliament met after the Easter holidays. The Duke of Portland procrastinated, and the Easter holidays passed away. After this, it was agreed between Mr. Canning and another member of the cabinet, that the discussion should be suspended till after the decision of the question on the writship. This took place April 25. After this the proposed change in the cabinet was again discussed. The Duke of Portland consulted several of the members on the subject. Lord Camden is said to have thought a change in Lord Castlereagh's department necessary, provided 'it could be reconciled to Lord Castlereagh's feelings.' On the 5th of May the Duke of Portland informed Mr. Canning that he intended to lay the whole subject before his majesty on the following Wednesday. The king proposed to take the subject into his serious consideration. On the 31st of May Mr. Canning says, that he made the same representation to his majesty which he had previously done to the Duke of Portland, and tendered his

resignation. On the 8th of June the Duke of Portland informed Mr. Canning that some change would be effected in the war department at the end of the session of parliament. On the 18th of June Mr. Canning, knowing the vacillating indecision of his colleagues, and probably not unconscious of his own, stated to the Duke of Portland, that 'if things remained as they then were, he was determined not to remain in office.' The Duke of Portland informed Mr. C. that a different arrangement had been adopted, to which Lord Castlereagh *was to be urged to consent*. But on the 21st of June the Duke of Portland assured Mr. C. that the arrangement which had been *first* proposed should be carried into effect; and that Lord Camden was desired to communicate this resolution to Lord Castlereagh. On the 27th of June, Mr. Canning, finding no progress made in the execution of any change, again intimated his determination to resign. On the 28th he says, that he tendered his resignation to the king. The same evening the Duke of Portland, by the king's desire, directed Lord Camden to communicate the intended arrangement to Lord Castlereagh. But this communication was not to be made till the Walcheren expedition had sailed. But before this took place, on July 5th, another arrangement was substituted for that which had been proposed, and then dismissed, and then resumed. Lord Camden would, it was hoped, resign; Lord Castlereagh's feelings were to be consulted by a new process, and Lord Wellesley, who ought by this time to have been in Spain, was to be nominated minister of war. After this no communication was made to Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Canning again proposed to resign, and was again requested to keep his place. The arrangement in contemplation was positively to be effected at the termination of the expedition to the Scheldt. In the mean time no pains were to be spared to *reconcile the feelings of Lord Castlereagh* to the loss of his place. Mr. Canning acquiesced in the proposed delay. On September 2, when the result of the expedition to the Scheldt was known, Mr. Canning reminded the Duke of Portland that the period for nominating Lord Wellesley to the war department was arrived. But on the 6th the Duke of Portland informed Mr. C. that no steps had been taken by the friends of Lord Castlereagh to reconcile him to the change; that there were impediments in the way of the proposed arrangement, and that he (the Duke of Portland) had himself determined to retire from his official situation. Mr. Canning now again resorted to the alternative, which he had so often proposed, and did, at last, actually send in his resignation to the king. Such is the brief substance of Mr. Canning's statement. What struck us on the first perusal, and what even more impressed us on the second, was the miserable indecision of the cabinet in which this curious farce was performed. Mr. Canning has exhibited to our astonished view a degree of imbecility which we hardly supposed to be compatible with the government of a great nation. But the truth is, that all the practical details of the

administration are performed by underlings, who, by long exercise in the routine of business, have become a sort of efficient machinery, which continues its movements, however destitute of energy or skill the superintendants of the work may be. The abilities of the different persons, who were the prime actors in the vacillating scene which Mr. Canning has thought proper to develop, appear to have been of the lowest order; and we should think that the *department* of a chandler's shop would be much better adapted to their capacities than the concerns of a mighty empire, in these critical times, when more than common wisdom is wanted at the helm. With respect to the deception which was practised on Lord Castlereagh, of which Mr. Canning has taken so much pains to exculpate himself from any participation, we think that his lordship has much reason to complain both of Mr. Canning and of his associates. If Mr. Canning really believed the continuance of Lord Castlereagh in office to be diametrically opposite to the public interest, and so much so, that without his removal, he (Mr. Canning) could not retain his own place in the ministry, why did he not frankly avow his sentiments in the cabinet itself, without endeavouring to get Lord Castlereagh displaced by a clandestine intrigue? Why did Mr. Canning desire the removal of Lord Castlereagh? Did he object to his want of capacity for the execution of his office? If he objected to his capacity, why, without a single remonstrance, or any express disapprobation, did he acquiesce in Lord Castlereagh's planning and directing one of the most powerful and most expensive armaments that were ever sent from these shores? Mr. Canning was indeed tacitly endeavouring to procure the dismissal of Lord Castlereagh from his official situation; but, when Mr. C. thought him so incapable and inefficient a minister, that he threatened to retire if he were not dismissed, ought he not openly and manfully to have resisted his having the conduct of the expedition to the Scheldt? Ought the public interest to be sacrificed to the feelings of individuals? If the public interest required, as Mr. Canning stated, any change in the war department, ought the execution of that change to have been postponed from time to time till it could be *reconciled to the feelings of Lord Castlereagh*? Was his lordship to be continued in office, to, the detriment of the public service, till his sensibilities could be charmed into complacency with the humiliating opinion which some of his colleagues entertained of his capacity? Mr. Canning's pamphlet evinces the miserable shifts, resolutions, and counter-resolutions, projects and counter-projects, which were practised by a part of the cabinet, in order to effect some petty change in the war department; which, after all, they had not energy to accomplish. The mountain continued in labour for several months, and at length produced nothing but a rickety mouse. If Mr. Canning designed this pamphlet as a satisfactory vindication of his conduct to Lord Castlereagh, we think that he has failed; for his warmest friends will surely not attempt to

justify the secret cabal into which he entered with the Duke of Portland, to compel his resignation. If Mr. Canning intended this letter as a proof of his own political ability, we believe that it will be regarded as the most convincing evidence of the contrary which he could have adduced. It shews a littleness of mind, and a want of vigour and consistency which can hardly be considered as fit qualifications for a secretary of state, in the most tranquil times, and much less in such a stormy period as the present. But if Mr. Canning meant this simple and feeble *exposé* as a proof of the imbecility of that cabinet, of which he so recently formed a part, he has succeeded to admiration. If Mr. Canning be ambitious of this species of panegyric, we are willing to bestow it till his very soul sickens with a plethora of praise.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*Iberia's Crisis, a Fragment of an epic Poem, in three Parts. First Part, Usurpations, corrupt Agents, foul Stratagems, and diabolical Progress. Second Part, the Discomfiture of Usurpation from the Valour of Patriotism. Third Part, the base Exultation of Usurpation.* London, Miller, 1809, 8vo. pp. 66.

THE notes which this writer has subjoined to this 'fragment of an epic poem,' display so much acquaintance with the state of Spain, since the present struggle for independence, that we are unwilling to animadvert on his poetry with so much severity as it deserves. The writer himself, if he will read it with only a moderate portion of self-love, will, we are sure, himself allow that more execrable doggerel hardly ever issued from the press. We shall not quote any specimens of his harsh and discordant versification, from due regard for the harmony of our readers' ears. If the author had written a prose pamphlet on *Iberia's Crisis* instead of this most unfortunate attempt in verse, we have little doubt but that we should have perused it with pleasure and instruction. The author appears to have traversed Spain in almost every direction: and he was at Madrid in the latter end of 1808, just before the city was surrendered to the French. From his account the citizens of Madrid would have rivalled the heroism of Saragossa and Gerona, if their exertions had not been paralysed by the treachery of their rulers. We shall quote a part of what the author says on this subject.

'Before the French cavalry were known to be bearing down for Madrid, and before they forced the pass of Samosierra, the 30th of November, after my return from Alicante, I had purposed proceeding from Madrid the 1st of December for England, and was the only English visitor in the capital. On the first, when the French were known to have forced the pass, every Spanish inhabitant of Madrid had armed en masse, with such cool determination to defend the capital, that I decided to witness the first day's resistance.

The duke del Infantado, the marquis de Castellar, and the

count de Montajo were among the inhabitants at the various gates of Madrid the whole of the night of the first of December, expecting the arrival of the enemy; which did not take place till the following morning. Cannonading began at Madrid about nine in the morning of the 2d of December. Bessieres, with the French cavalry, attempted the Fuencarral and Segovia gates, with great loss. He summoned the city to surrender, and was categorically answered by marquis Castellar, "not while one stone remained upon another."

'Napoleon took up his quarters at Chamartin, a country seat five or six miles distant from Madrid. The infantry were so far behind, that they could not arrive till the third.

'I did not leave Madrid till late on the second; and had not my appointments required my departure, I should have remained in the utmost security that Madrid would have proved more than a Saragossa under a second Palafox.'

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Tales of other Realms, collected during a late Tour through Europe by a Traveller.* 2 vols. 12mo. Longman, 1809.

'TO her whose charms are like the new-blown rose, whose soul like sainted purity sits on her hallowed brow, and smiles intelligence, these Tales are dedicated by

her devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.'

What can be expected of a man who sets out with such a dedication as this? Just such a tale as that of the Baron Zinkermann and Amelia la Marchesa di Nizzi.

'The Hermit of the Rock,' however, is rather an improvement on this unlucky specimen; for though it is impossible even to the superlative degree of impossibility, yet, allowing for that little imperfection, it possesses more interest than some tales which are not only possible but true. What we have to do with the hermit himself, who gives the title to this rhapsody, or what with 'the fellow who lost his wits for Zenobia,' or with Emily, or with the Count de Pombeira, we are unable to perceive; but if the hints which are thrown out concerning them are only designed to excite curiosity, we are of opinion they might have been better omitted, as well as the story of that respectable old king of Phrygia, Midas, who may surely be admitted, at least, to claim exemption from literary duty on the score of age and infirmities.

The tale of 'Donna Aminta de Buxeda' has (notwithstanding a great deal of affectation and false humour) much higher claims in point of interest than either of the preceding. We should be glad to know if the events which it relates have any, and what degree of foundation in truth. They are neither improbable in themselves, nor ill-connected in the narration.

'The Cottagers of Glarus' affords a pretty picture of Swiss manners; and, upon the whole, we see no reason why the author

should not be encouraged to pursue his travels, if he will only dabble less in sickly sentiment, and become more conversant with simple and unadulterated nature.

ART. 19.—*Tales of Yore, in three Volumes. 12mo. Mawman, 1810.*

THESE Tales are certainly by no means subject to any imputation of misnomer; being Tales of Yore to all intents and purposes, as witness the contents of each volume: 'Trytan and Essylda,' (the new name for Isolde,) with which every dabbler in romance is as intimate as with St. George and the Dragon. 'The Sword Tyrfin,' of which nobody can be ignorant but some benighted Pilgrim (if any such there be) who has never yet been visited by the light divine of Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder.' 'The Sahton Barfisa,' of whose adventures we can trace the recollection back to the days of our childhood, when we first became acquainted with the Persian Tales, the impression of which was made yet stronger by a certain anonymous paper in a daily publication, called 'The Spectator,' 'Floris and Blancaflor,' (i. e. Blanche fleur, for the Spanish termination does not make the story newer) of which Mr. Ellis has long since furnished us with a sufficient abstract. 'Lionheart and Blondel,' for which the reader might be referred either to Percy's collection, or to the Drury-lane farce of 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' 'The White Bull,' ('Le Taureau Blanc') still better known, but probably less to be acknowledged as an acquaintance, than either of the preceding, although one of Voltaire's most witty effusions. 'Cross Loves,' of which the world might perhaps have remained ignorant to this day, had it never seen Le Sage's Devil on Two Sticks. 'The Chronicle of Charlemagne,' which Archbishop Turpin wrote to very little purpose indeed, if the true facts which it records had been to be kept a secret even unto the 19th century.

As for 'Koxkox and Kikequetzal,' if the translator had never learned German, and never seen the works of Wieland, we cannot think that our national literature would have suffered any loss or deprivation. It is one of those silly reveries, which an age just bursting the chains of popular prejudice and ignorance, honoured, by courtesy, with the appellation of philosophical; but which philosophy herself feels somewhat ashamed of acknowledging. Wieland is a lively, and sometimes a sensible, writer. As a poet he is deservedly eminent—as a philosopher, not contemptible, though often superficial and puerile. But we have no idea that all his works deserve translation. Whether 'Koxkox and Kikequetzal' has appeared in English before or not, we are ignorant.

We are also unable positively to affirm, that the tales of 'Gleomades' and 'Bliomberis' are or are not new to the English reader. If they are, they confer (in our opinion) some degree of value on the present publication, which it would want without them. The tale of 'Bliomberis,' particularly, is one of the most interesting, and most epic of those which Tresean

has modernised, and, as such, has become the subject of a German poem, perhaps no less deserving of celebrity than Wieland's Oberon.

The remaining tales are too inconsiderable to deserve an inquiry, whether, as translations, they are or are not endowed with the grace of novelty. If such stories as that of *Baldwin*, in the second volume (the only one to which we are unable to assign the author), be in fact original, we can only say that we rather hope the editor of the present volumes may continue to translate.

To speak a good word at parting. After earnestly exhorting our readers to mind their Bibles, and to reflect on the reflection of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun," we see no harm in recommending 'Tales of Yore,' to any purchaser who is willing to accept the title.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*Not at Home: a dramatic Entertainment, as performed with general Approbation, by the Drury-lane Company, at the Lyceum Theatre. Written by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Author of Elements of Self-knowledge, Percival, Aubrey, &c. London, Crosby, 1809.*

IN this piece, the jealousy of Lovel, a married rake, is very naturally depicted,—but there is perhaps rather too much broad farce in the character of Spectre.

ART. 21.—*A new and improved Grammar of the English Tongue; for the Use of Schools; in which the Genius of our Speech is especially attended to, and the Discoveries of Mr. Horne Tooke, and other modern Writers on the Formation of Language, are, for the first Time, incorporated. By William Haslitt, Author of an Essay on the Principles of human Action, &c. &c. &c. To which is added, a new Guide to the English Tongue, in a Letter to Mr. W. F. Mylius, Author of the School Dictionary. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1810. 12mo.*

WE entirely agree with the author of this useful work, that there is something radically wrong in the common method of teaching English grammar, by transferring the artificial rules of other languages to our own. We also coincide in another opinion of the writer, that 'the grammatical distinctions of words do not relate to the nature of thing or ideas spoken of, but to our manner of speaking of them.' This appears to us, on the whole, a more rational, simple, and intelligible English grammar, than most of those in common use; and we think that it may, with great benefit to the scholar, be introduced into our elementary schools.

ART. 22.—*A German and English Spelling-book, for the Use of Children, to assist them in the true Pronunciation of the German; designed chiefly for the Use of the German School in the Savoy. By G. F. Schilling, Master of the said School, and private Teacher of the German Language, London, 1809. Escher, Piccadilly, 2s. bound.*

IT is hardly possible to teach the correct pronunciation of any language by written rules; for there are many niceties of arti-

culatation and varieties of sound, which can be taught only by oral exemplification. This spelling book may have its use as an assistant in the art of German pronunciation; and this is all at which it seems to aim.

ART. 23.—*Justice and Generosity, against Malice, Ignorance, and Poverty, or an Attempt to shew the Equity of the new Prices at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.* By Attalus. London, Sherwood. 1809. 8vo. 1s.

ART. 24.—*Reason versus Passion; or an impartial Review of the Dispute between the Public and the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre; with Strictures on the Times and Morning Chronicle Newspapers; comprising a Defence of the Committee, and an Attempt to shew that, however laudable the Opposition may think it, the Ruin of Mr. Kemble and his Family would not enhance the national Character.* By one who dares to think for himself. London, Wilson, Royal Exchange. 2s.

ART. 25.—*Considerations on the past and present State of the Stage; with Reference to the late Contests at Covent Garden; to which is added, a Plan for a new Theatre, for the Purpose of HEARING Plays.* London, Chapple, Pall Mall, 1809. 8vo.

AS the violent contentions which were occasioned by the recent advance of prices at Covent Garden theatre have been happily terminated, we shall not say any thing on the subject which might tend to revive a disagreeable discussion, or to rekindle the animosity of either party. We shall only remark, that these dramatic broils seemed to operate, at the time, as a very seasonable diversion in favour of ministers. While the O. P.'s and the N. P.'s were fighting in the arena of the pit, the novel spectacle seemed to act like a conductor on the public attention, and draw it off from the contemplation of several thousands of British subjects, whom the putrefactive miasmata of the Walcheren marshes were precipitating into an untimely grave. No expedition was ever more impolitic in the plan nor more disastrous in the execution,—and yet, as if a fatal paralysis had seized the popular mind, none ever seems to have excited a smaller share of the public indignation. The loss of two-thirds of a great army, owing to the folly of a despicable cabinet, seems to have been viewed as a trifle light as air compared with the advance of a few pence in the prices of admission to the theatre. The pamphlet, which is entitled 'Considerations on the past and present state of the Stage,' is the product of a very enlightened mind, and contains many observations which are well worthy of perusal, independent of any relation to the recent theatrical broils.

ART. 26.—*British Loyalty, or Long Live the King, a dramatic Effusion in two Acts. With Songs, Dances, &c. &c. &c. by Joseph Moser, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, Essex, Surry, Kent, &c. &c.* London. Asperne. 1809. 1s.

THIS is one of the well-intentioned tributes to our pious sovereign, which the jubilee produced.

ART. 27.—*An Abridgment of the History of Spain, from the earliest Accounts of that Country to the present Time. From the Spanish of Don Thomas d'Yriarte. Wilkie and Robinson, 1808. 12mo. 403 pp. pr. 5s. 6d.*

IT would have been more prudent in the English compiler or translator of this work, (for we know not whether this is the translation of an abridgment, or the abridged translation of an original work) to have omitted the general characters given of most of the Spanish monarchs at the close of their respective reigns, unless he had taken the trouble to draw original portraits, or at least compared his models with different likenesses by other hands. In adopting the courtly language of Don Thomas d'Yriarte, he has delineated as angels many of those whom the merest schoolboy in historical literature knows to have been gifted with at least a due mixture of the devil in their composition. For instance, what protestant or what Englishman will recognise what follows as the portrait of the tyrant Philip?

Within a few days after the proclamation of a peace with France, by which all places conquered on both sides were mutually restored, king Philip the Second died, in the royal monastery of St. Lawrence of the Escorial, with indications of the most devout christian piety and holy fervour. Although his austere and rigid genius had impressed his subjects rather with awe than love; and though the Spanish monarchy had, by such errors on his part as even the most skilful cannot always avoid, suffered losses in his reign, which deeply affected its general prosperity and strength; yet was his death much regretted: and it deserved to be so, on account of the truly royal virtues which eminently marked his character. Such were his zeal for the propagation of religion, his unwearied activity in the dispatch of affairs of state, the heroic firmness with which he gave aid to the unfortunate, his constancy in the support of the cause which he esteemed to be just, his liberality to men and artists, and the attention which he paid to the founding of useful establishments.

The superstitious and indolent grandson of Lewis XIV. is also bedecked with all the 'illustrious virtues' due from a courtly historiographer to the founder of the reigning dynasty of his native country. Not but what is said of both these princes may be true in the main, *as far as it goes*; but it is in the colouring given to expressions, in the suppression of much, in the magnifying of more, that the art of a panegyrist is exercised; and a regular historian, whatever else he may take for granted, never ought to receive implicitly from another source, however pure and unsuspected of partiality, either the motives of human conduct, or the principles of human character. In this point, therefore, the present abridgment is open to a very serious exception.

A short but useful 'Geographical Description of Spain and Portugal' is subjoined to the body of the work.

*Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in
December, 1809.*

- Appeal** to his Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, and the People of the united Kingdom, against a late Rejection of the Petition of the Captains of the Royal Navy for an Augmentation of Pay. 2s. 6d.
- Annual Register** (Rivington's), or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1803. 8vo. 16s.
- Alfieri**—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri, written by himself. Translated from the Italian. 2 vols. 8vo.
- Annual Register** (Otridge's), or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1807. 8vo. 15s.
- Adam**—The Religious World displayed; or, a View of the Four Grand Systems of Religion, Judaism, Paganism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism, and of the various existing Denominations in the Christian World. By the Rev. Robert Adam, A. B. 3 vols. 8vo. 4l. 11s. 6d.
- Baily**—An Account of the several Life Insurance Companies established in London; with a comparative View of their respective Merits and Advantages. By Francis Baily. 1s.
- Blair**—The School Dictionary; or, Entick's English Dictionary improved and abridged. By the Rev. David Blair. 2s. 6d.
- Boothby**—Fables and Satires; with a Preface on the Esopian Fable. 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.
- Bigland**—A Geographical and Historical View of the World; exhibiting a complete Delinication of the Natural and Artificial Features of each Country; the Political Revolutions, &c. &c. By John Bigland. 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d.
- Barton**—A Series of Original Precedents in Conveyancing, with Practical Notes. Vol. V. with a complete Index to the whole Work. Royal 8vo. 16s.
- Biographical Dictionary**, containing accurate Sketches of the Lives of the most eminent Persons of every Nation. 18mo. 7s. 6d.
- Bell**—A System of Operative Surgery, founded on the Basis of Anatomy. By Charles Bell. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 34s.
- Burns**—The Principles of Midwifery; including the Diseases of Women and Children. 8vo. 12s.
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THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Quelle Influence ont les diverses Espèces d'Impôts sur la Moralité, &c. &c.*

What is the Influence of the different Species of Taxation on the Morality, the Activity, and the Industry of Nations?
By M. de Monthion, formerly Counsellor of State. Paris, 1808. London, Dulau, 8vo. 9s.

AS this is one of the most important subjects which, in the present state of society, and particularly in this country, can occupy the minds of statesmen or philosophers, we shall make no apology for considering it at considerable length. The operations of finance may seem at first sight to be confined within a very narrow sphere;—for what is finance, in vulgar estimation, but the taking of so much money out of the pockets of the people, to put into a large receptacle called the treasury, whence it is distributed among the different members of the government, or issued for the different purposes of the state? But the influence of taxation does not terminate in the deductions which it makes from the fortunes of individuals; it exercises a power of no common extent, not only on the physical, but the moral interests of man.

The history of all ages, when it is viewed by a reflective mind, proves that the only glory as well as the only duty of a government consists in promoting the happiness of the people entrusted to its care. This happiness is intimately connected with its system of finance, or with the kind and the degree of the taxation which it imposes. The mass of people in any country are no farther interested in the administration of the government than as it secures their persons and their pro-

perty from foreign and from domestic violence and spoliation. But this security itself becomes a mockery, when the fiscal rapacity of the government extorts, by taxes, what the judicial and military force of the country protects.

The present advanced state of civilization, and the benign amelioration of manners, are a protection to the governed from the sanguinary atrocities, though not from the pecuniary avidity, of the government. It is money, and consequently taxation, which disposes of it, that is at present the highest object of political concern. It is money, or commerce, or something which ultimately resolves itself into pecuniary calculation, which is the common incitement to war. It is money which constitutes the sinews of war; and he is usually victorious who can support the expence of the contest for the greatest length of time.

Since religious dissensions have ceased to cause civil broils, and men can think differently from each other, without calling in the sword or the faggot to settle the dispute, the troubles which arise in the interior of states are principally relative to the nature or the extent of the sacrifices which the public weal requires. Even the French revolution, the greatest convulsion which Europe perhaps ever experienced, was immediately caused by the necessity of imposing new taxes. Had the court been sufficiently wise to keep its expenditure within the bounds of its income, and had it rather diminished than aggravated the public burthens, no pretext could have been furnished for those measures which ultimately led to the subversion of the government. The vicious prodigality of the court necessitated new and oppressive expedients of raising money; excited the attention of the people to the conduct of the government, and, consequently, caused a strong propensity to political discussion, which would not otherwise have been, at least so generally, excited. However numerous may be the members of which a government is composed, the great mass of the people can have no actual share in the administration; and they will pay little attention to its measures, except as far as those measures affect their private interests. A prodigal government, whose main object seems to be to devise new methods for extorting money from the pockets of the people, takes the surest step to convert the mass of the people, composed of peasants, farmers, traders, and artizans, into a nation of disputatious politicians.

Taxation affects every individual in his nearest and dearest interest, in his means of subsistence, and his quota of pleasurable existence. According to its nature and degree, it modifies his moral qualities, it electrifies or paralyzes his fa-

culties, and may either convert the lively, enterprizing, and industrious citizen into the sluggish, indolent, insensate drone, or the sluggish, indolent, insensate drone into the lively, enterprizing, and industrious citizen. Hence it becomes of particular importance to consider what are the characteristic marks of that taxation which is favourable to morals and to industry. We agree with the author in thinking taxation a wise and beneficent part of our present social institutions. It is, essentially considered, without adverting to its adventitious abuses, only a transfer of a certain portion of the property of individuals, to that aggregate of persons who are called the government, for the more secure enjoyment of the remainder. In this sense, he who pays a tax, is in fact repaid more than the amount in his quota of pleasurable security.

In the infancy of states, *personal services* constitute the species of tax which is imposed upon the citizens, and the conversion of these services into a pecuniary tribute is owing to the advance of civilization, and to an improved structure of the political machine. After the capture of the ancient town of Anxur, the Roman soldiers were ordered to be paid out of the public treasury. A tax must have been instituted for the purpose, and no measure appears ever to have been more popular at Rome. Livy says (lib. iv. § 60), "*Nihil acceptum unquam a plebe tanto gaudio traditur.*" The substitution of a pecuniary impost for the *corvée* and other personal services may be regarded as a blessing to society.

Many taxes are not less recommended by their justice than their humanity; among which we may reckon those contributions by which a provision is made for the indigent and unfortunate. Those taxes which are imposed for the erection of public works, which give employment to the poor, may be regarded as a national advantage.

Some of the pleasures of the rich are irrational and pernicious, offensive to morals and to humanity. For instance, is it not a sinful perverseness of art to reduce a quantity of provisions, which would feed several families, to a quintessence, which may ravish the taste, but which injures the health, of a few voluptuaries? Is it not an act of treason against the bounty of nature, to condemn a large space of fertile soil to perpetual sterility, in order to improve the view, or gratify the propensity to some barbarous sport? Ought we to abandon to foxes or to wolves those fields which would furnish subsistence for rational man? Those taxes, therefore, which repress the criminal abuse of wealth, may be regarded as barriers which philanthropy erects against cruelty and injustice.

There are expences which are authorized by prejudice and by custom, but which cannot be justified before the tribunal of reason and of conscience. And ought not a wise system of finance to confirm the decisions of reason and of conscience?—When we have satisfied those desires of pleasurable existence, which are compatible with temperance and with innocence, the surplus must be regarded by the religionist as well as the philosopher, as the just boon of suffering man.—The civil law says to the proprietor—*thou mayest use or abuse thy possessions*; but the fiscal code, more just and more humane, exclaims, If thou dost not make a sensible and moral use of thy wealth, the national imposts shall provide for the duties of humanity, which thou deemest beneath thy notice or regard.

A wise system of finance will not only tend to restrain irregular gratifications, but it will punish the man who does not employ his faculties for the benefit of society. On this ground we think with the author, and in opposition to Mr. Malthus, that celibacy is a proper object of taxation. Are there not many domestic employs—many easy and delicate occupations which are at present filled by men, but which ought to be appropriated to the softer sex? Here may not taxation wisely interpose, and does not philanthropy indeed herself excite finance to assert the violated rights of the weaker sex. If of human nature, and to punish the merciless aggressions on a feminine imbecility?

A wise and beneficent system of finance will discourage the effeminacy of opulence, and those employments which are more or less frivolous or unwholesome.

The multiplication of the means of subsistence may be greatly encouraged by finance, when this empress of modern states establishes only those imposts which are sanctioned by justice and humanity.

What an august aspect does finance assume, when she becomes the associate of wisdom and philanthropy!—Hitherto finance has been, in a great measure, only the scourge and the curse of modern Europe. But it is pleasant to contemplate the benefits which she might confer, and the evils which she might prevent, when, instead of a rapacious extortioner, eager only to add to the stock of public wealth, she forms a close and a hallowed union with reason and with conscience, with morality and religion. Taxation, therefore, is not in itself opposite to the interests of humanity, except where it is perverted by the folly or the atrocity of governments.

A vicious and exorbitant taxation is the prolific source of misery and crimes. This taxation is principally occasioned

by ruinous wars, by the ignorant policy and the sordid views of short-sighted and selfish governments. If we take a survey of the present states of Europe, how few are there in which man enjoys that happy state of existence which ought to be the product of social institutions? What an afflicting spectacle do many of them present! Do we not see deserts frown, where abundant harvests ought to smile? Do we not behold the human species degraded, and exhibiting nothing but rags and wretchedness? If we ask, what has occasioned this wide-spread desolation, we find that the cause may be traced not to the ravage of a barbarous enemy, but to the oppressive and impolitic imposts of the government.

How much misery and suffering are the consequence of an oppressive, unjust, and capricious taxation! The lower orders, enfeebled by an insufficiency of nutritious food, are incapable of continued and vigorous industry: totally occupied with present wants, they have no means from which a providential parsimony can lay by any thing for future need. The hope of improving their condition, which animates while it sweetens toil, which banishes the sensation of fatigue by the prospect of enjoyment, cannot be theirs. When man is deprived of every thing which enters into the composition of pleasurable existence, he degenerates into a lumpish substance, which wants the distinguishing faculties of man. He becomes hardened against every tender sentiment; he sees in his children only so many aggravations of his own wretchedness; the charms of domestic life, which might gladden his dwelling, are destroyed by the rigours of indigence.

A vicious and exorbitant taxation is an outrage against the best and dearest interests of man, because it abridges his means of obtaining that intellectual improvement, which tends to animate his industry, and rectify his sentiments. Individuals in the more humble sphere of life are more exempt, by their obscurity, from the wholesome operations of that public opinion, which often forms a salutary check on those in the higher classes;—their necessities predispose them to the infraction of various moral duties; and hence it becomes even more requisite that their minds should be early impressed with right ideas of justice, and with an awful conviction of the all-seeing presence of God. And as such persons are, at the same time, subject to the experience of more numerous privations, they have more need of some internal source of solace in the miseries of life; and what can furnish this so well as the cheering perspective of a state of endless existence, as the recompence of temporary suffering? But how requi-

site is early culture to superinduce a moral and religious, over the natural, temperament of man!

Though the simple habits of rural life often operate as the safeguard of integrity, yet how often does the feeling of distress harden and vitiate the heart! Hunger is a passion which is not susceptible of controul, and which seems to legitimate the violation of all the social restraints which are so many obstacles to its alleviation. But is not the government whose fiscal exactions drive the multitude to these extremities, an accomplice in their crimes?

Where countries are desolated by the evil genius of taxation, how can we expect to find the vivid energy of patriotism?—Patriotism extends the parental tie, and gives the character of fraternity to all our fellow-countrymen; but how can those artizans love their country, who behold in it only a ravager of their goods? How can slaves, who groan under the weight of their bondage, cheerfully risk their lives against an invading enemy?

In considering the relative inconveniences of different modes of taxation, we find that a direct tax is attended with great advantages. It has a certain basis, a definite measure in the revenue of individuals, and the values, on which it is imposed, continually furnish new aliment to the wants of the state. A land-tax must be considered as the first and most efficient of direct taxes. A tax on capital, rather than on revenue, is vicious and unjust; as properties, whose capital value is equal, but whose products are unequal, pay an equal tax in this mode of contribution. A land-tax, which is levied in kind on the produce of the soil, ought not to take place except where the want of a circulating medium leaves the state no other mode of obtaining the contribution. Such a tax would be associated with numerous inconveniences. The raw produce in which it is paid, must be housed, guarded, resold, whence considerable loss would arise. This would necessitate an increased contribution, and all the miseries of popular oppression. Such a tax, though it may bear an exact relation to the value of the article on which it is raised, is essentially injurious, because it is levied on the total mass of the produce, without any deduction being made for the greater or less expence which the culture requires. A quarter of wheat, for instance, in some soils, may not be raised at three times the expence which it costs in others. But where the tax is paid in kind, this circumstance would not occasion any diminution in the amount. But would not this be highly capricious and unjust? And must not such a tax

operate in the strongest manner against the improvement of the soil? If such a tax has been for many ages adopted for the pay of the clergy, its antiquity, as the author says, does not prove its usefulness, nor justify its continuance. In the times in which tithes were first established, the people were entirely agricultural, and under the sway of superstition. The products of the soil were the only existing goods, and it was from these that the expences of religious worship were necessarily defrayed. As the fruits of the earth were considered as the immediate gift of the Divinity, it appeared expedient that his ministers should have their appropriate share of his gratuitous beneficence. Popular opinion confirmed the obligation, and it was thought that the breach of it would be punished by the sterility of the soil. Long usage and religious respect hallowed the impost which has subsisted, notwithstanding its opposition to wiser principles of taxation. But if tithes were paid to the state as well as to the church, what would be the consequence? Would there not be a general neglect of all agricultural improvement? and if tithes would be pernicious in one instance, why should they be thought salutary in another? If tithes be an equitable and politic mode of taxation, for the payment of the ministers of religion, why should they be thought an oppressive and injurious provision for the political necessities of the state?

Houses, which are designed merely as a shelter from the weather, without any sacrifice of expence to ornament or to taste, are not proper objects of taxation; but in proportion as the limits of necessity are exceeded, we are furnished with a criterion of opulence which comes within the contributions of finance. Indirect taxes, which some writers think ought not to be admitted in any wise system of finance, and which some extol as preferable to other modes of taxation, are more or less adapted to different states, according as they are more or less devoted to agriculture or manufactures, as they are more or less commercial, as they are rich or poor.

Indirect taxes are censured as expensive in the collection, as opening a door to fraud, and operating as a restraint on industry. But, on the other hand, this mode of contribution is more agreeable, because it is voluntary; it is less susceptible of excess, because it is regulated by the expence and proportioned to the means of individuals. This species of impost is often imperceptible, because it is confounded with the commercial value of the article; and it is often necessary to rectify the unavoidable inequalities even of a direct tax. A direct tax, which is regulated by the quota of revenue, may

be just in an arithmetical, and unjust in a moral and political, proportion; for the possessors of equal incomes may be unequally taxed, according to the extent or the limitation of their wants, which prescribe the sacrifices which the state ought to demand.

We are, at the same time, to consider, that, more especially in indirect taxes, the contributor is not always the person who is aggrieved; that there are taxes which cause a pernicious reaction, but which it is difficult to estimate, because it results from the combination of numerous facts. In the conflict of individual interests which agitates the whole mass of a society, each person is anxious to throw on his neighbour the weight of the tax which is levelled against himself. The trader lays the amount of the tax on the price of his article, and he not only reimburses himself the amount, but the interest of the money which he has advanced. But there are contributors who cannot indemnify themselves for the taxes which they pay, nor transfer the pressure to their neighbour. Such are the landlord of a farm which is let on lease, the professional man who enjoys a fixed salary, and, in short, the whole class of consumers, considered only as consumers. In commercial transactions, the tax at times falls on the buyer, at others on the seller, and sometimes on one of those two parties, who, according to an equitable rule of contribution, ought not to pay the tax. The value of a commercial article is, in general, in a ratio compounded of the utility of the thing, and the difficulty of procuring it. We here include in the idea of utility, that utility which opinion creates through the medium of desire. Besides this mode of appretiation, there is a perpetual struggle between the buyer and the seller, in which, as in all other struggles, the strong get the better of the weak; the greater want prevails over the less, and determines whether the buyer or the seller shall pay the tax. The labourer cannot force his master to raise his wages, when the latter has less need for his labour, than the labourer himself for subsistence; and as the want of subsistence is the least subject to control, the wages of labour are in general less than they ought to be, if the rules of humanity were more connected than the relative situation of the parties. A tax on manufacturers or artizans, or on the provisions or merchandize which they more particularly use, by deteriorating the situation of these persons, would place them in a state of greater dependance on their employers, and thus would tend to reduce the price of their labour below even what it was before the creation of the tax.

The author says, that a tax is essentially vicious, when it

falls on a class of contributors who derive no advantage from it. But how little advantage do the majority derive from the taxes of modern times! And if all the taxes which are, in the sense of M. de Monthion, essentially vicious, were abolished, how few would be left for the support of existing governments! It cannot, however, but excite our regret, to see so many instances in which those who are taxed contribute to expences which are injurious to their interests, and particularly where the scale of taxation is so unequally graduated, that the poor are made to pay for the pleasures of the rich.

The existence of taxes is hardly anterior to complaints of their excess. But it is, nevertheless, not very easy previously to define in what the excess consists. The excess of a tax is always better determined by its effects than by the principles of any theoretical system. We see at once that a tax is excessive when it absorbs so large a part of the value of the article on which it is imposed, that the product ceases to be profitable. A tax is evidently excessive, when it multiplies the temptations to fraud, and facilitates the commission; when it impedes the progress or annihilates the power of industry; when it excites a preference to illicit and contraband pleasures, and tends to subvert the foundations of patriotism.

Personal taxes ought to be so graduated, as very slightly to touch those whose narrow means extend but a few lines beyond the bare necessities of life; while larger revenues, which admit of more multiplied enjoyments, may afford larger deductions to the wants of the state. There are species of trade which are almost profitless to the individual, but are very beneficial to the state: here the smallest tax would be destructive. And there are other species of trade which are highly lucrative to individuals, but less advantageous to the state: these will admit of heavier contributions. The scale of taxation on amusements should be regulated by the same principles as that on revenue, and the same respect should be shewn to poverty and misfortune.

Where taxation is accumulated and excessive, it should not be simultaneously reduced, but successively and by degrees. Where the expences of a state are determinate and necessary, such a reduction, by rendering new impositions requisite, would produce a sudden change in the situation, and a commotion in the interests of individuals, which would have very pernicious consequences. A division in the burthens of the state, which is inconsistent with equity, but which has been sanctioned by time, ought never to be rashly and precipitately abolished. The re-establishment of equity would in these

cases be sometimes even more injurious than the permanence of the injustice. Commercial and other arrangements, which were formed on the supposition of the pre-existing state of things, must be forcibly altered or new-modelled; and the utmost confusion and disorder must ensue. Great temper and moderation are requisite even in financial reforms.

When we open the great book of experience, which is the safest guide in human affairs, we see in what manner taxation operates on the morals and the industry of man. How numerous and diversified are the modes of taxation which have been invented by the fertile genius of finance! What article is there which has not been made an object of taxation? Have we not taxes on land and taxes on water?—taxes on the natural products of the soil, and the artificial products of culture;—taxes on the solid contents of the earth beneath, and which are not extracted from its bowels without much labour and expence;—taxes on those dwellings which are intended to shield us from the inclemency of the weather;—taxes on windows which are designed only to admit the light or the air;—taxes on every construction which adds to the natural value of the soil;—taxes on the rent of land, and the interest of money;—taxes on the pensions and salaries which the state allows to its servants;—taxes on all lucrative professions;—taxes, in short, on existence, which we cannot escape, but by ceasing to exist? Do we wish to make use of any of the articles which are subject to these various contributions, we must still pay other imposts for the use. If we wish to drink a more agreeable or more invigorating liquor than water, we must pay a duty on the drink. Those provisions which are most necessary to life, or most essential to the preservation of health, are loaded with duties which diminish the consumption, and debar the poor from the enjoyment. If age, infirmities, or fatigue oblige us to get into a carriage, or on a horse, we must pay a tax for not making use of our limbs. Where the merchant augments the stock of national wealth by advantageous exchanges, the government makes no small deduction from his gains. He who inherits a property from his relations, or receives a legacy from his friends, must pay a tax to the state for the benevolence of the defunct. When property is transferred from one to another, or sold to a new owner, the state interposes to profit by the arrangement, and to make each of the parties pay for the legality of the bargain. When a man pays his debts, the state imposes a duty upon his honesty in the form of a stamp. He cannot defend himself against calumny, violence, and injustice, without paying a considerable impost to the state. He cannot even prosecute

a thief without first adding something to the stock of wealth in the treasury. But what seems in no small degree absurd is, that those flagitious and disadvantageous games of chance which are interdicted among individuals, are practised by the government in the form of lotteries, than which there cannot be a more delusive nor more pernicious species of play. But financial considerations seem to absorb all moral and politic regards.

In almost all the European states man seems besieged by a host of taxes, which assail him in all the pleasures and comforts of his existence. Hence irritated fanatics have been led to consider political institutions as a conspiracy against his happiness, and the advantages of a state of nature have been embellished with every flower of eloquence. But eloquence is not always truth; and truth, though it may censure the injustice and the folly of some taxes, will not condemn the principle of taxation.

The author takes his examples of the nature and effect of different taxes from the financial scheme which existed in France under the old *regime*; but most of his remarks are applicable to the financial arrangements of other states. In the system of finance which prevailed in France before the revolution, the direct taxes constituted only half the amount of the contributions. In the eighteenth century, the project of a tax in kind, proportioned to the annual produce, was thrice conceived and once attempted in France. In the beginning of that century Marshal Vauban proposed a royal tithe, which was announced as about to be highly productive, without being onerous to the people; but the delusion was dissipated by an enlightened minister. In 1725, the government levied a fiftieth of the produce of the soil; but this tax, though the scale occasioned great complaints, produced less than was expected, and was abandoned. In 1787 this species of impost more dexterously organized, was proposed as an expedient for extricating the national finance from the abyss in which it was ready to be plunged. But it was asserted that a tax in kind, which is variable and uncertain, though it might be suited to a small state, was not adapted to constitute the principal resource of a great empire, where the expenses are vast, fixed, and indispensable. In an extensive territory there is a great diversity of soil, and consequently of produce; and it must be very difficult to fix the proportion of the tax which should be allotted to each. If this proportion should be unequally assessed, the excess of the impost must in some places be injurious to cultivation. The sentiment of injustice in some provinces would produce the most angry remonstrances, and the most vigorous resistance.

The author remarks, and we think with reason, that the land-tax, which is the most important of all the various imposts, is not wisely organized nor established on equitable principles in any country in Europe. In some countries the rate of the tax is regulated by an old valuation, which was perhaps originally fixed by the friendship or the animosity of a party, and of which the defects have been multiplied by length of continuance. There are no assessments which have been sufficiently proportioned to the more or less productive qualities of the soil.

M. de Monthion thinks that the mode of taxing houses by the number of their windows or their chimneys is erroneous and unequal, for that number has no fixed nor determined proportion to the value of the building. Hence, some houses are charged more than they ought, and some species of industry are restrained; thus the arts which require more light are subject to a higher tax than other arts. In dwelling-houses it is rather the situation than the number of windows which magnifies the value. As houses are situated in villages or in towns, or in commercial towns, which are more or less rich, or in parts of a town which are more or less agreeable, which are more or less frequented, as they enjoy a finer prospect, or have other conveniences and benefits, the rent is greater or less.

A free circulation of air is always one of the requisites of health, and a tax on windows is an obstacle to the ventilation of rooms. It must, therefore, for these and other reasons which might be assigned, be deemed a vicious and improper tax.

Some taxes have been devised to reduce the interest of money employed in commerce, and thus to facilitate the completion of national loans. This was the miserable shift of a narrow-minded policy; for the interest of money employed in commerce cannot be regulated by laws, but by the abundance or the scarcity of the precious metals, and the means of employing them to advantage. By fixing an arbitrary maximum on the interest of money, we in some measure diminish the resources of agriculture, of commerce and the arts; and thus we do the state a great and general injury, which is but ill compensated by some little increase of facility to the conclusion of national loans. In this part of his work the author makes some very just remarks on the French system of finance under the old *régime*.

In those provinces in France, before the revolution, where the personal tax was best understood and most humanely exacted, the man who, without property or trade, had no other means of obtaining subsistence than by the sweat of his brow,

was computed to receive the amount of two hundred days' work in the course of the year; and the pay of two of these days' work constituted the quota of his tax. But however moderate this computation may seem, it was very high, if we consider the number of holidays in the Roman Catholic calendar, together with the numerous days in which the labourer is kept idle by the state of the atmosphere, or the rigours of the season, by the want of work, or by sickness and infirmities. In most of the provinces in France, it was demonstrated that, according to the wages of labour, the most hale and hard-working individual, with a wife and four small children, could not provide the most common necessities for his family. Hence, the pressure of want, aggravated by taxation, excited a propensity to crimes, and extinguished the spirit of industry which a certain degree of comfort is necessary to support.

The capitation tax was fixed at a fortieth of the income, from whatever source it might arise, whether from lands, houses, rent, or wages of labour. No one was exempt from the tax except the ecclesiastics, by whom it had been redeemed on terms very advantageous to the state, and the inhabitants of some provinces in which it had been compounded or perverted. The rate of the capitation, at a fortieth of the income, was not vigorously enforced; there was often an indulgence in favour of the contributor, but it would have been more equitable if it had been graduated according to a scale more favourable to industry.

Indirect taxes, as they are proportioned to the fortune of the contributors, as they are laid on articles of voluntary expense, and as their pressure is often almost imperceptible from being so intimately blended with the original price of the article, constitute an excellent mean for promoting the national interest, and for punishing the irregularities of wealth. But at the same time these taxes are often very expensive in the collection, and gave rise to a multiplicity of frauds; and, when they are levied on essential wants, they aggravate the poverty of the poor, and deteriorate the condition of man.

In France, previous to the revolution, the indirect taxes constituted more than half the revenue of the state, and could not be replaced by an increase of the land-tax. The French territory contained about a hundred and twenty-five millions of acres, which, after making an allowance for the barren, and waste, for those which were not cultivated, or were not susceptible of culture, could not be valued at a rental of more than eight hundred and seventy-five millions of livres. Now, as the taxes amounted to five hundred and eighty-five millions, without including the tithes; if this sum had been laid on

the revenue of the landed proprietors, it would have absorbed almost the whole, particularly when we consider that, from this amount of rental, we are to deduct the expences of buildings and repairs.

In most states, the taxes which do not immediately fall on the products of land and labour, have been laid on consumption; because this has been considered as the most just measure of the capability to contribute. But, according to this principle, these taxes should be levied only on those species of consumption which indicate vice or opulence. The scruples of financial morality have, however, been but little regarded, since the expences and the debts of nations have been accumulated to an enormous amount. As the consumptions which are exacted by the wants of life constitute a total of value so greatly superior to that which is devoted to the pleasures of wealth, taxes have been principally imposed on objects of primary necessity. A most oppressive scale of augmentation has been adopted, and the necessities of life have been taxed in a higher ratio than the objects of luxury.

Bread, or grain from which it is made, being the most essential part of human subsistence, must be placed in the first line of objects of primary necessity. But nevertheless it has not been always exempted from taxation; though most of the nations by which this tax has been permitted, have had reason to repent of their folly. A tax on butcher's meat has been admitted in many states; but meat is not an object of such general use, nor so necessary as grain and pulse. In France, half the nation either ate no meat, or ate it very seldom, without suffering any inconvenience, when other articles of subsistence were in sufficient abundance. A vegetable diet is favourable to health, and perhaps might be rendered by habit not less invigorating than that of animal food.

The author very vehemently, and we think very justly, condemns a tax on salt. He calls it one of those contributions which are most harsh, pernicious, and unjust.

'Salt,' says the author, 'is one of the great blessings which we derive from the beneficence of nature; to deprive us of it by imposts, or at least, to restrain the munificence of Providence, is an act of outrage towards God, and of inhumanity towards man. Salt is designed to give a wholesome flavour to our food, and to preserve it from putrefaction; but the enormous duties with which it is burthened, force the poor to a parsimonious use of it, which is dangerous to health. Salt is not less salubrious for brutes than for men, particularly for that class of animals which serve for the food of man. But the impossibility in some provinces, and the difficulty in others, of giving it them in sufficient quantity, has caused a great number of them to perish by ma-

ladies, from which they might have been preserved, and has thus proved very injurious to the interests of agriculture. The poor are more-oppressed by this tax than the rich; for the father of a family having to provide for the subsistence of many persons, pays much more than the bachelor, when he ought to pay less.'

The collection of this tax has often given rise to the most rigorous and tyrannical measures. The inhabitant of the sea-shore has been interdicted the use of its waters. Might not the state, with almost as much justice, have prohibited the use of the air, for the purposes of respiration?

It is with much more justice and with much less public detriment, that fermented liquors have been subjected to heavy impositions. Those liquors which are the objects of taxation are seldom necessary to man; some of them are injurious to his health; and even most of those, which are salubrious, belong to the class of cordials, which we ought only occasionally to use.

Physical, dietetic, moral and national consideration have seldom been consulted in the imposition and graduation of the duties on fermented liquors. The interests of the treasury are more regarded than every other interest; questions of morality have always been postponed to questions of revenue; the most noxious liquors have often been charged with only slight duties, while those which are more harmless, or salutary, have been loaded with grievous imposts.

It must excite our indignation and our regret to observe the moral unfitness which prevails in the financial regulations of states; to see salt taxed with as much rigour as tobacco, and soap and candles loaded with as heavy a duty as hair-powder! We behold the manufactures of iron, of gold and silver, of wool and silk, of leather for shoes, and of cards for gambling, necessities, conveniences, and superfluities, promiscuously taxed. Some governments have, indeed, attempted to graduate their taxes according to the utility of the objects; but, even in this respect, the consistency of any wise plan has been defeated by the calculations of financial rapacity, or by an imbecile pliancy of the government to the capricious humours or vicious inclinations of the people.

The author seems favourable to a tax on dress, when, exceeding the limits of necessity and decency, it luxuriates in finery and ornament. A tax which should fall only on the superfluous embellishments, and costliness, of apparel would be a sumptuary tax, and might form a new source of supply to the necessities of the state, if an easy, simple, and economical mode of raising it could be devised. We have taxes on hats, and on hair-powder; and might not a salutary tax

be levied on jewels and lace, and various other exterior decorations ?

It is dress which marks the exterior difference among men ; and governments have made use of this means to mark the distinction of ranks. Hence we have blue and red ribands, and stars, and garters, and the varied livery of office, and of state. Different kinds of cloth, &c. seem appropriate to different modes of life ; coarse wollen cloths are best adapted to rough and laborious occupations ; cotton suits a sedentary life, and feminine functions ; silk and muslin seem the drapery of delicacy and elegance. A tax laid on species of apparel, which are more particularly worn by those who are raised above the exigencies of want, would add largely to the revenue of the state, without increasing the oppression of the people. Among the different species of imposts, we cannot but feel a strong predilection in favour of those, of which the payment is in some degree optional, or a matter of choice rather than necessity. Various species of furniture would constitute a proper object of taxation, as they are indications of luxury and wealth. If it be equitable to make a man pay a tax for wearing powder on his head, why should he not pay one for having a carpet under his feet ? Why should he not contribute something for the luxury or the elegance of having his table and his side-board furnished with vessels of silver and of gold ? With respect to objects of indirect impost, taxation is far from having reached its *maximum* of increase or utility.

Among the various infractions of a wise policy which were committed by the old government of France, we may reckon the sale of titles of nobility. Thus the marks of patriotic distinction were made the badge of gold. This was to dishonour honour. But in other governments, which we could name, though the higher species of title are not publicly sold, yet there are species which may always be had for money, and how few are there which may not be procured by great wealth, assisted by political intrigue ? At a time when, owing principally to the operations of the press, a new order of aristocracy which may be called, *INTELLECTUAL NOBILITY*, is gradually arising in every state ; it behoves governments not to suffer the old privileged orders to be precipitated into an abyss of contumely and contempt, by lavishing titles on the ignorant, and the worthless, merely because they happen to be raised above their peers in the scale of opulence. The author remarks, that to raise such men to the superior orders, who have been enriched in the inferior, is often only to deprive trade and commerce of a portion of its salutary resources.

One of the most noble functions of finance is to favour the general diffusion of real, and rational, and wholesome pleasures, and to discourage those which are pernicious, illusory, or criminal. Taxation itself becomes a moral instructor, when it operates as a restraint on noxious gratifications. Pleasure, considered in its essence, and in the whole extent of its effects, may be reckoned among the absolute wants of man; and it is one of those wants, the sentiment of which constitutes the most intolerable suffering, and often leads to suicide. Happiness itself, is pleasure prolonged. This innate desire of pleasure often leads to the most opposite determinations, and influences even the moral character of man. But though the wisdom of finance may not be able to exercise any absolute controul over the choice of particular pleasures, yet it may operate by an indirect and hardly less efficacious influence. Taxation, by favouring some tastes, and contravening others, may incline to the acquisition of habits, which are powerfully operative in the conduct. Is there not a very sensible and important difference between the character of a nation which is addicted to drunkenness, and that of a nation which is devoted to sobriety? But is not the power of influencing the ebriety or sobriety of nations within the province of finance? May we not discern a sensible characteristic difference between those nations, and those classes of the same nation which are habituated to the use of coffee or of wine, of brandy or of beer?

The author well remarks that

‘ the influence of finance does not extend to those natural and primitive pleasures which belong to the physical constitution; the delicately organized structure of man. The most delicious sensations which interest both the mind and heart—the happiness of loving, and the happiness of being loved, which is perhaps greater still; these real blessings are beyond the reach of finance, which comprehends only those factitious pleasures by which labour is refreshed, or idleness gratified; but which, notwithstanding their transient appearance, scatter the seeds of virtue or of vice, and indicate, by their character and effects, the pleasures which taxation ought rigorously to repress, slightly to touch, or totally to neglect.’

A most noxious and delusive paradox seems often to have occupied the minds of the rulers of states, that enormous taxation is a salutary expedient for enforcing political submission. It is supposed that, when the utmost exertions of individuals are not more than sufficient to enable them to discharge the requisitions of the state, and to procure subsistence for themselves, they will be diverted from any insurrectionary efforts,

and will not have leisure to calculate the degree of their political oppression. But this is so far from being true, that it has been invariably found that excess of taxation, which is only another word for excess of suffering, always generates the spirit of discontent, and tends to produce revolutionary movements. The persons who are always most unwilling to engage in the subversion of the existing order of things, are those who are at ease in their circumstances. Those have most to gain in civil commotions, whom the oppressive folly of the government has left nothing to lose. Taxation is good within certain limits; but when it passes those limits, it becomes a grievance, which must sooner or later lead to the destruction of the government, to whose prodigal rapacity it ought to be ascribed.

There is another opinion which is not more true, and hardly less pernicious, that taxation may be carried to its highest pitch in any state, provided the sums, which are levied by the different imposts, are all expended in the state in which they are raised. According to this hypothesis, the imposts, which are thus expended, are regarded only as a transfer of property, which is interesting to individuals, but indifferent to the state. But is it a matter of little moment, to convert the gains of industry into the expenditure of idleness? Are the modes, in which a government expends the mass of its imposts, any adequate indemnity for the mischief which is caused by the levying of the tax?

Most of the various modes of public expenditure are generally sterile, and often pernicious. How large a portion of the taxation of states is employed in the 'pompe and circumstance' of war, in the pay of soldiers, and other agents, who are taken from agriculture and the arts, and who would have been productive labourers if they had been left to their original destination?

While the revenue of government is collected in detail, and by minute portions, it is expended in a mass, or in large sums, particularly that portion of it which is allotted to the principal agents of the government. Thus the money does not return to the same source from which it came. For the tendency of taxation is to add to the wealth of the rich and to the poverty of the poor. Hence a double principle of corruption is at once operative in the state. The higher classes are corrupted by the excess of opulence, and the consequent bane of luxury; and the lower classes by the misery of want, and the vices to which it is allied. Even where taxes are employed in the wages of labour, the money is very imperfectly returned to those from whom it was extorted by imposts. For taxes are laid on the whole of a territory, but they are expended

only in one place, or in a small number of places. Taxes are levied on all classes of citizens, but the classes whose labours are suited to the works undertaken by the government are alone benefited by the expenditure.

Notwithstanding the pressure of taxation, we must confess that, if we compare the present with a remoter period, a considerable amelioration has taken place in the condition of man. The bread which is eaten by the poor is made of a better quality; wheat is substituted for barley, or barley supplies the place of inferior grain. The cottages of the poor are better built, and furnished with a greater number of conveniences. Literature is much more generally diffused. Formerly there were few who could read, and fewer still who could write; but by the present improved mode of education, it will soon become a much greater prodigy to find an individual who cannot read or write, than it was, three or four centuries ago, to find one who could. But knowledge is a real good, and the general increase of it proves a most important amelioration in the social and physical state of man. It is pleasant to contemplate this actual improvement in the condition of civilized humanity, notwithstanding the numerous wasteful and bloody wars, by which the resources of ages have been destroyed, and accumulated myriads swept off the earth into an untimely grave.

The great object of the present work, which is evidently the production of an enlightened mind, is to establish a system of finance on a more rational basis than has hitherto been adopted, to render it subservient to moral ends and to the promotion of the best interests of mankind.

ART. II. *Notice sur la Cour du Grand Seigneur, &c.*

Account of the Court of the Grand Seignior, his Seraglio, Harem, Family, Military Officers, &c. To which is subjoined, an historical Essay on the Mahometan Religion. By Joseph Eugene Beauvoisin, Chef d'Escadron, Judge of the Military Tribunal at Naples, &c. &c. Paris, 1809. 1 vol. 8vo.

THIS is one of the numerous productions of the press on the subject of Turkey which has recently made its appearance in the literary world. It has the peculiar merit, however, of communicating some facts, which seem to have escaped the observation of others; and in some instances a few vulgar errors entertained throughout Europe on the subject of the manners and policy of the Turks are satisfactorily corrected.

'Little is known in France,' the author informs us, 'of the court of the grand seignior.' The accounts we at present possess are almost all inaccurate, false, or antiquated. Of the latter description is the work of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, which has hitherto been regarded as the most faithful.'

After this indiscriminate abuse of his predecessors and contemporaries, it is but fair that M. Beauvoisins should be called upon to state his own pretensions to authenticity; and it is equally fair to say that his sources of information seem to have been genuine.

'Most European travellers,' says our author, 'have penetrated no farther than the first or outer court of the interior of the seraglio, and have contented themselves with the accounts they had read, when describing what they had never seen with their own eyes. I should have been equally ignorant myself, even after a residence of two years and a half in the capital, if I had not been fortunate enough to obtain admission into the interior of the gardens, and even into the apartments of the women. In this enterprize I was favoured by a German, who was chief gardener in the seraglio, and who introduced us through one of the gates of the Sultana Valide's apartments, at a time when the court was at Bechick-Tasch, a country-seat on the shores of the Bosphorus. M. Jean Bon Saint André, now prefect of Mentz, was of the party; and we visited together places which had not often been trod by the feet of Europeans.'

'I vouch for the truth of all the details which I procured, and which I have communicated to my readers: my difficulty in procuring them was extreme; the Turks having little curiosity themselves, cannot conceive why questions are put to them on subjects, of which they cannot see the importance, and on which their religion frequently enjoins their silence.'

One of the vulgar errors in modern geography makes the walls of the seraglio to be seven leagues in circumference. It is scarcely two, and within this enclosure, besides numerous mosques and gardens, it contains buildings capable of accommodating 20,000 souls. From the middle of the channel this palace presents a most enchanting scene; but the view is not equally fine on the land side: the domes, cupolas, and minarets disappear; a thick and high wall checks the view of the spectator, and inspires him with gloomy reflections, particularly when at the principal entrance he perceives human heads lying scattered upon heaps of dung, while the path he treads is moistened by human blood!

The harem, or the women's palace, is the most considerable building of the seraglio. Here the author takes occasion to shew the distinction between the wives' *harem* and *seraglio*, which in common language are generally confounded. The

former appellation is entirely confined to the residence allotted for the wives or concubines of a mahometan of rank. Every opulent individual has his harem, but no one except the grand seignior can have a seraglio, which is merely the Persian word for palace or royal residence: no person is excluded from a seraglio, whereas no male is allowed to enter the harem except the master of the house.

The harem of the seraglio at Constantinople contains suites of apartments, or rather separate houses, for each of the grand seignior's lawful wives: two hundred girls at least are allotted as servants (*odalisques*) to every sultana, and all of them may in their turns be admitted to the bed of their royal master, if they happen to attract his regard in his visits to his wives.

The latter live secluded from each other, and are scarcely acquainted. Each has her separate garden, kiosk, baths, and amusements, and they are seldom, if ever, assembled together in one apartment. The harem is under the immediate superintendence of the *kehaya khadusia*, or chief duenna, who is always an old favourite, who has been rewarded by this office for long and faithful services. She is the sovereign of this immense establishment, and receives her instructions directly from the emperor's own lips.

M. Beauvoisins here refutes another vulgar error respecting the throwing of the handkerchief in the Turkish harem. This ceremony merely consists in the emperor's sending through the medium of his chief bawd, a magnificent dress for the object of his choice, who considers this as an unequivocal invitation to pass the night in the royal bed.

The female tenants of the harem see no male whatever, and are prohibited, under pain of death, from holding any correspondence with those without the walls of the seraglio. To form an idea of the extreme rigour with which they are guarded from the sight of mankind, it is sufficient to be acquainted with the precautions employed when they pass on foot between the harem and the sea-gate of the seraglio, previous to embarking for the emperor's country seat.

'A living pallisado of black eunuchs is formed on the right and left, between the door of the harem and the steps which communicate with the vessel. These eunuchs face outwards, and each carries a long staff, to which is attached a piece of cloth, ten feet broad, and reaching to the eunuch on his right and left. The women pass between these walls of cloth to the barge, which is also fitted up with *jalousies* and awnings.'

The outer gates of the harem are guarded by 300 black

eunuchs, who form the first line without the walls, and are commanded by an officer called the *kislar-agma*.

'These black rascals,' says M. Beauvoisin, 'are mere brutes, without the least education, and not even the smallest degree of civilization: they live together like pigs in a sty, and are so completely in a savage state, that they are equally strangers to the manners and customs of Constantinople, with a Tartar, or a Laplander.'

'The black eunuchs alone have a right to enter into the gardens of the harem. When the grand seignior walks in them, he leaves his pages and his white eunuchs without the walls, and is accompanied by the *kislar-agma* and his myrmidons only. If there are any gardeners or labourers at work, the eunuchs call out *helvet!* and at this awful word every one quits his work and runs towards the gates: unfortunate is that man who remains while the females are strolling through the walks! certain death is the price of his temerity or negligence; no one dare save him, and he is immediately massacred by those ferocious animals, who are always ready, even when without the walls of the seraglio, to cut a passage for their master with their sabres, through the bodies of his loyal subjects!'

Next in rank to the black are the white eunuchs, who are equally numerous. They form the second line of the exterior guards of the harem. They are a little more civilized than the former. Their chief is called the *capou-aghassy* (head porter) and is a person of great consideration. He is inferior in rank, however, to the chief of the black eunuchs, the latter being a grand officer of the empire, while the former is only an upper officer of the household.

The menial offices of attending the person and apartments of the emperor are exclusively confided to his pages (*itsch-aghassy*), almost all of whom are young men of low extraction, from all parts of the Turkish empire, and particularly Asia, placed at court by *grandees*, who speculate on the advantages to be derived on future occasions from their creatures when they have attained the highest dignities of the seraglio. It is a curious but well authenticated fact, that these young persons, although they have generally left their first masters when in a state of infancy, scrupulously cherish the recollection of those who have been the means of placing them at the fountain-head of honours and preferment.

The pages are divided into four chambers. Those belonging to the first attend the person of the grand seignior on all occasions, except when he enters the harem. The second, which is the most numerous, contains those who are *yeomen of the mouth* to the emperor or his wives. Those intended for a military life compose the third chamber; and the fourth

consists of those who are entrusted with the care of the treasures locked up in the seraglio, as well as the jewels, diamonds, and the casket belonging to the emperor himself. These last have also the handling of all the taxes or contributions which come into the imperial treasury.

Custom requires that every grand seignior, during his reign, should form a particular treasury chamber (*ohasne*) in which he amasses all the savings of his revenue. At the end of every year, the chief of the black eunuchs draws up an inventory of all the purses which have been put into it in the course of the twelvemonths. A purse generally contains 500 piasters, or about 30 pounds sterling. These are thrown into a chest, and the grand seignior annually applies his seal to it with much pomp and ceremony. On the death of the sultan, the apartment containing his *khasnes* is shut, sealed by the grand vizir and other principal officers of the seraglio, and an inscription in letters of gold, bearing the name of the defunct monarch, is placed over the door.

The Turks are in the habit of regarding the treasures of the seraglio as sacred. To touch them is a national calamity. They are never to be used except in the last extremity, when the security of the empire is threatened, or on the greatest emergencies. The prejudices on this subject are so strong, that a sultan of Constantinople would rather procure money by the most atrocious exactions, than touch the *khasnes* of his ancestors. It is said that immense sums are thus locked up from public use. Reckoning 40 emperors since Mahomet the Second, the seraglio ought to contain as many *khasnes*, which, taken at an average of 12 millions of guineas, would give a total of 480 millions, without including the precious stones and other presents made to the grand seigniors, for these 350 years.

It is somewhat curious to find M. Beauvoisins so minute in his calculations of the treasures contained in the seraglio, and there is but too much reason to give him credit for the authenticity of his information. The plunder of the seraglio of Constantinople has, no doubt, long been a *projet* of the French ruler and his janizaries, and M. Beauvoisins has shewn himself well qualified to be chief of the *corps de guides*, in the execution of his master's rapacious designs. It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that for these two centuries past the French have been collecting materials for the subjugation of the world. In the port-folio of the celebrated Vauban were found accurate plans of the most vulnerable points in the event of an invasion of Great Britain and Ireland; and these are still preserved with religious care in the bureaux of the foreign department at Paris. At the

breaking up of the College of Jesuits, *projets* were found, for the dismemberment of Turkey, the partition of Poland, and the annihilation of every independent monarchy in Europe.

Besides the pages, there is another description of domestics in the courts of the Ottoman princes: these are the *mutes*; persons who have been born deaf and dumb. They are 40 in number; lodge during the night under the same roof with the pages, and in the day-time remain before the entrance into the mosque, where they are busied in acquiring the language of signs. Among these forty there are generally some who are greater favourites than the rest, and these serve to amuse the grand seignior by sham battles, or leaping into cisterns of water, to excite the laughter of the courtiers.

The mutes were formerly charged with the execution of the orders of death throughout the empire. They set out alone, and presented themselves unarmed before the person whose head was required by the grand seignior. The criminal kissed the fatal warrant with reverence, adjusted the bow-string round his neck with composure, and died in the firm conviction, that, to fall by the mandate of his sovereign, was to expiate all his offences in this world!

Examples of this blind submission, however, are no longer to be met with, and the bearers of these death-warrants have not unfrequently suffered the martyrdom they intended for others. It is a fact of recent occurrence, that Djezzar-Pacha, the last governor of St. Jean d'Acre, blew out the brains of the mute who was sent to seize him, and having cut off his head, sent it to Constantinople in a leathern sack. This spirited governor retained his place for thirty years, in a state of open rebellion, and successfully avoided every attempt made to assassinate him by the numerous emissaries of the Porte.

It requires little political foresight to prognosticate the consequences of this defection* in the modern Turks, from the religious prejudices of their ancestors; another year will not elapse, perhaps, ere the French eagles are displayed on the minarets of St. Sophia: and the religion and dynasty of the prophet, already fallen into contempt among their adherents, will be extinguished at a blow.

Of late the Turkish government has never employed mutes in getting rid of refractory subjects; the place and dignities of the rebel chief are promised to the fortunate assassin, who brings his head to the divan.

About a dozen of dwarfs also contribute to the amusements of the grand seignior. They accompany him when he rides out, and their hunches serve him for mounting his horse, to the great entertainment of the inhabitants of the seraglio.

The capidgys-bochy compose the sovereign's escort. They accompany him on horseback every Friday, to the mosque. One of them by turns sleeps, every night, at the second gate into the seraglio, and the keys are delivered to him before going to rest. The grandees of the empire court their favour, for the sake of the influence they enjoy with the grand seignior and his ministers.

In the Ottoman court there are two grand equerries, who have under their superintendence the grooms of the seraglio. The former preside at the festival, of putting out to grass all the emperor's horses. This ceremony is described by M. Beauvoisin in the following manner :

'This festival is celebrated with the greatest solemnity: the grandees of the Porte, the officers of the seraglio, and in short the whole court are present; the horses are led through the streets of Constantinople, to the meadows, where they are left to graze. These meadows are situated around the capital, and the horses are watched night and day by Bulgarian peasants, who come from Romelia for the purpose. Their villages are exempt from taxes, and they enjoy several other immunities which amply compensate their trouble.

'The grand seignior attends the ceremony in person, and when the horses are on their way out from the seraglio, he places himself behind the window-blinds of Alay-Kioschk, a pavillion attached to the great wall of the seraglio, adjoining the *Devlet-Humajoun*, or government-gate, which gives the name of *Sublime Porte* to the Turkish government.'

The above two grand equerries, with the chief of the black eunuchs, and the grand vizir, form the four great officers of the crown, and are what is called the *Imperial Stirrup* of the Ottoman princes.

'This imperial stirrup,' M. Beauvoisin informs us, 'is now an empty name: it is, however, an imperfect image of the despotic form of the ancient government of the princes who founded the Ottoman empire, before they ascended the blood-stained throne of the latter Constantine.

'Previous to that period, the sultan had no other palace than a tent, no court but his military escort, and no trophies but the spoils of the conquered, which were carried before him.

'The complaints or petitions of his soldiers (for his sway was purely military) were laid at his feet when on horseback, and it was in his stable that his mercy or justice was supplicated. The general orders for the troops, the decrees of the prince, and his sentences were delivered on horseback, and it is to this ancient custom that the interior of the seraglio, where the grand seignior is to be found in person, owes its appellation of the

Imperial Stirrup. In the ministerial acts, the diplomatic intercourse of ambassadors, and in the firmans of the Sublime Porte, we constantly find this denomination, and all the notes of the foreign ambassadors are still addressed to the *Imperial Stirrup*.

The guard of the interior of the seraglio is confided to the bostandgis, who were originally nothing else than gardeners. Their captain, the bostandgi-hochy, is the second great officer of the seraglio, and is entrusted with the internal police of the seraglio. He has also the benefit of steering the grand seignior when on the water. In the event of a fire, he is obliged to hasten to it, with all his bostandgis.

Here it is proper to inform my readers, that the grand seignior, however despotic his government, considers himself bound to visit every fire that breaks out in the capital, attended by his whole court. The curses of the populace would infallibly be showered on his head, if he neglected the performance of this part of his royal duties. At all hours therefore, in winter and summer, the instant a fire is discovered, the grand seignior is apprized of it, and there are always horses saddled and bridled, with galleys furnished with rowers, ready to carry the royal retinue to the scene. These conflagrations are of frequent occurrence: during three successive years, I have seen them happen 5 or 6 times a year. Being regarded at Constantinople as the general signal of popular discontent, it would be to increase the tumult, were the grand seignior to refuse to hasten to the spot, chosen by the populace, at which to exhibit a *flaming* testimony of their disaffection.

It is on these occasions, we are informed, that the *canaille* of Constantinople freely vent their indignation against the measures of government, and a few wholesome truths, no doubt, reach the ears of the *Imperial Ottoman Stirrup*.

The baltadgis of the seraglio are next described. These were originally, as their name imports, *hewers of wood*, and exclusively entrusted with furnishing the firewood for the baths and kitchens of the seraglio: their number has of late years been greatly increased, and they have received a semi-military organization. They now form part of the seraglio guards.

‘It is worthy of remark,’ M. Beauvoisins sagaciously observes, ‘that the sultans have removed from their persons every species of military guard, which forms any part of the armed force of the empire: they have composed a household of domestics entirely, and every corps retains the name of the profession which it formerly exercised. The person of the sovereign is not less secure on this account. The seraglio is guarded by about 10,000 men, who certainly would not be able to resist a single battalion of Europeans, but they are sufficient to inspire fear and respect in the inhabitants of Constantinople, whose eyes

are not yet familiarized with the strange figures and costumes of what is emphatically called the interior, namely, the seraglio. If the most contemptible blackguard, attached to the palace, passes through the streets of Constantinople, or steps into a boat to convey him to Pera or Scutari, he affects the tone and gait of a grand vizir, treats with hauteur and contempt the common people, and even his signs are obeyed.

When an officer of the seraglio condescends to intermix with the inhabitants of the city, he never quits the first or inner gate of the palace without an escort of twenty or thirty domestics; he has no occasion to order them to follow him; as he passes through the different courts of the seraglio, his escort increases: it seems as if the rays of glory and riches with which he is surrounded were reflected on the motley groupe who compose his suite. In Europe, our lacquies aim at imitating their masters, but they take care to conceal their condition, and lay aside as often as they can the livery by which they are distinguished. At Constantinople, on the contrary, the servants are proud of their employment; they assume an air of consequence, and the *hostandgi* would scorn to exchange his badge of slavery for the musket of the soldier, exercised in the European manner.

The body-guards of the grand seignior are divided into two classes, the *peicks* and the *Solaks*. The latter wear gilt helmets, and are armed with a large halbert. They always precede the horse of the grand sultan, with their halberts reversed, or pointed downwards.

The *peicks* are armed with bows and arrows, which they use with uncommon address. They wear beards, and their heads are covered with an enormous cap, in the form of a helmet, to the crown of which long white feathers are fastened, and hang down on one side, in such a manner that those who walk on the right hand of the grand seignior, have these plumes hanging on the left, and *vice versa* with the opposite files. Thus a double row of feathers conceals his sacred person from the eyes of the vulgar. These guards carry their bows bent, and the arrows pointed outwards.

Besides this escort, the grand seignior also finds, on his way from the second gate of the seraglio to the door of the mosque (to which he repairs every Friday) a double row of *jamizaries* who respectfully bow their heads as he passes them. This salute is returned by the latter, repeatedly bowing on the right and left as he passes.

After having thus described the interior constitution of the seraglio, the author proceeds to speak of the composition of the government. Our limits will only permit us to follow him in his details respecting the grand vizir, whose functions are perhaps as much misunderstood in Europe as the internal economy of the Turkish palace.

All the authority of the grand seignior virtually resides in the person of his vizir, who has the power of life and death over all the subjects in the empire, and even over the pachas or provincial governors. There is no particular form of appointing or installing a grand vizir, except the mere delivery of the seal of the empire from the hands of the sultan. The new vizir puts it into his bosom, with marks of the most profound respect, and it is never laid aside from his person. When he has occasion to use it, he takes it with great ostentation from his breast, kisses it, and returns it with the utmost ceremony into the little bag in which it is carried. When a vizir is deposed, an officer of the seraglio is dispatched to demand this seal, and when stripped of his talisman, the disgraced minister sinks into obscurity, with no recompense for his services, and *sometimes only* the rare felicity is granted him of being allowed to retire with his head on his shoulders!

'The Turks, in giving the name of vizir to their prime minister,' M. Beauvoisins continues, 'wish to convey an idea of the important and weighty duties which are imposed on him. The word vizir literally signifies *porter*.

'The grand vizir is president of the Divan: he decides, as the supreme judge, all the causes brought before this council: he makes peace and war, signs treaties, raises contributions, and is commander in chief of the armies: he enjoys unlimited power, and is amenable to no one but his sovereign.

'From the moment of his installation, the grand vizir gives a morning audience in the seraglio, and holds an afternoon's levee in his own palace, to exhibit his equity to the people. The unlimited power he possesses would be of the most dangerous tendency in other states; but it is the bulwark of the Ottoman empire. However great may be the power of the grand vizir, he never can aspire to the throne. The respect and affection of the Turks for the reigning family are such as to afford no hopes for an usurper.

'It frequently happens that this minister, at his nomination, has not a single farthing in his pocket; but before he reaches his own residence, after his nomination, his treasures are sufficient to load several camels. He is followed from the seraglio by a crowd of hungry courtiers, who empty their purses into his cap, and an attendant carefully marks down their names, and the precise amount of their largesses.'

The grand vizir is generally chosen from among the *literati* of the empire—a class equally proverbial in Turkey for their "looped and windowed raggedness," as in Great Britain; and we cannot too much admire the *wholesome* practice of thus securing his favour in the dawn of his prosperity!

The work is terminated by an elaborate and well written

essay on the religion of Mahomet. The author has minutely described the ridiculous ceremonies attending the pilgrimages to Mecca, and the forms of worship adopted in the mosques. It is impossible to read his account of the Calendars, the Dervises, the Torlaquis, and the rest of the Turkish religious sectaries, without imbibing a most sovereign contempt for the whole system of the prophet. The age of chivalry, if such an age there ever was among the children of Mahomet, is indeed gone. The Dervises, whom all of us have been taught in our childhood to regard as a race of virtuous hermits, are now converted into sturdy beggars. According to our author's account,

‘ They can neither read nor write ; they are beastly in their manners, and pass their lives in a state of shameless mendicancy. They frequent the baths, coffee-houses, and other receptacles for debauchery, where they can obtain a dinner, or a piece of money, for muttering a few prayers. When they meet a traveller at a distance from any town, in the woods or on the highway, they knock him down, strip him of his clothes and money, and tell him it is the will of God that he should be as naked as themselves. They pretend to foretell future events, and, like gipsies, prey on the credulity of the lower classes, by affecting to trace their destinies from an inspection of the palms of their hands.’

The following ingenious method of *raising the wind* resembles what we have heard of as being resorted to by some religious mountebanks among the illiterate in our own country. It is too humorous to withhold from our readers :

‘ The torlaquis, or travelling dervises, generally lead about with them an old man of their order, an adept in fraud and imposture, and to whom they seem to pay divine honours. When they take up their quarters in a village, they lodge this animated mummy in the best house, and crowd around him to watch his words and gestures. The old man, assuming a great air of sanctity, mutters some prayers, suddenly rises up, and with deep groans beseeches his companions instantly to quit the village, which is on the eve of being destroyed, as a punishment for the sins of the inhabitants: the plot generally succeeds; the unfortunate villagers flock from all quarters, and fill the wallets of the torlaquis with alms, in order to avert the divine vengeance.’

We ought not to dismiss M. Beauvoisin, without confessing that we have received much entertainment and instruction from the perusal of his volume; and we can safely promise equal gratification to such of our readers as think it worth while to devote a leisure hour to the same object. Every thing relating to Turkey is of increasing interest: the *exploiteurs* of the French emperor have been these several years

busied in digging the mines which are to overthrow the Mussulman empire in the west, and it is curious to notice the facilities afforded by the degeneracy of the Turks themselves, to the execution of the projects of their enemies.

ART. III.—*Campagnes des Armées Françaises en Espagne et en Portugal; tome I.—or Campaigns of the French Armies in Spain and Portugal, in the Years 1808 and 1809, under the Command of his Majesty the Emperor and King and his Generals; preceded by a statistical Description of Spain and Portugal, and a History of the Events which preceded the Abdication of Charles IV.* Vol. I. 8vo. Paris, 1809.

IT has ever been the fate of Spain to be subjected to the domination of foreigners. This country was known to the Phenicians a thousand years before the christian era. The Carthaginians possessed themselves of it, and were driven out by the Romans; though these masters of the world could not subdue the native spirit of the inhabitants, but after long, numerous, and bloody conflicts. The proud Spaniards retired to their mountains, and often sacrificed to their vengeance powerful armies; nor was the conquest of the kingdom complete till the reign of Augustus. At the decline of the Roman empire, it was overrun by the barbarous hordes, who possessed themselves of all Europe, the Visigoths, the Suevi, the Alauni, the Vandals, and the Goths. At the end of the seventh century it became a prey to the Saracens and the Moors, who were not wholly expelled till towards the conclusion of the fifteenth. This brings us to the period of modern history, during which Spain has been subjected, first to an Austrian, and then to a French dynasty: Under the reign of the Bourbons her independence has been rather nominal than real.

Whatever harsh terms may be given, in the violence and rancour of political controversy, to the conduct of Buonaparte in dethroning the reigning family, we believe that every ruler of France, under similar circumstances, would have pursued the same conduct. The measure was obviously essential to the security of French preponderance; and the vices of the ancient government were so radical and extensive, that no other measure, probably, than a change of the governing powers, would have been adequate to the evil. Joseph Buonaparte is, doubtless, an usurper—so were the Bourbons a century ago. Thrones are not property, but trusts. We

wish Spain and all other nations to be independent, to be governed by native magistrates, and laws of her own choosing. But circumstances of irresistible weight have for many ages forced her to relinquish her rights; nor do we see any thing in the present frame of society, or the present constitution of man, which gives a hope that mankind will in our days be restored to his native rights, or raised to his native dignity.

It was to be expected that a change of the dynasty, and an attack upon the order of things, of which numbers were interested in the preservation, should provoke resistance. Had Europe been at peace, it seems probable that this resistance would not have been very powerful. It cannot be supposed that the body of thinking men, and the proprietors of the soil could be strongly attached to an infirm and decrepit government, which was felt principally in its abuses and oppressions. But the discontent of the clergy, aided by the fanaticism of the lower orders, and the attachment of some of the great nobility to their privileges, were sufficient to make a formidable insurrection. The success of the insurgents against the French general Dupont changed the nature of the insurrection into a regular war. The Austrian war has, by diverting the forces of the French emperor, protracted the resistance of the Spaniards, and it will ever remain a problem, if the Spanish councils had been directed by wisdom during the campaign of 1808, and the English auxiliary force had taken the field in Spain, instead of Portugal, whether Spanish independence might not have been secured.

This is the first of three volumes, intended to relate the events of this war; and as the description of sieges, marches, and battles cease to be very interesting, when they are no longer recent, and the passions are no longer engaged on one side or the other of the conflicting parties, this will probably be deemed the most useful part of the work. It contains a statistical account of Spain, compiled from the principal travellers and writers who have described that country. We are more indebted to foreigners than to native Spaniards for our knowledge of Spain, and very much to our own countrymen. Twiss, Bowles, Dalrymple, James, and Swinburne have put us in possession of much valuable matter. Townsend travelled through Spain in 1786 and 1787, and his work merits the reputation it has acquired. M. Bourgoing, though he depreciates the labours of Townsend, has not scrupled, in the latter editions of his own work, to make use of many observations of this judicious traveller, without acknowledgment; but it cannot be denied, that of all the travels through Spain, those of M. Bourgoing are the most satisfactory, both for the statistical details, and the descrip-

tive account of literature, sciences, character, and manners of the nation. The press of Madrid has lately produced a work, containing very circumstantial details of the productions of the different provinces of the kingdom, and on their arts and manufactures. It is entitled, *Memorias políticas y Económicas sobre la Industria, las Minas, &c. de España*. More than twenty volumes of this work have been already published. The author is Don Eugenio Laraga. Last year an *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne*, by M. Laborde, in five octavo volumes, appeared at Paris. We have not seen it; but it is said to be the best work published upon Spain, containing an immensity of researches, and displaying a profound knowledge both of history and of all the branches of the administration. The compilers of this volume have made great use of the Itinerary of M. Laborde. As the work before us necessarily consists of a number of distinct and slightly connected details, we must content ourselves with extracting, for the amusement of our readers, a few facts with which we have been struck in the perusal of it.

The temperature of Spain is not so great as we should expect from its latitude; this is the effect of the great elevation of the country.

* The interior of this kingdom is a flat; it is the most elevated in Europe of those which are of a great extent. Although from the north-east the country has a gradual declivity, the interior of the two Castiles is a plain, the mean elevation of which is about 300 fathoms (toises). The barometrical height of Madrid is, according to M. Banza, 26 inches, 2 lines, 3-3ds; consequently, it is lower by two inches or 1-14th (1-13th) than the mean height of the mercury at the level of the ocean. The mean barometrical height of Madrid, observed by M. Banza, gives an elevation of 300 fathoms above the level of the ocean. Consequently, this capital is of the same height as Inspruck, a town situated in one of the most elevated passes of the Tyrol. It is five times higher than Paris, three times higher than Mount Valerian, and 1-third than Geneva. The palace of St. Ildefonso, from the observations of M. Thalachan, has 593 fathoms of elevation, which is higher than the margin of the crater of Vesuvius. The Spanish is the only monarch of Europe who has a palace in the region of the clouds. The height of the plain of the Castiles has an influence on its temperature. One is astonished not to find orange trees in the open air, under the 40th degree of latitude. The mean temperature of Madrid appears to be 12° of Reaumur (53 3-5ths Far.), whilst that of Paris is 9° (48°), and that of Toulon 13° (55 2-5ths°). Genoa is 4° more north than Madrid, nevertheless its temperature is 2° (3 3-5ths°) more elevated than that of the capital of Spain.

Notwithstanding the elevation of the Pyrenees, they form a very feeble and imperfect barrier between the peninsula and France. There are from the Col de Baynoul, the defile nearest the Mediterranean to the Val d'Aran, near the sources of the Garonne, through the Pyrenees, no less than 75 passages, of which eighteen are practicable for cavalry, and seven for carriages and even for artillery.

Of the rivers of Spain the properties of one are uncommon.

The Tinto or Azeche is an extraordinary river, which has its origin in the Sierra Morena, and falls into the Mediterranean, near Niébla. It has its name from the colour of its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz. They have the property of hardening and petrifying the sand in a surprising manner. Two stones, which rest one upon the other, are so firmly united in less than a year, that they form but one. This river dries up the plants which grow upon its banks, and the roots of the trees, to which it communicates the colour of its streams. The verdure disappears from the places which it washes, nor can fish live in its bed. Its waters kill the worms of the cattle which drink of it, its taste is disgusting to all animals, except the goats. The Tinto would preserve these singular properties, if it did not receive a number of other streams, which change its nature.

Among the natural products of Spain may be reckoned the sugar-cane. This valuable reed was transported from India to Egypt, and from thence to Sicily. The Moors introduced it into the kingdom of Granada. When they were expelled in 1483, fourteen plantations and two sugar-mills were discovered. The Spaniards, after the discovery of America, carried the plant there; and its cultivation in the new world has injured its produce in Spain. Still, however, there is a good deal raised on the coast of Granada; enough to furnish a considerable crop of sugar. The canes are as abundant in saccharine juice as those of America.

The French have an infinite advantage over the insurgent Spaniards, and even over their British allies, in the possession of an active and serviceable cavalry. Spain was, in the time of the Romans, celebrated for its breed of horses; but the encouragement to raise good horses has been in latter times so small, that in many provinces the race is almost extinct. The male is universally preferred for the purposes of agriculture; and it is proved by experience, that when the mare couples with the ass, she loses much of her fertility. On this account a remount, or a sudden augmentation of the cavalry, is absolutely impossible.

In our own country we are busy in improving the race of
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our sheep, by the introduction of the Merino breed. But, strange to say, in former times sheep were sent from England to Spain, for the very same end. At the request of Henry III. Catherine, daughter of the duke of Lancaster, received for her portion many thousand sheep, with the finest wool, in 1394. These became accustomed to the Castiles, and were crossed by other species introduced from Africa. This is said to be the origin of the Merino race, so valuable for the fineness of their fleeces. There is reason to believe that this race may be propagated over Europe without suffering degeneration. They have been naturalized in France, and in Saxony, Wirtemberg, Denmark, Sweden, and England. They may be crossed by the native sheep of other countries, and still preserve their good qualities entire. But for this end it is necessary to castrate all the males which are the produce of the mixture, and to unite the females only with the rams of the pure race, well selected. It has been proved that the males exercise an influence, which may be calculated at two-thirds, upon the qualities of the progeny.

The Merinos are those flocks which travel twice every year, passing a part of the year in one place, and the remainder in another. The union of all these flocks, which belong to the rich monasteries, chapters, grandees, and other persons of consequence, is called the *mesta*. They have a regular council, in which laws and regulations are passed. Euric, king of the Goths, was the founder of these assemblies, which still subsist. The flocks, the union of which forms the *mesta*, commonly consist each of 10,000 sheep. Each flock is conducted by a superior, named *mayoral*, who directs the route, and whom the shepherds obey.

The *mayoral* has under him fifty shepherds and as many dogs. The number of Merinos has varied. In the sixteenth century it was seven millions. In the next, complaints were made that the number was reduced to two millions and a half; Townsend estimated them, in 1787, at four millions: Bourgoing and Laborde at present reckon them to be five. Adding this number to those which are stationary, the whole number of sheep which Spain possesses, will be thirteen millions.

The most enlightened men have raised their voices against the *mesta*, as one of those institutions which tend to impoverish and depopulate the country; and it seems that its existence is preserved by the preponderating influence of the great proprietors. Its direct tendency is to make an immense common of some of the most fertile provinces of the kingdom. The following enumeration of its evils merits attention.

' 1. The fifty thousand men which are employed, are so many subjects lost to agriculture and population, particularly in the provinces where labourers are wanting to cultivate the ground.

' 2. An immense tract of valuable land is converted into pasturage, and produces nothing. It follows, that the inhabitants of these countries can neither work, nor provide for their necessities. They are often in want even of necessary food.

' 3. The devastations committed on the cultivated lands, which lie in the route of the flocks, are enormous, and the proprietors have no right to demand an indemnity. The damages are the more considerable, as the first journey is made when the corn is far advanced, and the second, when the vines are covered with grapes.

' 4. The common pastures, which they meet with, are equally laid waste, so that the flocks of the country are deprived of their subsistence.

' 5. The flocks of the mesta are of no service to agriculture, since their manure is never applied to the cultivated land.

' 6. The conductors and the shepherds commit all sorts of disorder on their journey; they every where abuse their right of citing individuals to the tribunal of the mesta, which almost always gives judgment in their favour.'

The life of a shepherd is necessarily a life of indolence and vice. Our readers have only to go to Kensington gardens at present, to observe the Spanish shepherds. Half a dozen stout men, whose labour might raise food for a hundred mouths, are condemned to lounge under the trees, and play at cards all day long. To earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, was the sentence passed upon the descendants of Adam; and it was a beneficent sentence. Labour, proportioned to the strength, is the proper preservative both of the health and morals of the mass of the people.

Spain was formerly highly populated; though there is reason to believe that the number of its ancient inhabitants has been much exaggerated. It has been said, that in the time of Cæsar, they amounted to forty or fifty millions. It is at least probable that they were double their present numbers. The little kingdom of Granada, under the Moors, contained three millions of inhabitants. In 1688, the whole kingdom contained but twelve millions, and so rapid was the diminution, that on the accession of Philip V. in 1700, it was reduced to eight millions. The war of the succession followed, and a representation was made upon its conclusion, by Don de Gargas, that the population of the Castells, which form near three-fourths of the Spanish monarchy, was no more than four millions; at this epoch then the whole population of Spain amounted only to six millions.

This statement will abundantly justify the speculations of Mr. Malthus as to the *happy* effect of war in preventing the miseries of a superabundant population; though we are still without the proof that the individuals of this reduced population were happier than when, under the old-fashioned blessings of peace and plenty, there existed double the number of human beings to share the produce of the soil. Under the Bourbons, and a settled order of things, population revived. In 1747 the number was near seven millions and a half; in 1788 it had risen to more than ten millions: and in 1798 it was estimated at twelve millions; though the correctness of this estimation is very doubtful, it cannot be doubted that the consequences of the present struggle will be to throw the country back again into the same condition as it was in the beginning of the last century. Joseph Buonaparte will be the monarch of ruined towns and deserted villages.

The causes of this depopulation are enumerated in the following series of propositions.

'1. The irruption of the Moors, at the commencement of the eighth century, diminished the population greatly. Many Spaniards perished under the sword of this nation; still more emigrated from their country, or perished from misery. The numbers, which the Moors brought into Spain, were not sufficient to replace those who had emigrated or perished.'

'2. The plague, which ravaged Europe in 1341 and 1347, entered Spain by the port of Almeria. It so depopulated the kingdom, that many towns were nearly emptied, and the number of inhabitants was reduced one-third. The same scourge often renewed its ravages in 1483, 1488, 1501, 1506. In 1540, the country suffered much from a general famine; terrible maladies swept off the eleventh part of the people. The plague of Andalusia, in 1649, took off 100,000 persons at Cadiz and at Seville. There are almost always, in the southern provinces, putrid fevers, intermittent or contagious.'

This, however, proves nothing, unless it can be shewn that the same fevers did not exist in ancient times; but to proceed—

'Murderous and epidemic fevers have reigned latterly and for some years in these same countries. These maladies and the plague ought to be regarded as the original causes of the depopulation of Spain. The lands remained uncultivated. Individuals, who escaped the pestilence, appropriated the lands of the defunct proprietors. Such is the origin of the great properties. Immense tracts of land, belonging to the same proprietor, were no longer cultivated, for want of hands, and could not afford subsistence to a new population. Spain can never be re-established. There are many uncultivated tracts of many leagues of extent.

Bernardo Ward, who was employed by the administration, assures us, that in 1750, 18,000 square leagues of the most fertile land were left fallow, and that more than 2,000,000 of persons lived without labour.

'3. For more than seven centuries, from 714 to 1492, Spain was devastated by continual wars with the Moors, and by horrid civil wars. These wars are one of the principal causes of its depopulation.

'4. Most writers attribute the depopulation of Spain to the constant emigrations from the country, since the discovery of America. M. Laborde assures us, that this emigration has never been sufficient to diminish the population: he observes, that the provinces of Arragon, which did not participate in this emigration for more than two centuries, nevertheless partook of the languor and misery of the other provinces of Spain; and that, from the moment they were privileged to communicate with the Indies, industry and commerce took a new spring, and augmented the population.

'5. The foreign and civil wars, which have desolated Spain, from the expulsion of the Moors to 1715. Numerous armies passed into Italy, Germany, Holland, Flanders, and Portugal. A small portion only returned into Spain. This kingdom, successively at war with all the great powers of Europe, has enriched its enemies; its treasures have been dispersed wherever it has displayed its banners.

'6. The Spanish possessions in Italy and Flanders have been equally injurious to the country. A great number of Spaniards have been passing into them for two hundred years.

'7. The conquests of the Spaniards over the Moors produced the same effect. As they gained possession of a province, the greatest part of the Moors, who had occupied it, retired into Africa; the conquered countries were half peopled, and regained their population only at the expence of the other parts of the kingdom.

'8. The expulsion of the Jews. Ferdinand and Isabella issued an edict at Toledo on 30th March, 1492 against the advice of a part of their council, which ordered all the Jews to be converted in six months, or to depart the kingdom. This wound was deep. They banished 900,000 Jews, who were their most industrious subjects; and who carried along with them great wealth, arts, and industry. About 100,000 Jewish families pretended to be converted, remained in Spain, and afterwards furnished victims to the inquisition.

'9. The expulsion of the Moors, in 1614, by Philip III. has been generally assigned as the sole cause of the depopulation of Spain. The Moors quitted the kingdom to the number of more than two millions, and left the villages wholly deserted. These two measures, political, perhaps, in appearance, had terrible consequences to the state. They diminished the population of Spain by more than three millions.

• Such are the principal causes of the depopulation of Spain; others of inferior importance have also contributed to it.

• 10. The continual attacks of the Barbary pirates have been of infinite detriment, for three hundred years, to the population of Spain, in consequence of the prodigious number of captives made on the sea and the coasts. The count of *Campomanes* has calculated that there were always 30,000 at Algiers in the last century. This evil has ceased since the peace between Spain and the regency of Algiers, and the power of the Spanish marine.

• 11. The bad system of finance, and the vexations in consequence of it, have contributed to the depopulation of the state, according to Osorio and *Campomanes*.

• 12. The multiplicity of convents and of fetes.

• 13. The *mesta*, of which we have spoken, still contributes to depopulate Spain. The 50,000 individuals, employed in it, lead a life entirely pastoral, and do not marry.

• 14. The great properties are an equal injury to population and to agriculture. They are much multiplied in Spain. There are often found domains, which have 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 16 leagues of extent, belonging to the same master. A great part of these lands is waste. The useless condition of these lands, and the want of establishments sufficient for their culture, are the causes of the mischief. The farmers have twice as much ground as they are able properly to manage.

• 15. The *presides* or galleys. A great number of persons are often condemned to those for slight offences.

• 16. The great number of mendicants or vagabonds.

• 17. The annual emigration from Galicia. Numerous troops every year leave this province to go to Genoa, Leghorn, and Portugal; they are the Savoyards of Paris. Their number is usually 80,000. They are so many lost to Spain.

• 18. The manufactures and monopolies of the government.

• The same obstacles which oppose the population, prevent likewise the prosperity of agriculture.

• Many of these causes still exist; but measures have been taken to remedy them. Agriculture and manufactures have been ameliorated. A great augmentation of population has succeeded, as we have seen. But population and agriculture will never arrive at a degree of prosperity proportioned to the extent of Spain, whilst the laws of the *mesta* remain unchanged, whilst labour is not encouraged, and until numerous colonies of strangers are called into the country.

The Inquisition was an institution more terrible from the remembrance of its former tyranny, and its former atrocities, than from any recent acts of injustice or oppression. It had become changed almost into a common ecclesiastical court, and its abolition, by the *Buonapartes*, was more a trap for gaining popularity, than a benefit conferred on the nation.

Even the fettered press of Paris is obliged to acknowledge this truth.

'Inquisition. This tribunal, charged with watching over the purity of the faith, was created in 1680 (1580,) by Ferdinand and Isabella, on a plan devised by the cardinal Gonzalez de Mendoza, archbishop of Toledo. It was, even at its establishment, as much an engine of state as a religious institution. There were fifteen tribunals of the inquisition in Spain. This tribunal was no more what it had been formerly, according to the report of M. M. Bourgoing and Laborde, whose testimony cannot be suspected. Its judgments are, at present, dictated by sentiments of mildness and peace; toleration has an influence upon its decrees, which are generally mild in proportion to the magnitude of the offence; imprisonment, stripes, or the galleys are almost the sole punishments to which it condemns crimes, which would otherwise be punished with death. This tribunal is at present more an instrument of police, than a religious authority; it is, properly speaking, in the hands of the government, which provokes or directs its operations, and checks them when it thinks that they proceed too far. *'Descriptive Itinerary of Spain, by M. Laborde, tom.v. p. 25. He adds, page 26, It concerns more the glory than the tranquillity of Spain to suppress the Inquisition. There has been no auto-da-fé since 1680. There have been some executions of heretics, in the 18th century.'*

This is a valuable book, comprising in a condensed form much information, which it would take considerable time and labour to extract from larger works.

ART. IV.—*Recherches sur le Système nerveux en general, &c.*

Researches into the nervous System in general, and particularly into that of the Brain: a Memoir presented to the Institute of France, 14th of March, 1808; followed by Observations on the Report made to that Society, by its Commissioners. By F. I. Gall and G. Spurzheim. 4to. Paris. 1809. Dulau, Soho Square.

DOUBTLESS the state of society in the metropolis of France and in that of England are very different. We regard the French as a frivolous nation; and the Englishman contemplates with abundance of self-complacence the superior gravity and solidity of character of his countrymen. But we are inclined to believe that the public mind is really better directed in France than in England; that the great body of persons in easy circumstances take more interest in works of

literature, belles-lettres, or science; that discoveries are more rapidly diffused, and more honour paid to the genius or industry of the discoverers on the other side of the channel than on this. Perhaps the moral reason of this difference may be found in the circumstance, that the minds of Englishmen are almost wholly given up to trade or politics.

M. Gall is well known as the proposer of certain novel and eccentric opinions on the form of the human cranium, and its relation to the moral and intellectual powers of the individual. He has promulgated his theories, in courses of lectures, in many cities both of Germany and France. At Paris his lectures were crowded; all the men of science, and all the pretenders to science flocked to them. Had they been given in London, we doubt whether he would have gained a dozen auditors. We remember that that truly original genius, John Hunter, could hardly muster twenty pupils to his courses. But to attend the demonstrations of M. Gall was quite the rage at Paris. Some very distinguished men (M. Cuvier among others) seemed inclined to become his disciples. However this popularity lasted but for a season. It has been whispered, that the governing powers discovered something *heterodox* and *dangerous* in his doctrines; and the *savans* of Paris are too prudent to countenance any one who is not honoured with the smiles of their imperial master.

The work before us, however, is free from all suspicion of evil tendency. It is simply an anatomical memoir, proposing a new method of investigating the anatomy of the brain; or rather (as M. Gall's critics at least contend) the revival of an old mode of dissection, proposed by Varolus, and employed afterwards with more regularity of detail by Oeusenens. The most usual method practised in the schools of anatomy, is that of Vesalius, which consists in taking off slices of the superior portions of the brain, and remarking the parts which come into view at each successive stroke. Now if every thing is fairly brought into view, and the forms, situations, and dependencies of all the parts properly exhibited, by this mode of dissection, it would seem to be a matter of no great moment, whether this or M. Gall's method ought to be preferred. It may be thought that the choice might be safely left to the discretion, or the habits of the demonstrator.

Still, however, one mode might be much more philosophic than the other; there may be a certain natural order among parts resulting from their use and structure, which, not to observe, would be a violation of all method and precision. In explaining the structure of the heart, the anatomist naturally

follows the course of the circulation: he begins with the ascending and descending vena cava, thence to the right auricle, right ventricle, &c. till he has pursued the stream of blood into the aorta, and the general circulation. Our great countryman, Willis, has long ago objected to the method employed by Vesalius, in demonstrating the parts of the brain.

‘Hinc factum,’ says he, *‘quod anatomici in cerebro dissecando, quid primum, quid secundum, quidque deinde ordine naturæ collocatur, haud satis attendentes, globum ejus quasi in talcolas resciderint, et phaenomena tali casu emergentia, pro veris cerebri partibus facile habuerint; cum interea tamen ab aliis dissectione aliter institutâ partes et processus a prioribus longe diversi appareant.’*

If therefore M. Gale has conceived more distinct notions of the functions of the different parts of this important organ than his predecessors, and of their dependence upon each other, it is fair that he should be allowed his own order of dissection, and that a candid attention should be given to the reasons assigned for his preference.

The nature of the cortical substance of the brain is first considered. This substance, he says, is found not only accompanying the medullary substance of the brain and its immediate appendages, but

‘it may be found at all the origins of the nerves, it visibly accompanies them in their course; it finally covers all the nervous expansions; for example, on the skin, when it is called the *rete mucosum* of Malpighi; it forms the almost liquid pulp of the labyrinth, a part of the mucous membrane of the nose, the surface of the retina,’ &c. &c.

He would call then this substance the *matrix* of the nerves.

We see not that he has, by the mere adoption of this term, made any advances to (what he professes) the determination of the true use and destination of the cortical substance of the brain. That a substance similar to the cortical substance accompanies the nerves in their course, and enters therefore into their composition, can hardly be proved by anatomy; and the analogy between this substance and the mucous expansions is mere hypothesis. The cineritious substance of the brain, says M. Gall, *produces* the medullary or white part. But how is it *produced* itself? Is not this explaining *ignotum per ignotius*?

The ganglions, our authors consider as so many little brains, or, as it has been expressed by Biabat, a particular centre or focus of a nervous system, independent in its actions of the others, and having nothing in common with analagous organs

(the brain, we presume, or other ganglions) except by communicating branches.

The opinions of M. Gall on the structure of the spinal marrow seem still more gratuitous, and less supported by dissection. In the caterpillar, the spinal, or rather abdominal marrow, is a nervous cord, extended from one extremity to the other: different masses of a gelatinous matter form little swellings at short intervals, from which the nervous filaments issue, in numbers and magnitude proportioned to the size of the swelling. This construction is considered as consisting of as many nervous systems as there are swellings, united by a common cord, which is probably formed of nervous filaments from all the ganglions. In fish and birds the same construction may be observed; but in the mammiferæ it is rather inferred than proved. 'The different swellings approach so near to each other,' say our authors, 'that they appear to form a cord nearly of the same magnitude throughout.' Haller, who well knew the modules in animals of an inferior order, could perceive nothing similar in the brain and spinal marrow of man or quadrupeds; and our authors confess that they would have escaped their own observation, had they not been impressed with the uniformity of the laws of nature. They assert that they may be made evident in man and quadrupeds, by dividing the whole spinal marrow; but so many precautions seem necessary to succeed, that we believe many will be disposed to think this supposed discovery exists only in the imagination of the discoverer. It is fair, however, to observe that the commissioners of the Institute, who have examined and reported upon the memoir of M. M. Gall and Spurzheim, acknowledge that these gentlemen have laid before them a prepared spinal marrow of a calf, in which may be observed a slight swelling (*une sorte de renflement léger*) between each pair of nerves. They assert at the same time, that one of their colleagues, who had undertaken to examine this point, has already ascertained that no sensible swellings are to be found in animals sufficiently analogous to the calf.

In justice to the authors we shall extract a passage, which seems to contain all the material points comprehended in their system. It is taken from the section on the brain.

'It is the same then, with the cerebral membrane as with the expansion of all the nerves, commencing with the retina and even the common integuments; and the same laws are observed in the formation of the brain and cerebellum, as in all the other nervous systems; every where the origin and successive increase is affected by the mediation of a gelatinous substance, and the ultimate expansion is covered by the same substance, as many parts are deficient in animals, which constitute the human brain,

These the hemispheres are less complicated, and in appearance more symmetrical; and they form, in animals of very simple construction, merely an uniform expansion, hollow internally.

There may be shewn, therefore, an apparatus altogether peculiar in the successive increase and development of the nervous system. Many considerable swellings present a tissue, which is produced by a transverse band. One may be observed in the peduncles of the brain of brutes, for example, of the sheep; another at the exterior borders of the tubercula quadrigemina; a third between the optic layers and the corpora striata; a fourth on the anterior borders of the grey substance in the great cavities: by reversing the optic nerves, we meet at first with a fifth; and by raising a part of the grey (cineritious) substance, we see a sixth and a seventh. The three last are at the distance of two lines from each other. All these little bands form a sort of seam, both internally and externally.

These truths become the more striking, when we compare the laws of vegetation with those of the nervous system; for we then see that nature follows the same type in the organization both of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is true, that the comparison we have made between the laws of the organization of nervous systems, and those of the organization of a tree, has not been generally apprehended. But we have found with much pleasure the same laws established in the *Metamorphose des Plantes*, by the celebrated Goethe, and in the *Essais sur l'Organisation des Plantes*, by M. Aubert de Petit-Thouars.

Plants receive their first aliment from the cotyledons, which transmit the emulsion or milk with which they are filled. Thus the origin of the plumule resembles that of the nervous filaments in a pulpy substance. Is the plant to increase? There are formed swellings, thickenings of the bark, buds, which give birth to new ligneous fibrils, of which the inferior, directed downwards, serve for the root, or means of implantation; the others lengthen upwards, and form the tree. In the herb and the reed, nature forms at short intervals points of repose, circular swellings filled with a new nourishing substance, which presents analogically the same tissue, the same transverse bands, the same hardness as a ganglion of nerves; there proceed from it equally new fibres, which appear to take their origin from this centre, although they communicate with those which are inferior to them, notwithstanding the appearance of interruption. All the branches of a tree then have a mutual communication, each bearing another plant similar to that from which it is produced, by an implantation upon the trunk; each has its individual economy, as we see by a graft. Thus we see how a tree always augments by little plants being superadded, all communicating together from the root to the top. In like manner the nervous system receives its addition by new nervous systems superadded, and in communication one with the other. We have observed that the new ganglia modify the functions of the nervous systems, which

continue one upon the other.' (This phrase is to us unintelligible.) 'The functions of the ligneous fibrils are equally modified, so as to produce simple germs, germs with many leaves, then with flowers, and finally with fruit. There is equally an expansion in the leaves, and a parenchyma disseminated over the whole superficies.'

We are not surprised that others have not perceived an analogy which M. M. Gall and Spurzheim think so striking. There are no two objects in nature in which a warm imagination may not trace an analogy, by considering only the points of resemblance, and neglecting the points of difference. The commissioners of the Institute well remark on this passage,

'We avow likewise that we do not perceive the analogy between these masses of grey matter, in passing through which the medullary fibres receive accessions of new matter, and the rings which surround the base of the new branches of trees. In a tree the branches arise successively one from the other; but in the nervous system, all is formed simultaneously. In this it is impossible to find any other than an accidental resemblance.'

Without examining more closely this pretended analogy, we may see from it the fundamental doctrine of M. Gall's system. In the old theory the brain is regarded as the origin of the nervous system: from it the white filaments called nerves, which are known to be the instruments of motion and sensation, are conceived to originate. The brain is conceived to be the focus or centre from which the nerves are emitted as rays, and distributed over the body. But M. Gall considers the system of nerves, as a whole, to consist of a number of independent systems, having nevertheless many communications with each other. The organs appropriated to the vital functions, or, as our authors express themselves,

'The systems of organic life sometimes exist in a condition of absolute independence; nevertheless, by the effect of ordinary laws, they are connected with each other by the anastomosis of nerves. Thus the whole of organic life is linked reciprocally with animal life, by means of the communicating branches of the spinal marrow, the par vagum, and glosso-pharyngeal branches of the fifth and sixth pairs, which join the intercostal nerve. The union of the different organs of animal life, those of the senses, for example, and the other parts of the brain, in each of the hemispheres, by the means of anastomoses, establishes so many connexions between these organs, that we cannot always assign their exact limits, and it becomes impossible to circumscribe with precision, by anatomy, all the organs of the brain.'

This, we must observe, is really no more than the old doctrine of nervous sympathy, which all pathologists have endeavoured to explain by the anastomosis, or, to speak more correctly, the interlacing of nerves. It is probable that the theory is fundamentally just; though writers have not hitherto been very successful in their application of it to the phenomena of life: nor do we find that any material addition to our knowledge of the laws of nervous sympathy has been made by the labours of these anatomists.

M. Gall, it will appear then, considers the brain rather as an appendage to the nerves, than the nerves as originating in the brain: and we must confess that we think this the strongest part of his reasoning. There are many animals, he observes, in which a point of union of the nerves, that is to say, a brain, is not necessary to sensation, or (as it ought to have been said) to external appearances of sensation. The turtle, the hog, and some other animals, shew by their motions that they possess both sensation and volition, after the brain has been entirely removed from the body. But the true inference from this fact is, that the true brain, that is to say, a medullary substance, with the properties and powers of brain, is not confined to the encephalon, but is diffused through the whole spinal marrow. This is clear from the eel; in which animal, when it has been divided into many pieces, each piece seems to retain its sensibility. But if the spinal marrow be destroyed in either of the pieces, the apparent sensibility of the part is destroyed. In this animal then we may say that the spinal marrow of each separate piece performs the functions of the brain.

If the inferior part of the medulla oblongata and spinal marrow were no more than an elongation of the brain, its volume ought to be in a direct proportion to that of the cerebral mass; which is contradicted by the inspection of the brains and other parts of the nervous system of all animals. In the horse, the ox, the sheep, &c. the brain is much smaller than in man, whilst the medulla oblongata and spinal marrow much exceed in magnitude the same parts in man. The facts would be directly the reverse, if the one were a mere elongation of the other. This fact, however, is no discovery of M. Gall's. It has been long known; M. Sœmmering has taken particular notice of it; and the successive researches of Monro, of Broschaska, and Keil, have served to correct the erroneous notions formerly entertained concerning the structure of nerves, and to destroy the opinion that they should be all derived from the medullary substance of the brain, and through it from the cortical substance. At the same time it must be allowed that the old opinion is at this day far from being

eradicated. Professor Ackermann of Heidelberg, *Walter of Berlin*, *Chemissier*, *Sabatier*, and *Portall*, consider the medulla spinalis as a mere production and elongation of the medulla oblongata. Even *Cuvier* has expressed himself in a manner which leaves some doubt as to his real opinion. When he calls the medulla oblongata a production of the brain, he may intend no more than its anatomical position considered with regard to the other contents of the cranium.

The direction of the fibres of the medulla oblongata evidently proves that they come from below upwards, and not that they descend from above downwards. This has been well remarked by *Sœmmering*, with regard to several nerves of the medulla oblongata; and long ago *Santorini* was forced to admit, that it is not till after having descended from the brain that the fifth pair of nerves makes a turn and proceeds upwards, if it is not as probable, says he, that this pair comes from below like the accessory nerve.

All the nerves increase in the form of a cone, in their progress to the organs which are under their influence, whether they receive accessions from ganglions, or their course be uninterrupted. Why then is it asked should the brain only diminish, so as in its elongation to present only medulla oblongata and spinalis? If the nerves were only a continuation of these substances, would not the direction of the cone be reversed?

In fœtuses born without heads, the nerves and spinal marrow are perfect. They cannot then be derived from a part which does not exist. It has been common for authors to allege, that these fœtuses had been originally formed with brains, but that they had been destroyed by a dropsy of the part, which, having destroyed the membranes and cranium, had produced the dissolution and absorption of the greater part of the cerebral substance. But is it not more probable that so great a disease would occasion the death of the fœtus, and a consequent abortion? A child has never been born, which presented any recent traces of this destruction. If a disease has been able to destroy the bones and membranes, how happens it that much softer parts, as the olfactory, optic, and acoustic nerves are often found in imperfect specimens of this mal-conformation? They add,

* In the cases where no traces can be found, neither of the brain, membranes, nor bones, it must be admitted that these parts have never existed. This becomes indisputable by the examination of complete acephali. *Sœmmering* speaks of a fœtus of eight months, well nourished, and wholly without the spinal marrow. We have dissected at Halle, with professor *Loder*, a fœtus, which

had only the parts of the body situated below the navel. We found in it no other intestines that the kidneys, the female organs, the intestines of the hypogastrium, and the trunks of the large veins and arteries. The vertebræ, which existed, contained a spinal marrow, from which the ordinary nerves proceeded. We made the same observation at Bremen, in a fœtus, wholly deprived of the head and cervical vertebræ, which we dissected with Dr. Olbers. Sandifort cites many similar facts, observed by Mappus, Littre, Tatini, Schalhammer, Vogli, Winslow, Lecat, Sue; and a great number may be found in the memoirs published in 1740, by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and in the *Bibliothèque choisie de Médecine*, by M. Planque, T. i. 1748.'

We must remark on this passage that the whole point under discussion turns upon the meaning affixed to the phrase of a nerve having its *origin* or otherwise in the brain. No one can suppose that the nerves are really an excretion or direct production of the brain. The facts just cited incontestably prove the contrary: and indeed the well known experiments on the regeneration of nerves have abundantly proved that, like all the other parts of the body, the nerves are produced by arterial action. Whether the nerves therefore originate in the brain, or terminate in the brain, must be a question regarding more the functions than the mere structure of the parts; and to be determined more by physiological than anatomical considerations.

We will, however, extract another passage.

'Let us take a survey of the gradual scale of sensible beings. The sensible substance, no more than a pulp in the polypi, gradually collects into nervous filaments and common trunks in beings a little more elevated. To establish a still more extensive connexion with the external world, nature has added apparatuses always multiplied in proportion to the relations which the species are to possess; thus it is, by the successive addition of new organs, even proportioned to the faculties, that nature marches from scale to scale, and arrives at length at the most complicated being, that is to say, at man, only by the superposition of cerebral productions; it is only by the additions of cerebral substance that the brain of any animal whatever can become that of a more perfect animal; as it is only by the subtractions of the same substance that the intelligence of man can be reduced to the simple faculties of the brute.'

In the following short recapitulation the authors comprise nearly the whole of the system which they aim at establishing:

'1st, That the gelatinous substance is truly the matrix of the nervous systems, whether it be considered as giving origin to

them, or as an apparatus for reinforcing them, and giving new modifications :

‘ 2d, That all the nervous systems produce a final expansion terminated by a pulpy substance :

‘ 3d, That there are as many particular systems as there are different functions, but that all communicate together by means of anastomoses :

‘ 4th, That each system of animal life is double :

‘ 5th, That these double systems are combined and brought into unity of action by means of the commissures of the brain :

‘ 6th, In consequence of all this, there neither does nor can exist any common centre of all the sensations, of all the thoughts, and of all the volitions :

‘ 7th, That finally the unity of the individual will always remain a mystery.’

We feel no regret at the dethronement of the brain from its ancient empire, and function of being *the seat of the soul*. We have always thought that giving a substance, presumed to be immaterial, a seat or habitation was a perfect incongruity in language, a real metaphysical absurdity. The unity of the individual is the result of consciousness. The individual comparing the present train of sensations and ideas with the past, or the images of the past, is conscious of the identity of the greater number of them ; and indeed of the component parts of them all ; though it may be that the combinations of the parts are infinitely varied. This consciousness, referred to the percipient being, seems to constitute the unity and identity of that being.

The authors think that the whole medullary substance of the brain is of a fibrous texture. Every circumvolution of the brain consists of two orders of fibres ; one coming from the external nervous system (if we understand the distinction right), entering the brain and being carried through the substance ; another arising from the cineritious substance of the brain itself, and (if too we understand aright) going out of the brain, and diffusing itself over the body. The ventricles are formed by a partition between these two orders of fibres, but we confess we do not exactly comprehend the mechanism described. But it seems (and we believe truly) that these cavities have a communication with all the circumvolutions of the brain. Hence in hydrocephalus the circumvolutions are unfolded, and stretched out like a bag or bladder, so that there is no rupture or dissolution of the mass of the brain. In consequence, the intellectual faculties are often little impaired, though there has been for a length of time a considerable effusion into the ventricles. The circumvolutions have their fibres perpendicular to the exterior periphery of the

ventricles; they are duplicatures of the fibrous vertical layers. In every circumvolution, when cut through in a proper direction, a middle line may be discovered, in which a separation may be effected; so that the contiguous sides continue smooth and strait, without any appearance of the rupture of vessels. This fact is admitted by the commissioners of the Institute, and appears to establish an important and novel fact, regarding the interior structure of the brain. The authors have given many different proofs of this fact, which are sufficiently satisfactory.

The truths, which, it is granted by the commissioners of the Institute, have been first brought to light by the industry of these scientific anatomists, are several. 1st. They have been the first to distinguish the two orders of fibres, of which the medullary substance of the brain is composed, the first of which diverge in coming from the peduncles, whilst the others converge in their course towards the commissures; or, as they express it themselves, which by their union with the similar fibres of the opposite hemisphere, form the substance of the commissures. 2d. They have rendered highly probable, what had been partially observed by their predecessors, that the nerves called cerebral, ascend from the medulla spinalis, and do not descend from the brain, and have either greatly enfeebled, if not wholly overthrown the system, which makes all the nerves come originally from the brain. 3d. That the cineritious substance is the origin and aliment of the nervous fibres, and that they are reinforced and multiplied by its means. 4th. That they have established the generality of the commissures. This is a point of much consequence in physiology; since it being proved that every nerve has a communication with its corresponding nerve, it explains the unity of sensation, though the external organ, and consequently the external impression, be double. 5th. That their method of dissection is preferable to every other, whether the object be to acquire a perfect knowledge of the structure of the brain, or that of its functions. These are of themselves important points. There are several others, which we pass over, as being now merely anatomical, and not therefore so strictly connected with general views. There are many others, which the authors think demonstrated, but which the commissioners deem to be doubtful; and on some of them we think it most proper to abstain from a decided opinion.

When the authors infer from their anatomical investigations, that there exists a plurality of organs of the intellectual faculties, we think they involve themselves in the same incongruity as those who fix upon the seat of the soul. Thinking,

judging, remembering, are essences perfectly distinct from all modifications of matter, and to give a material habitation or seat to any of the intellectual faculties, is, in our ear, no more than downright jargon. It may be, it is true, that certain organs may undergo changes, corresponding and contemporaneous with the exercise of certain intellectual faculties. In that sense, and in that sense only, can a bodily organ be said to be the seat of an intellectual faculty. But we find nothing in the pages which we have gone over, to throw any light upon this obscure subject.

That M. Gall and his colleague rate very highly the importance of their own discoveries, may be allowed to the natural affection of parents to their offspring. We fear, on the other hand, that no discovery with regard to the structure of the brain will bring us much nearer to a knowledge of its functions. We see little foundation for such a hope, but much to shew that it will probably prove delusive. However, to destroy error, is no small benefit conferred upon science. And if, indeed, their anatomy of the brain should ultimately lead to the consequences which they appear to anticipate, they may console themselves for the coldness with which their doctrines have been received, by considering that they undergo the common fate of all discoverers. The great benefits of nature seem ever to have excited, when first presented, a sort of indignation and animosity against their discoverers. It is persecution which establishes truth; the mind which has therefore to detect it is able to defend and consolidate it. History proves to us that the efforts of sophistry and of malice, directed against a single truth, once brought fairly to light, fall like the dust driven by the winds against a rock.

ART. V.—*Artaxerce, Tragedie en cinq Actes. Par M. Delrieu, &c.*

Artaxerxes, a Tragedy, in five Acts, by M. Delrieu. Represented for the first Time at Paris, by the ordinary Comedians of his Majesty the Emperor and King, 30th April, 1808, and at St. Cloud, before their Imperial and Royal Majesties, the 18th Aug. in the same Year. 8vo. 1808. Paris. London, Dulau, Soho Square.

DURING this long interdiction of literary commerce, we have remained in equal ignorance respecting the progress of our neighbours in the liberal and ornamental arts of life, and their internal political institutions. Perhaps the very defi-

ciency of our information on these subjects may have created among some of us opinions injurious to the existing state of literature at Paris ; and it may possibly be argued with justice, that had any works of transcendent merit made their appearance, and worthy of the former reputation of France, the imperial restrictions would have been wholly unavailing to prevent their circulation in a foreign country. On the other hand, it is also possible that the notion (we believe pretty generally entertained) of the declining state of letters in that military empire may be erroneous ; and, in either supposition, it is a matter of something more than idle curiosity, to arrive at a greater degree of certainty respecting it.

The work now under inspection may enable us in some degree to judge of the present state, at least, of the French theatre ; and we all know, that at Paris the theatre may be considered as a pretty fair criterion of taste and genius throughout the nation. The '*Artaxerxes*' of M. Delrieu has, it seems, been honoured with very particular marks both of popular and of imperial favour ; and, if we may be allowed to judge from the advertisement, and some of the notes which are subjoined, must rank, if not as the first, at least among the first of the dramatic productions of the *Age of Napoleon*.

'On that day,' says the editor in a note to the words 'and at St. Cloud before their imperial and royal majesties, on the 18th of August'—'on that day, they played together with *Artaxerxes* the comedy of *The Legacy*, in which Mlle. Emilie Levert made her first appearance before their majesties, in the part of the countess : the day was doubly fortunate ; the emperor, pleased by the representation of both pieces, granted to the author of *Artaxerxes* a pension of 2,000 francs, and to Mlle. Emilie Levert a gratuity of 3,000 francs.'

We cannot analyze the plot of this tragedy more satisfactorily for the information of our readers, nor with greater justice to the performance itself, than by continuing our extracts from these notes of the editor, so far as they relate to a comparison of the management of the piece with those of Crebillon and Metastasio on the same subject ; and so far at least we think that we shall be justified in the opinion, that M. Delrieu has made the most advantage both of the beauties and defects of those who had preceded him.

'The author of the new *Artaxerxes* begins by exciting a warm interest in favour of his two principal personages, Artaban, and his son Arbaces ; representing the former as a model of fidelity to his conquered, fugitive, and unhappy sovereign ; the other as the avenger of the Persian name, the glory of which, obscured by the shameful defeat of Xerxes in Greece, he redeems by his suc-

cessful exploits among the Parthians. Artaban, who has so long defended the throne against the spirit of faction, and, above all, against the Magian Smerdis, would have remained inviolably attached to Xerxes (whose throne he had restored after his defeat), if that ingrate had not violated the oath he had taken, to grant Arbaces the honour of triumph, and the hand of Mandane, if he should return a conqueror from Parthia. The indignation of a father, severely wounded in the person of an adored son, creates almost an excuse for the crime which he commits through excess of tenderness. This motive, which renders his conspiracy reasonable, and in a manner lawful, has no place in Crebillon,* in Metastasio, nor in Lemiene, and constitutes the principal charm and chief interest in the present tragedy. In Crebillon, Artaban has no son; he acts only to satisfy his own ambition; his villany appears atrocious and absurd, heaping crime on crime for himself alone; add to that the sickly lamentations of an Amestris, a Darius, an Artaxerxes, a Barsine, and you will wonder no more that an exhibition at once revolting and ludicrous had only one representation. Lemiene was less unfortunate; but he did no more than spin out into five acts the three of the Italian opera; he even cut off the first scene in which Arbaces and Mandane take leave of each other in Metastasio, and begins by the scene of the assassination. At the rising of the curtain, Artaban is seen to come out of the king's apartment with a bloody sword in his hand. If such be his opening, what does the author reserve for his denouement? M. Delrieu has felt the danger of this abrupt opening, and has inserted the two first acts, which, by preparing the surprise, gradually awaken the interest up to the scene of the bloody sword, which then produces a grand effect, because the fore ground is well laid for it.

It must be admitted, upon the strength of these observations, though somewhat in the spirit of French dramatic criticism, that M. Delrieu's plan is a very great improvement upon those of his predecessors, that all the absurdities of the original fable vanish, and the whole becomes interesting, just, and probable. Some further remarks are made upon the conduct of this amended story, in commenting on different passages of the work, which our readers will think equally reasonable with the foregoing. Xerxes, instead of giving the honours of a triumph to Arbaces, as he had promised, decrees them to his son Artaxerxes.

* The *Xerxes* of Crebillon was acted in 1714, and represented only once.

The *Artaxerxes* of Metastasio is well known to English readers, and yet more to English amateurs. The *Artaxerxes* of Lemiene was performed in 1766; but after having had some run at first, was dropped altogether, 'because,' says the editor of Delrieu's tragedy, 'most of the faults which we can forgive in an Italian opera, are exposed and justly condemned in a French play.'

'The injustice of this order,' says the editor, 'the ingratitude of it towards the hero who had given peace to Persia, and avenged his native country, revolt the audience from a weak and vain monarch, whose vices and insignificance are admirably contrasted with the great qualities of his son, who generously renounces in vour of the conqueror the triumph so unjustly decreed to himself. From this double contrast, between the injustice of Xerxes, and the uprightness of the prince, between the ambition of Artaban, and the loyalty of Arbaces, result that force and rapid variation of circumstances, which secure to the new tragedy a constant success on the stage.'

Several other points of comparison follow, in which M. Delrieu is more or less deservedly placed above all his competitors; but one in particular, as to which may be some difference of sentiment, the total omission of all the love scenes, which form so considerable a portion of the Italian opera. Voltaire first shewed his countrymen the possibility of interesting an audience without any appeal to that passion, which had before been considered as a principal and indispensable ingredient in all dramatic compositions; and as the French (and perhaps other people as well as the French) have a propensity to carry all fashions to extreme, it seems now to be considered by their critics as vulgar and low to introduce love into a tragedy at all. This is to the full as ridiculous as to make it the essential ground-work of every drama; and we really can discover no sufficient reason for excluding it from a share in the fable of Artaxerxes, where it adds to the tumult of conflicting passions, and, in our opinion, serves to heighten the interest of the piece.

In making another slight, but important, variation from the Italian opera, M. Delrieu is undoubtedly right; but it does not follow that Metastasio was wrong. It will be remembered that, in the opera, Artaban, coming with the bloody sword out of the chamber of Xerxes, hastily exchanges weapons with his son for the sake of his own safety, and leaves him with the damping proof of guilt in his hand. This would have been unnatural and revolting in such a character as the Artaban of M. Delrieu, who very judiciously avoids the contradiction, by making Arbaces snatch the instrument of murder away from his father. But, in Metastasio, it involves no contradiction at all—on the contrary, it seems extremely natural that the first impulse of a man so depraved as the Italian Artaban would be to save himself at all risks from the immediate punishment of his crime, without reflection on the more distant consequences of it to one whom he loved, and who was innocent of any participation in his villany.

In the sequel, the stage effect is undoubtedly increased to

a very high degree, by the suppression of that scene in *Metastasio* where Artaxerxes descends into the dungeon of his unfortunate friend, in order to set him secretly at liberty. By these means, the audience being perfectly at ease with regard to his fate, the last act moves languidly on to the denouement. M. Delrieu, on the contrary, leaves his audience to suppose, in common with all the *dramatis personæ*, except only Artaxerxes himself, that the prisoner has either already suffered the punishment decreed against him, or that he is still in his dungeon awaiting the execution of his sentence; and thus the uncertainty as to his ultimate fate keeps the interest suspended to the end, and his sudden entrance on the stage produces one of the finest effects of surprise and joy upon the minds of the spectators.

The incident of the poisoned bowl is then worked up to the greatest dramatic advantage.

'What a combination of interests,' cries the enraptured critic, 'does this bowl at one moment present to us! Who has poisoned it? the father—For whom? for the king—Who holds it in his hand? the son—Before whom? before his friend, who hopes by its means to save him, and before his father who hoped by its means to avenge him—Which of the three will drink the poison?—This is what every spectator inquires of himself; it is this anxious doubt which makes the irresistible charm of the situation, which brings down universal applause, at the moment when Artaban, overwhelmed by the sense of his son's danger, rushes upon the cup, tears it from his hands, and swallows in an instant the whole of its deadly contents. Some fastidious critics have pretended to discover in this situation an imitation of the denouement of *Rodogune*. The falsity of this criticism will sufficiently appear from the slightest examination of the respective pieces. In *Rodogune*, who has prepared the poison? Cleopatra—For whom? for her son—Why does Cleopatra drink it? to deceive her son and perish with him.—It surely requires but little penetration to discern that the motives and circumstances of the scene in *Artaxerxes* are diametrically opposite to this. Artaban has drugged the bowl only to avenge his son, and swallows it only to save him. I say nothing of the motive of Artaxerxes, who presents the cup to Arbaces, with no other view than to afford him the means of his justification. It is plain then that in this catastrophe, M. Delrieu has borrowed nothing, that he owes its invention solely to the resources of his own genius, which is infinitely honoured by it.'

It will be evident from these criticisms, that the principal effect of the drama depends on contrast; and it will be enough to give a general idea of the spirit in which this design is executed, if we extract a single scene in which the

force of contrast is particularly striking. Our example shall be taken from that in which Artaban meets his son with the bloody sword, after the murder of Xerxes. The reader should understand, that, unlike the Italian drama, the plot of Artaban is here made to comprehend the death of Artaxerxes, as well as of his father; which is an improvement in point of probability, since it seems impossible to conjecture what purpose of ambition could have been answered by the sacrifice of the reigning monarch alone, if his son were left to succeed him. Megabysus is the name of the officer engaged in the conspiracy with Artaban, and to whom is assigned the execution of the prince's murder.

ARTABAN, *sortant de l'appartement du roi, et cachant une épée sous son manteau.*

(Egaré) Est-ce toi Mégabyse?—Mon fils !
(regardant Arbace.)

ARBACE,

Mon père !

ARTABAN.

De ton roi ne crains plus la colère.

ARBACE.

Dieux ! quel égarement ! quel désordre !—mon père,
D'où naît le trouble affreux où je vous vois plongé ?
Qu'avez vous fait ? Parlez ! parlez !

ARTABAN.

Je t'ai vengé,

ARBACE.

Vengé ?

ARTABAN.

Je le devais—Regarde cette épée !—

(Il découvre l'épée sanglante et la lui montre.)

ARBACE, *la saisissant.*

Ciel !

ARTABAN.

La reconnais-tu ?

ARBACE.

De sang elle est trempée !

ARTABAN.

Je le sais.

ARBACE.

De quel sang ? il me glace d'effroi !

ARTABAN.

C'est celui de Xerxès.

ARBACE, *avec feu.*

Qui l'a repandu ?

ARTABAN.

Moi !—

Voilà de ta grandeur le garant infailible.

ARBACE, *contemplant l'épée avec horreur.*

De votre amour pour moi voilà le gage horrible !

*(On entend du bruit au fond, à droite.)*ARTABAN, *voulant la reprendre.*

Ou vient !—donne !—

ARBACE, *égaré et en sortant.*

Ah ! cachons ce glaive à tous les yeux !

Mon roi !—mon père !—Ou fuir ? guidez mes pas, grands dieux !

(Arbace emporte l'épée sanglante et sort par le fond à gauche.)'

This short scene is enough to prove the extreme attention paid by the Parisian dramatists to stage effect. Indeed, the whole of what we have quoted is nothing more ; and the same observation will extend to every other part of the tragedy. Throughout the whole of it, we have been able to discover very little if any writing that will bear a moment's comparison with the poetry of Racine or of Voltaire. But what is wanting in this respect is perhaps abundantly made up for in the representation by what we may venture to term the poetry of action. An English reader will, nevertheless, smile to observe the extreme importance attached to the most simple and apparently unimportant manœuvres. The stage-directions are every where full and explicit to a degree, far beyond even the finical arrangements of a German drama. Not an actor, but is in every scene directed at what door he is to enter, and at what to depart, nay, even how he is to regulate every motion of his body, and every change of his features. This should seem to imply an uncommon degree of ignorance, even in the first principles of their art, among the performers of the French stage. Yet the criticisms from which we have made already such large selections, are almost as abundant in the praises of these gentlemen and ladies as in those of the author himself. Perhaps it will amuse some of our readers to know as much of the Parisian theatre as these observations will enable him to collect.

The first representative of Mandane, we are told, was Mlle. Georges, who played it four times, and then resigned it to Mlle. Bourgoin. The cause of this resignation is obscurely hinted at in the note which mentions it. The poor deluded Autocrat of all the Russias, and his imperial bawd, are both, we have no doubt, able to explain it much more clearly.

On the resignation of the triumphal honours by Artaxerxes in favour of Arbaces, in opposition to the imperial mandate, the words

' Je lui désobéis; l'honneur m'en fait la loi,
Une gloire usurpée est indigne de moi.'

produce the following remark :

The reiterated plaudits which this recital always ensures, bear equal testimony to the happy invention to the two first acts, and to the distinguished powers of M. Lafond, who, by the manner at once simple and majestic, natural and brilliant, with which he performs not only this scene, but the whole part of Artaxerxes, has advanced a giant's pace in his reputation.

M. St. Prix, the representative of Artaban, obtains at least an equal share of applause. ' Il a, en général, parfaitement saisi toutes les nuances de ce grand caractère : sa pantomime est effrayante de vérité.'

' It is impossible to give too much praise,' says another note, ' to M. Damas, who in the part of Arbaces, the most interesting of the drama, has displayed so much warmth, sensibility, and energy;' (we hardly know how to render *abandon*.) ' He has particularly excelled in the scene where loyalty and rebellion, virtue and vice, dispute for the victory, where Arbaces has at once to struggle against the fury of an ambitious statesman, the seductions of a conspirator, and the authority of a father.'

St. Prix is, however, the hero of the stage.

' We think that this actor, so true, so astonishing in the creation of his characters (for instance, Cain, in *La Mort d'Abel*; and Cimber, in *Marius à Minturne*), has even surpassed himself in the composition and execution of this very difficult part, *personnage d'une si grande tenue*, always on the stage, always in terrible and even opposite situations, forced to affect tranquillity, and to hide under a calm exterior the passions which devour his soul. Thus has he made of it one of the finest parts that is represented on the boards of our theatre.'

It would be a new thing in this country for an author to print his successful play with a series of criticisms at the end. But in France there are very respectable authorities for the practice. Besides, the editor assures us, that the notes he has subjoined, and from which we have made such ample extracts, are but a collection of the opinions which he had heard in public.

ART. VI.—*Ansichten der Natur mit wissenschaftlichen Erläuterungen, &c.*

Views of Nature, with scientific Investigations, by Count Humboldt. 1 Vol. 8vo. Tabingen, 1808. London, Escher.

THE volume now presented to the public, by this indefatigable naturalist, contains three valuable memoirs, all of them conspicuous for the variety and extent of information brought together into the compass of one volume. The first of these productions is entitled, General Ideas on the Physiognomy of Plants; the second contains a learned description of the fall of the great river Oronooko, near Atura and Maypura. But far the most valuable part of the volume is a geological paper having the general title of a memoir, on mountains and deserts, and which we consider as likely to excite the greatest interest among our scientific readers.

The travels of M. Humbolt through the immense continent of South America furnished him with the materials on which he rears his present memoir, but the novelty and importance of the subjects urged him to separate it from his larger works now in course of publication, and give it publicity in its present form. The following sketch of the contents will enable our readers to appreciate its importance.

From the foot of the rugged granite mountains, which in the infancy of the globe, and at the era of the formation of the gulph of the Antilles, seem to have resisted the efforts of the ocean, extends an immense plain. The vallies of Caracas, the lake of Tacarigua, interspersed with numerous islands, and plains covered with sugar canes and cocoa trees, form its northern boundary. On lifting the eye from these luxuriant countries nothing is seen but vast deserts which seem to meet the horizon, and are almost lost in the clouds. From the most enchanting rural scenery imaginable, the traveller suddenly finds himself transported into parched and burning regions: No eminence, no resting point appears in this immense ocean of sterility; scarcely even a few downs the elevation of which is barely discernible. The inhabitants designate by the name of banks these trifling eminences, and in M. Humboldt's opinion, by this epithet they give an idea of the primitive arrangement of the globe, when these eminences formed shoals, while the surrounding country served as a bed to the sea. Our author then proceeds to inform us that

• Similar objects occur in every country of the world; their appearance is modified, however, according to the difference of soil, climate, and their elevation above the level of the sea.

• The heath-covered plains of the north of Europe, extending from the extremity of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, may be considered as real deserts; their extent, however, is small compared with those of Llanos and Pampas, in South America, or even the immense meadows on the banks of the Missouri.

• The plains in the centre of Africa afford a spectacle still more imposing. They consist of immense sands, containing detached strips of cultivated ground. In the Oasis of Siwah, shaded by abundance of date-trees, the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, nearly covered by the sands which surround them, exhibit to the eyes of the traveller the cradle of the civilization of mankind. Neither rain nor dew ever visit these arid districts, and no traces of vegetation appear. Columns of hot air rising around disperse the vapours, and prevent all formation of rainy clouds.

• In those parts of the desert bordering on the Atlantic Ocean abundance of exhalations from the sea fill up the vacuities produced in the atmosphere, by the winds, which rise perpendicularly from the interior of the country: breezes from the westward refresh the hillocks which bound the desert; and when navigators approach the mouth of the Gambia through a sea covered with marine plants, they suddenly perceive that the place where the tropical east wind quits them is adjacent to sandy plains, which reflect on all sides their burning temperature.

• The plains in the interior of Africa occupy a surface nearly thrice as extensive as the Mediterranean sea. They are situated partly under the tropic, and partly under the adjacent latitudes, a position which determines their character. The central parts of Asia present a similar phenomenon, but under the temperate zone. Between the chains of the Altai and Mustag mountains, from the great wall to the sea of Aral, we find, in an extent of 1000 miles, the most extensive deserts of our globe. Some parts exhibit perpetual meadows, and others the succulent and ever-green plants. In other places glittering salts cover the earth under a thousand different forms, resembling at a distance a country covered with snow.

After indulging in some philosophical reveries, excited by a cursory survey of the history of the ancient world, M. Humboldt turns to South America.

• The interest,' he says, 'which this country excites, belongs entirely to nature. Nothing exists here to bring to our recollection the ancient dwellings of the human race. No temple of Jupiter, and no stone wrought by human hands, is here to be seen. This portion of the globe does not strike our minds with

the remembrance of the past, but by the spectacle of the present: it is a country given up without reserve to the possession of plants and animals.'

To return to his description of South America.

' From the mountains of the Caraccas, the desert extends into the forests of Guiana, and from the mountains of Merida, where we see sulphurous springs issuing from beds of perpetual snow, the same desert stretches to the immense Delta, formed by the mouths of the Orinoko. To the south-west these plains extend in the form of an arm of the sea, beyond the shores of the Meta and of the Vichada, to the almost unknown sources of the Guaviara, or to the isolated peak called by the Spaniards *Paraiso de la summa Paz*, the residence of eternal peace.

' This plain occupies a surface of 14,000 square miles. The scanty geographical knowledge hitherto in our possession respecting these countries encouraged an idea that it is continued to the Straits of Magellan, but no regard has been paid to the chain which extends to the east of the Andes, and which separates, to the northward and southward, the woody plains of the river of Amazons, and the meadows of Rio de la Plata. The latter, which form the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, are there the extent of the Llanos; on the north they are bounded by forests of palm trees, while the southern parts are constantly covered with ice and snow.'

Like the great Zaara or African desert, the Llanos, i. e. the plains to the northward of South America, are situated under the torrid zone. At different seasons of the year, however, they present the appearance of verdure.

M. Humboldt proceeds to observe, that upon the soil of the new world, cold and humidity are predominant, to which the burning deserts of Africa form a striking contrast; he attempts to account for these contradictory phenomena by referring them to the physical formation of the different continents. He admits, that from the form and direction of its coasts, South America has a complete resemblance with the south-west peninsula of the ancient continent. But it is in the internal structure of the soil and the relative situation of the surrounding countries, that we must seek for the causes of the uncommon sterility of Africa. According to our author's theory, four-fifths of South America are situated beyond the equator, i. e. in a hemisphere which, from the great abundance of lakes and rivers, is necessarily colder and more humid than the northern hemisphere, to which the greater part of Africa belongs.

The deserts of South America, the Llanos, taken from east to west, are far less extensive than those of Africa. The former are exposed to the breezes of the tropics; the latter,

situated in the latitude of Arabia and the south of Persia, are visited by strata of burning air, proceeding from the hottest countries of the globe. The almost total want of great rivers, lakes, and high mountains, may be adduced as another cause of the sterility of Africa. But, according to our author, all these causes would have been insufficient to change these immense plains into sandy deserts, if by a catastrophe, the era and nature of which are unknown, the ocean had not made an irruption on this soil, and covered the once productive fields with sand. M. Humboldt conjectures, that it is from the effects of this phenomenon that the heated water of Mexico is carried towards the banks of Newfoundland, and the cocoa nuts of the West Indies are thrown upon the shores of Iceland and Norway. It is at least certain, that one branch of this rapid current is still directed from the Azores to the south-east, and dashes with impetuosity against the western shores of the north of Africa.

After hazarding some philosophical conjectures respecting the quarter from which the population of the world originated, M. Humboldt notices a singular tribe of South Americans inhabiting the banks of the Orinoco, near its mouth, and who live in cabins suspended to the branches of the tree called *mauritia*. The existence of this tribe depends entirely upon the production of the *mauritia*. During the inundation of the Delta, they suspend ingeniously between the branches of the trees kinds of hammocks woven with the leaves, and sewed together with thread made from the same tree.

These aerial cottages are mostly covered with clay. The women descend for the sake of kindling fires for cooking. But the above is not the only useful purpose to which the *mauritia* is applied; it yields a kind of farina or sago, with which the Indians make bread, and from the sap of the tree they prepare a fermented liquor. The fruit resembles a pineapple.

Immense herds of horned cattle, horses, and wild asses, pasture in the South American plains. The prodigious increase of these animals is the more astonishing, as they have to contend against difficulties peculiar to the soil which they inhabit.

When the rays of the sun dart perpendicularly on the earth, the grass is burnt up, the soil becomes hard, and exhibits such enormous fissures, that they seem to have been produced by an earthquake. If currents of air happen to blow from opposite directions, a singular appearance presents itself, the sand rises in dense clouds in the form of huge cylinders or funnels, similar to the water-spouts observed at sea. The ground enveloped in burning sand, renders the heat more

suffocating, and the east winds carrying with them the heated vapours of the soil, overwhelm the exhausted traveller. The crocodiles and serpents, exhausted by heat, bury themselves in the dry mud, and resemble the animals of the northern countries when benumbed with cold. Enveloped in clouds of dust, and oppressed with hunger and thirst, the horned cattle scatter themselves over the desert, and raise their parched mouths against the stream of air, to catch the humid particles it contains, and thus by instinct try to discover some adjacent rivulet. The wild asses endeavour to quench their thirst in a more ingenious manner. The taper melon contains under its prickly rind a succulent substance. The animal breaks off with his hoof the thorns from the plant, and applies his lips to the rind to suck up the water: this operation, however, is attended with danger, for the animals frequently swallow the points, and are strangled. The effects of the rainy season in South America are next described with considerable minuteness.

Frequently on the edge of a morass, the mud is so much swelled by the rains, as to rise gradually into hillocks, which suddenly burst with a loud noise, as if blown up by gunpowder. The inhabitants, to whom this phenomenon is familiar, hastily get out of the way, for from these new craters an enormous water-serpent or crocodile is seen to issue, which has been roused from its lethargy by the first rains.

The rivers which skirt the southern boundary gradually swell, and the same animals which had been formerly the victims of the most dreadful thirst, are for a season compelled to live like amphibious creatures. A considerable portion of the desert now resembles an immense lake. The female animals retire with their young to the high grounds, which appear like so many islands. Every day their limits become narrower. The want of food compels them to swim for whole hours in search of the aquatic *poa*, which raises its flowers above the surface of the water. A prodigious number of young animals perish under this deluge. Others become the prey of crocodiles, and frequently horses and bulls are seen wandering about, bearing the marks of the teeth of this ferocious animal.

The account given by M. Humboldt of the *gymnotus electricus*, or electrical eels of South America, has been frequently before the public. The cursory sketch of the subject given in the present memoir, we are aware, may not have any claims to novelty; it may, however, amuse a numerous portion of readers, to repeat the leading facts as re-stated by M. Humboldt.

‘ The immense marshes of Bera and Rastro are peopled with electrical eels, which communicate from every part of their bodies dreadful concussions, and attack their enemies with weapons which they cannot resist; these eels are five or six feet long. They are capable of killing the largest and most-vigorous animal, if their blow be properly directed. Immense numbers of dead horses are annually found on the banks of the Uritucu, a river in which the electric fish abound. The human beings who inhabit the adjacent country shun the approach of the gymnoti with terror. They are even formidable to the fishermen if they throw their lines into the water when impregnated with moisture.

‘ The fishery for these animals is a very curious spectacle. Horses and mules are driven into the marsh by the Indians. The gymnoti are seen to rise to the surface, and attack the frightened quadrupeds under the belly, several of which perish from the invisible blows of their formidable enemy: if they chance to escape from the combat, they are instantly driven back by their savage masters, who are armed with bamboos for the purpose. The fury of the combatants after some time abates. The exhausted gymnoti disperse like clouds, after a violent storm. They stand in need of a long rest and abundance of food to enable them to repair the loss of the galvanic fluid. Their blows become harmless, and the returning courage of the horses inspires them with sudden terror: in their turn they fly to the shore, where the Indians attack them with harpoons, and draw them on shore by means of pieces of dried wood, which are non-conductors of electricity.’

The comparative account of the population of the two great continents of Africa and America is drawn up in an elegant manner, and does honour to M. Humboldt's talents for composition, as well as to his sound discrimination. The following short extract exhibits him to considerable advantage :

‘ The deserts of the north of Africa have separated, from time immemorial, two kinds of population, which formerly inhabited the same portion of the globe. Their emigration and separation are lost in the mazes of antiquity, like the fables of Osiris and Typhon. To the northward of Mount Atlas we find a race of people with long sleek yellow hair, whose features resemble those of Mount Caucasus. To the southward of the Senegal, in the direction of Soudan, we find negroes who exhibit traces of civilization. The deserts of Mongolia, in the centre of Africa, separate Siberian Barbary from the peninsula of India, the ancient seat of civilization.

‘ Countries already half cultivated by Europeans bound the vast plains of South America. The countries which extend northward, between the chain of the Venezuela mountains and

the West India islands, are covered with flourishing towns and well cultivated farms.

' The immense desert is bounded on the south by impenetrable forests of timber, which occupy the damp regions between the rivers Orinoko and Amazon. Enormous rocks of granite confine the beds of their foamy waves. The mountains and forests echo back the noise of their waterfalls, and the almost incessant cries of animals prognosticate approaching storms.

' On the sandy banks of the river is to be seen the monstrous crocodile basking in the sun, with extended jaws, and his huge body covered with flocks of birds.

' With his tail twisted round the stump of a tree, the tiger-serpent watches his prey, and often suddenly arrests in its progress the swift deer, or haughty young bull, and forces them into his voracious jaws.

' Various are the races of mankind which inhabit these savage countries: they are distinguished by the variety of their language. Of these the Otomacs and the Jarures feed upon ants, gum, and even earth. Others, more intelligent and of milder manners, live on the fruits of the earth which they cultivate. Immense regions are inhabited only by monkeys, who live in a kind of society. Images, however, carved on the rocks, announce the existence of mankind in these countries at some remote period. These relics contain the secret of the mutable destinies of men, and prove that the modifications of language are invariably the most indelible monuments of their first origin.

' The savage tribes of Guiana wage eternal war with each other; they drink the blood of their enemies with delight. An Indian who appears unarmed and defenceless, has his nails poisoned, to inflict a mortal wound when least suspected.'

The following philosophical, but somewhat misanthropic reflection, excited by the history of these savages, forms the concluding passage of M. Humboldt's valuable memoir:

' Thus, in the state of nature as well as of civilization, man is always fertile in resources for creating evils to himself; and on traversing the whole surface of the globe, the traveller continually views the afflicting spectacle of man armed against his fellow, a spectacle which is also exhibited in every page of history.'

We flatter ourselves that we have now put our readers in possession of sufficient materials to enable them to form a competent estimate of the immense advantages which will accrue to every department of science, by the publication of the whole of Count Humboldt's valuable acquisitions. We regret to add, that the state of the continent has greatly retarded this desirable event.

ART. VII.—*Du Calorique rayonnant.*

On radiating Caloric, by M. Prevost. 1 vol. 8vo.
Geneva, 1809.

THE opinions of M. Prevost, on the subject of caloric, are already well known in this country, through the medium of the scientific journals. In the present volume he has collected all that had previously occurred to him on his favourite topic, and given copious extracts from the work of our countryman Leslie, as illustrative of his theory.

The work sets out with explaining the theory of radiating caloric, which he endeavours to apply to a great number of the phenomena connected with heat, and after informing his readers that M. Haüy has given the sanction of his name to the theory in question, by adopting it, in the second edition of his *Traité élémentaire de Physique*, M. Prevost modestly lays claim to public favour by avowing the insufficiency of his own powers to manage the subject with the skill it deserves. He merely regards his work in the light of a first effort towards clearing the way for future valuable discovery, and invites the calm and dispassionate discussion of his contemporary philosophers, on the data with which he has furnished them; the present, in his opinion, being the most auspicious period, in the history of science, for the fair elucidation of every branch of knowledge.

ART. VIII.—*Œuvres complètes de Boileau.*

The whole Works of Boileau. Stereotype Edition. 3 vols.
8vo. Paris, 1809.

WE notice the above volumes partly to call the attention of our readers to a beautiful specimen of modern typography, and partly because they afford the only complete collection of Boileau's works ever published.

The admirers of this celebrated author will here meet with every scrap that could be procured of his writings, the authenticity of which was at all ascertained. Great pains have been taken in the selection of materials for the notes, which greatly enhance the value of the work as a literary record. These notes are of five different kinds. 1, The original notes of the author himself, distinguished by the letters BOIL—2, variorum—3, imitations—4, historical elucidations—5, critical observations.

The principal occurrences in the life of the author are given at the beginning of the work, and the narrative is well written. The *Redacteur* is anonymous.

APP. Vol. 18.

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ART. IX.—*Le Spectre de la Montagne de Grenade, &c.*

The Spectre of the Mountain of Granada. By Mademoiselle de C——. Paris, chez Collin. 2 vols. 8vo. 1809.

THIS is a very harmless ghost, although it is introduced to the acquaintance of the reader under all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' which generally swell the pages of our modern romances.

The drama opens with appropriate scenery : Ferdinand and Count d'Osmar are seated on a rock, contemplating a thunder storm. 'Behold a shadow,' says Ferdinand ; 'it advances like one of the ghosts of Ossian, wrapped in a thin veil. Is it thou, O Malvina, who descendest from the palace of Odin, to condole with thy father?' This Malvina with her thin veil is no other than an eccentric female, who becomes the heroine of the piece.

Miss Owenson's Ida of Athens and the Corinna of Madame Stael have contributed largely to enable Mademoiselle C—— to season the present ragout with oriental spice. In humble imitation of the turgid verbosity of the former, we find the sun called 'the king of stars,' the moon is of course 'the torch of night,' the rainbow, 'the disk of reconciliation,' and calling in a physician is said to be 'sending for the aid of the god of Epidaurus.'

Irlanda, the heroine of the Spectre of Granada, is matched against Corinna. Like her, Irlanda is a girl of genius : she makes verses, composes music, writes novels—in short, knows every thing but how to hold her needle : she has black hair, arched eyebrows, a decided and vigorous mind, and of course an imposing and dignified appearance : she has one advantage over Corinna, however, namely, that of taking the events of life as she finds them, without exhibiting the least discomposure. Irlanda had lost a lover early in life, and then a husband ; a false Strephon next vanishes from her widowed arms, after naming the marriage day, and her philosophy is once more called into action : her first and earliest lover makes his appearance once more, and as he is on his way to be married, is assassinated by a rival. One half of these misfortunes would have killed a dozen Corinnas, but Irlanda views them all with the nonchalance of a female who has drunk deeply of the cup of modern stoicism, vulgarly ycleped philosophy. We are told with a hacknied affectation of sentiment, that our heroine had passed 'her infancy in search of happiness, her youth in quest of it, and her prime of life in calling on it in vain.'

Like Corinna, Irlanda has a sister by a second marriage. Almorinda (for this is her name) is gentle and unassuming, and, like Miss Lucy, is also scantily supplied with genius and knowledge. Almorinda, however, can sew, embroider, and make caps for her sister, and, as a matter of course, has a most charming person, which is the more beautiful, says the fair author, 'because the sun of ambition had not as yet absorbed her odoriferous soul!!!' We leave it to the readers of novels and romances to tell us what this means.

Ferdinand, who is described as hating poetry, '*cet art imposteur*,' as he tells his friend Count d'Osmia, is nevertheless desperately in love, and with that cold foresight, which no doubt accompanies an hostility to the muses, prudently endeavours to secure two strings to his bow. The wit and genius of Irlanda have enslaved him, while the 'unabsorbed odoriferous soul' of her sister Almorinda has excited certain amorous propensities, which Almorinda is under the necessity of repelling. An oath which she had taken, at an early period of life, is most scrupulously, and we think rather unfashionably kept, and Almorinda takes the veil, leaving Ferdinand to grope his way to the temple of Hymen with Irlanda.

All the heroes and heroines, with the exception of poor Almorinda, are described as children of genius, and all of them in their turns have been plunged into its vagaries. Even old Jerome, the confessor to the mountain of Granada, is a man of genius, and has consequently floundered through life as men of talent generally do: in his youth he was on the eve of marriage with an heiress, but was suddenly banished her presence for cracking irreligious jokes on her grandmama. The display of his wit, in short, ended in his expulsion from his native country: at Venice, where he takes up his residence, he pays his addresses to a married woman, who is poisoned by a disappointed rival. Jerome gallantly stabs the female assassin and throws himself into the sea, with a view to add suicide to murder, but is somehow or other restored to life, becomes a saint, and finally directs the consciences of a numerous flock of devotees in the mountains of Granada.

The work abounds with sketches of character—with what adherence to nature they are drawn, we leave to our readers to judge from the specimen we have given. Plot or counter-plot it has none. It has an imposing title, however, and will no doubt find its way into the hands of the élèves of sentimentality of both sexes. Its absurdities will, probably, strongly recommend it to the caterers for the circulating libraries on our side of the Channel; but we recommend it to those whose lot it is to transfuse the 'odoriferous soul' of this mountain

spectre into an English dress, to apply the tomahawk and not the scalpel. The loves of Ferdinand and Almorinda may be told in quilted prose if the translator pleases, but let us not hear of the 'tender shoots of religion' being 'nipped by the scissors of philosophy, and the stumps exposed defenceless to the scorching heat of headstrong passion!' This would be splitting the ears of the groundlings with a vengeance!

ART. X.—*La Mort d'Abel; Poeme en Imitation de Gesner, &c.*

The Death of Abel; a Poem in Imitation of Gesner, by an Officer of Artillery. Paris. Le Normant. 8vo. 1809.

THE circumstances under which this poem was written give it a claim to merciful treatment in the court of criticism. The author contrived to steal the leisure moments which he devoted to the muse, from the arduous duties imposed on him during the recent campaign in Poland—that he has chosen a subject from the sacred text, does equal honour to his principles and taste; and we rejoice that in these degenerate days a French officer of artillery is not ashamed to avow that he carried a Bible in his *sabre tasche*.

Although a free use has been confessedly made of the materials furnished by Gesner, the poem before us is strictly an imitation, not a translation, and there are passages in which we consider the anonymous poet as successfully rivalling the beautiful simplicity of language and description which is the pervading charm of his model.

Cain, after witnessing the last expiration of his murdered brother, precipitately leaves the scene of action.

'Heurlant, tordant les bras, vomissant des remords!'

Adam, Eve, Thirsa, and the children of Cain assemble around the dead body, and the artless lamentations of the latter for the loss of their relative are thus portrayed:

— La tombe s'entr'ouvroit sous les efforts d'Adam ;
 La mere & l'autre sœur regardoient en pleurant.
 Eliel, Josias, tous deux dans leur enfance,
Accourus par la main troubloient seuls le silence :
 De Caïn ils sont fils : " Vois, disoit Eliel,
 Regarde, Josias ; ah ! c'est le bou Abel !
 Comme sa tête est là, toute pâle & sauglante !
 Et Thirsa sur son corps, comme elle se lamente !
 Il ne voit plus ! *ses yeux sont je ne sais comment !*
 Ah ! Josias, j'ai peur ! allons trouver *maman !*"

Vers la mere aussi-tôt chacun d'eux se dérobe,
 Et puis enveloppés dans les plis de sa robe :
*"Maman, pourquoi ca donc que tu pleures aussi ?
 Pourquoi que grand papa creuse la terre ici ?
 Comme le jeune agneau, là-bas Abel demeure !
 Devoit-il sur l'autel être offert toute à l'heure ?*
 —Enfans, dit Méhala, les embrassant tous deux,
 La mort emporte Abel ; son ame est dans les cieux ;
 Elle va pour toujours y demeurer heureuse,
 Et son corps va descendre au tombeau qu' Adam creuse.
 —Quoi ! répond Eliel qui se pend à ses bras,
 Chere maman, Abel ne s'éveillera pas !
 Lui qui nous apprenoit chaque jour un cantique !
 Déjà, tout gros de pleurs, sa tendresse s'explique.
 Ah ! disoit Josias ; tous deux sur ses genoux,
 L'un en face de l'autre, il chantoit devant nous !
 Il redisoit le ciel, le Seigneur, sa louange,
 La pomme, le péché, le bon, le mauvais ange !
 Ah ! comme à son retour, va soupirer papa !"
 Tels ils parloient, pleurant au sein de Méhala.

The following specimen of the descriptive powers of the author, on a more pleasing occasion, has its merits; there is something faulty, however, in the concluding couplet—the zephyrs may legitimately be allowed to frolic around the happy pair, but the most extravagant indulgence that poets ever claimed never went beyond the introduction of a few sunbeams to add luxuriance to a sublunary scene: the majestic orb itself was never seen to smile (at least in our recollection) out of the regions of pagan mythology.

‘Déjà l'aube, agitant une aîle gracieuse,
 Dispensoit la rosée à la terre amoureuse ;
 Déjà, dans l'Est en feu, la couriere du jour,
 Du roi de la nature annonçoit le retour :
 * * * * *

Quand Abel, conduisant sa Thirsa par la main,
 A travers des bosquets de rose & de jasmin,
 Dont la suave odeur embaume la campagne,
 Au-devant du soleil amenoit sa compagne ;
 L'astre, en lui souriant, caressoit son contour,
 Les zéphirs éveillés folâtroient à l'entour.’

We have no doubt that the admirers of French poetry will rise from the perusal of the Mort d'Abel with favourable impressions.

ART. XI.—*Œuvres de M. Turgot, &c.*

The Works of M. Turgot, preceded and accompanied by Memoirs and other Documents respecting his Life, Administration, and Works. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris. Firmin Didot, 1809.

ALTHOUGH the above title announces nine volumes as already published, six only have actually been put to press, the remaining volumes being still in the hands of the French editors: they are said to contain the posthumous and minor productions of the author. The estimation in which the name of Turgot is universally held makes us hasten to take up the work in its present shape, without waiting for the conclusion. We consider ourselves as pledged, however, to resume our analysis in a future Appendix, when the three subsequent volumes arrive in this country.

The present editors have judiciously divided the works of this great man into three parts:

1st. The fragments of his literary performances when an ecclesiastic, and his philosophical researches.

2d. His writings during the period of his intendantship.

3d. His publications during his ministry.

In our present notice we shall follow this arrangement, as being the most convenient and at the same time as enabling us to exhibit a sketch of the literary life of Turgot.

At the early age of 23, when an ecclesiastic, he pronounced before the doctors of the Sorbonne two discourses, one on the establishment of christianity, and the other on the progressive improvement of the human mind. Both of them bear marks of excellence, which it rarely falls to the lot of mankind to exhibit at so early a period of life; they display an extent of acquirement and a depth of reflection, which are understood to be the results of a personal intercourse with mankind alone, and which we cannot account for in the present instance, without acknowledging that there are individuals on whom great and splendid talents are conferred as if by inspiration.

We recollect no author who has so happily caught the true spirit of the petty governments of Greece as M. Turgot has in his first discourse: 'their patriotism did not so much consist in a regard for their fellow-citizens, as in a common hatred of foreigners.' A little further on he tells us, that 'almost all legislators have neglected to open a door for the corrections which all human institutions require, and there remains no other remedy for abuses, than the resource, more dreadful than the abuses themselves, namely, a total revolution.'

In the same prophetic spirit he commences his second discourse, by assuring the antiquated theologians of the Sorbonne, that

‘Astronomy, navigation, and geography mutually assist each other. The shores of Greece and Asia Minor were peopled with Phenician colonies. COLONIES resemble fruits, which only adhere to the parent tree, until they arrive at maturity. When they want no more assistance, they act as Carthage did, and as America will one day also!’

His extensive and profound acquaintance with political geography is conspicuously displayed in several memoirs in the same volume, ‘under the titles of ‘*L’Esquisse d’une Geographie politique*,’ ‘*Plan d’Histoire universelle*,’ and ‘*Discours sur les Progres et les diverses Epoquees de la Decadence des Sciences et des Arts*.’

But his mind was not confined to the drudgery of political disquisitions; the higher walks of science occasionally occupied his earlier years. Buffon had broached his celebrated theory of a comet having fallen into the sun, and supposing it to have carried off a piece of the latter, it became, when gradually cooled, the present terrestrial globe. Turgot was then scarcely twenty-one years of age, but with a boldness peculiar to the strength of his genius, he wrote to Buffon in the following manner :

‘I ask, in the first place, wherefore do you undertake to explain such phenomena? Is it your wish to take from the philosophy of Newton that simplicity and wise circumspection which characterise it? Do you intend, by plunging us into the night of hypotheses, to justify the Cartesians in their ideas of the three elements, and the formation of the world?’

He then proceeds to combat the objections of the great naturalist in a train of philosophical arguments and mathematical calculations.

The first lance which Turgot broke in metaphysics was against Maupertuis; he attacked with great keenness the ‘*Reflexions philosophiques sur l’Origine des Langues et la Signification des Mots*,’ and in the opinion of a great majority of critics, Turgot came off victorious. The celebrated doctrines of Berkeley were also assailed by him with no small degree of force and penetration.

In the article *Etymologie*, which he defines to be a conjectural art, he teaches the method by which alone we ought to proceed in ascertaining the precise origin of words, on which to found legitimate conjectures, and how they may be verified.

But we now come to the most important period in the life

of our author. At the age of 26 he published his celebrated Letters on Toleration: his chief aim on this occasion was to convince the world, that, of all the methods ever resorted to for the extinction of religious quarrels, persecution is the worst.

The bent of his mind naturally led him to subjects connected with political economy, and under this head we find the following papers in the present collection of his works.

A letter to M. de Cicé, in answer to three letters of the Abbe Terrason on paper money, and in which M. Turgot endeavours to shew, that all credit which is not supported on real and positive value, or on a certain reimbursement, is illusory, and soon becomes mischievous to a country.

A memoir on property and on money, in which he examines what constitutes property, in what manner the latter is at once guaranteed and represented by money, and what is the mean term of comparison of the value of money.

An eulogium pronounced by Turgot on M. de Gournay, an eminent merchant of St. Maloes, gives the philosopher an opportunity of exhibiting an enlightened view of the notions peculiar to himself and to his friend on the subject of the mercantile code. We learn that M. de Gournay's usual expression on the subject of commerce was *Laissez faire, laissez passer*.

An article on fairs, originally published in the French Encyclopedie, is given in this department of M. Turgot's labours. He regards the privileges which have been conferred of holding fairs, as so many proofs of the fetters which have arrested the progress of industry and commerce, and he ends with assuring his readers that great fairs can never compensate by any utility that can be derived from them, for the oppression which they in other respects impose on regular traders.

But the most important of all his works on political economy, particularly from the importance of the theory divulged in it, is a treatise on the acquisition and distribution of riches. This was composed nine years before the publication of the Wealth of Nations of Dr. Adam Smith, who, it is well known, had frequently discussed the same topics with Turgot and Quesnay. It has been objected against the doctrines advanced in M. Turgot's lucubrations on national wealth, that he has been rather too ardent in his admiration of the once favourite dogma of the economists, that the net produce of a country alone constitutes its riches: we believe that M. Turgot lived long enough to be convinced of his error in this respect, as some of his subsequent productions evidently prove.

M. Turgot was nominated intendant of Limoges in 1761,

and volumes 4, 5, and 6 of his works contain what the editors have been able to collect of his literary labours during the period of his holding that situation. They are doubly interesting when we consider them with respect to the history of the times and the merits of the author. Those whose occupations lead them to study the important subject of political œconomy in any of its ramifications, will return with avidity to the perusal of these volumes.

The exemption of the clergy and nobles from the payment of taxes was the theme of M. Turgot's constant animadversion. With the diffidence inseparable from a truly great mind, he concludes one of his remonstrances to the French ministry in the following manner: 'I am ever ready to admit that important changes in a matter so closely connected with public welfare cannot be suggested with too much circumspection and even timidity.'

Although unsuccessful in the accomplishment of his favourite projects of reform, his zeal did not escape the notice of those members of the French government who venerated his talents, although political considerations precluded them from gratifying his enlightened mind in the only way in which their attentions would have been acceptable. The grievances in the financial departments remained unredressed, but M. Turgot was offered the intendency of Lyons, a situation far more splendid and lucrative than that of Limoges. 'I have begun in my present district,' he informs the controller-general, 'a great and important change, without accomplishing any thing as yet; I must confess to you that I cannot abandon it without the most lively emotions of regret.'

We have already mentioned that M. Turgot was an avowed enemy to the privileged orders; the charge of jacobinism against him became proverbial, therefore, with all those who were interested in the continuance of abuses. The obstinacy of the parliaments rejected all efforts at reform, and the constitution at length became a prey to the folly of its supporters. M. Turgot lived to see the enemies of his country crushed under the ruins of the edifice which they had refused to repair, and, what must have been a real satisfaction to his philosophic mind, he saw many of his favourite projects in political œconomy reduced to practice, and witnessed their beneficial effects on the mass of the population.

The district of Limoges, of which M. Turgot was receiver, was among the poorest in France: among his works we find many smaller memoirs, which breathe a spirit of benevolence and humanity, which seldom, perhaps never animates the soul of a collector of the revenue. Almost

every annual statement of his public accounts was accompanied by a supplication for a remission of the arrears of taxes in favour of the poorer inhabitants whom Providence had committed to his care.

The famine which afflicted Limoges in the winter of 1770-71, enabled M. Turgot to bequeath to posterity an additional monument of the superiority of his mind and the extent of his intelligence. Obstacles of every kind stood in the way of the circulation of corn and provisions. A system of corn laws, since abolished, absurd regulations of the police, but above all the prejudices of the courts of justice, the ignorance of the minister then in power, and the popular fury, all were surmounted by his perseverance, and the memoirs drawn up by him on the organization of workhouses and charitable institutions, his instructions to the magistrates and curés, will furnish never-failing lessons for those who are animated by the same patriotic spirit. The same period gave birth to his *Letters on 'the free Circulation of Corn,'* which, from the celebrity they acquired, became a benefit to mankind.

Some contrariety of opinion prevailed about half a century ago in France, on the subject of the legality of certain rates of interest for money borrowed. The judges decided against the popular party, and in favour of what was then called usury. Public commotions took place on the occasion, and M. Turgot, in laying before the minister an account of the disturbances in his own department, has furnished a valuable memoir on the interest of money.

A list of questions respecting China, addressed to two learned Chinese who resided at Paris for the sake of instruction in the European sciences, concludes the sixth and last volume. The comprehensive mind of Turgot was never distracted by avocations of an inferior kind, from the great object of his life and writings; his inquiries respecting China in an eminent degree evince, that if patriotism was with him a virtue, it was the patriotism of a citizen of the world.

We shall hail with pleasure the appearance of the subsequent volumes of the work, and we have no doubt that our readers already participate in our sentiments. The revolutions daily passing before our eyes render the writings of Turgot doubly valuable: we believe that no political author has been more successful in seizing upon the real causes of these important changes.

ART. XII.—*L'Art de converser, &c.*

he Art of Conversation; a Poem, in one Canto. Paris.
8vo. 1809.

MORALISTS have been divided into two sects on the subject of the art of conversation. Pythagoras and his followers prescribed a long continued silence in early life, as best calculated to qualify a man for colloquial eminence. Others contend, that with equal propriety might we educate a *bon-vivant* by accustoming him in his youth to bread and water, as qualify a person to shine in conversation without habituating him in the exercise of speaking.

The anonymous author of the above poem belongs to the Pythagorean sect, in spite of the more modern doctrine of encouraging loquacity. His precepts are of a general nature, and his poem is not long: those who do not think themselves sufficiently masters of the art of conversation will perhaps derive a little assistance from productions of this description, particularly of the French school. We recommend a perusal of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, however, to the anonymous author, before he again exhibits himself as a candidato for poetical fame.

ART. XIII.—*Memoires sur la Librairie et sur la Liberté de la Presse, &c.*

Memoirs on the Book-trade and on the Liberty of the Press.
By M. de Lamoignon Malesherbes. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris,
1809.

THE name of Malesherbes, and the subject which now brings him into notice as an author, are sufficiently attractive to interest the general reader. To those who admired the more than Spartan virtue of this truly philosophical lawyer when alive, the present publication must give additional satisfaction.

It is singular that so early as the middle of last century, the French government had turned their attention to the state of the press;—urged to the consideration of the subject, perhaps, by the dissolution of the order of the jesuits, and by a temporary fit of patriotism, they called in the professional assistance of M. Malesherbes to draw up a code of regulations, with a view to give a free license to literary discussion, while at the same time they should tend to curb the licentiousness of authors.

In the year 1759, as we are informed in the preface, M. Malesherbes being then the licenser of all publications in France, was instructed to draw up a series of essays for the instruction of the dauphin son to Louis XV. and father to Louis XVI. of unfortunate memory, and although professedly written as mere lectures to a young prince, on an important branch of politics, they bear evident marks of being intended for a more extended application.

In giving a succinct account of the views of the enlightened author of these memoirs, we hope to furnish some additional hints to those who have made the civil liberties of mankind the peculiar object of their study. We do not mean to say that the doctrines of M. Malesherbes are applicable to all countries, but they breathe a spirit of moderation and liberality, which legislators would do well to keep in view, when sitting in judgment on the rights and privileges of their fellow-subjects.

The first memoir in the collection discusses the abuses of the press, and points out in a general manner the necessity of making new regulations, or of reforming the old. The second essay treats of the fundamental principles on which all regulations relating to literature ought to be founded; and the third points out the description of books that ought to be permitted or tolerated. The author restricts the object of censure to such publications only as are levelled against the religion, manners, or sovereign authority of the state. With respect to books of a licentious tendency in point of morals, such as the *Tales of Lafontaine*, &c. he thinks that a kind of toleration should be allowed them, which he calls *tacit permission*. In this opinion we cannot coincide with M. Malesherbes, nor do we think that even the more luxuriant climate of France ought to tolerate the publication of obscenity.

With respect to every other subject, and particularly where legislation, politics, military or naval tactics, and matters of finance form the subjects of discussion, M. Malesherbes is of opinion that they ought to be permitted to appear at the risk of the authors.

‘Some legal characters may have regarded the publication of elementary books on jurisprudence as an abuse of the liberty of the press: physicians may have declaimed against the production of medical books, in any other than a learned language; men of learning have been found to deprecate all literary criticism; while some persons have roundly asserted that a literary censor became accountable to the public for the faults of the work to which he gave his license.

‘These principles,’ M. Malesherbes informs us, ‘are at variance with all those which ought to enter into the composition of

a good administration. It is impossible that the laws can both punish and prohibit every thing that is bad, and the governors of a state must not, and indeed cannot prevent the publication of what they may be pleased to condemn. If this were the case, literary censors would acquire an unlimited authority over authors. It is time that the latter should be freed from this species of tyranny. Another ground of censorship on authors, which I think ought to be abolished, is that which flows from the principle that currency ought not to be given to errors; but, of all other subjects, the knowledge of truth is the most important, and this will always be forwarded when a free press is established, but never without it. If we prohibit the publication of errors, we stop the progress of truth, because new truths sometimes pass for errors at first sight, and are regarded as such by the judicial authorities as a matter of course. There are a small number of sciences of demonstration: in these we can learn with certainty where the error lies; but in these sciences there is no danger of establishing false principles, because we are certain that they will soon be refuted, if they do not fall into contempt. In the rest of the sciences we are never sure that we are not deceived. Where is the censor who will rashly tell us, I am sufficiently aware of such and such truths, to prevent the public from being deceived by contrary assertion? Who is he who can fix the term of human knowledge as being that at which he has himself arrived, and prohibit all going beyond it, for fear of error? What will become of the republic of letters, if it be subjected to such imperious dictators, men whose ignorance, pride, passions, or prejudices are to be permitted to stifle the germs of the most precious truths?

The fourth memoir has for its object the regulations for preventing the printing or trafficking in prohibited books. The fifth contains an elucidation of what ought to be implied by the term *tacit permission*.

The French editor has truly observed that we are not to expect in these memoirs mere dry and tedious discussions on judicial measures or regulations for the controul of the press. On the contrary, M. Malesherbes philosophically examines the best methods of protecting literature, and enlarging the sphere of human knowledge; but while he inquires into the most proper means to encourage the progress of the human mind, he points out some excellent expedients for opposing the licentiousness of authors by wise and moderate regulations.

It is curious to observe the time-serving spirit of the French literati:—perhaps the imprimatur of the present literary censors in France was withheld until the following confession of faith was penned by the *redacteur* who now presents us with the works of M. Malesherbes.

* We must not conclude, however, that the times in which M. Malesherbes wrote at all resembled the present. He merely proposed what he thought would be most advantageous to France in the state it then was. *Several of his ideas are totally inapplicable to our present situation, and, had he lived, he would, no doubt, have introduced proper modifications into his plans.* His memoirs on books and on the liberty of the press are now published, not with the view to present them as authorities, but merely as a supplement to his other works, and as tending to exhibit the peculiar legislative genius of the author.*

But we now come to the most important article of the volume before us. This is a distinct memoir on the liberty of the press, composed, as the author informs us, in the year 1788, at the desire of several distinguished characters, and adapted to the revolutionizing spirit of the times. It was published at the time of the convocation of the *Etats Generaux* in that year.

He has divided this valuable essay into six chapters, each of which professes to discuss a separate question.

The first of these is the following:—‘What, in general, are the advantages and disadvantages to a nation attending the liberty of the press?’

M. Malesherbes lays it down as an incontestable principle, that freedom of discussion is the sure, and perhaps the only way to disseminate truth. Printing opens a wide and extensive field for discussion, an arena on which every citizen has a right to enter; the whole nation are the judges, and when this supreme tribunal has been led into error, it is always time to recall it to the paths of truth. The court is never closed: errors exist only for a day, and when freedom of discussion is permitted, truth ultimately prevails. These maxims, which were maintained by the author forty years before, form the basis of his present memoir.

He next examines, in every possible light, the inconveniences which are likely to result from a free press; he is of opinion that literary works *contra bonos mores*, need not be prohibited by express enactment; they are already forbidden by the law of nature, which is the common law of nations; thus, by tolerating a free press, impunity ought not to be held out to those who print what they are not permitted even to utter in public. On the same principle a free press cannot be supposed to hold out impunity to libellers, or to those who exhort the populace to revolt against the government or the religion of their country.

The author inquires in chapter ii. what would be the result of a toleration contrary to the law; i. e. of a system of government in which there are regulations made to prevent

the sale of improper books, and penal laws against delinquents; but in which a certain freedom and license of publishing have obtained, notwithstanding contrary laws or regulations.

In chapter iii. M. Malesherbes elucidates the causes of the establishment in France of this toleration, contrary to express law. No law can be put in force when the whole nation conspires to evade it, and when the government itself is disposed to shut its eyes against the evasion. The laws of France enacted that no book should be printed or sold without an express permission from the government: their imprimatur was refused to such an immense number of necessary books, both of instruction and amusement, that a person who read such books only as were printed under strict legal sanction, was at least a century behind his contemporaries.

The *Henriade* was among the number of those works of real value which were printed openly in other countries, and clandestinely in France; the age of Louis XIV. was in the same predicament, and the *magnanimous* prince, whose name has just been mentioned, would have prosecuted with the most despotic rigour the author and publishers of *Telemachus*, the ornament of the French language. The *Persian Letters* and the *Spirit of Laws* were equally branded as forbidden fruit.

Perhaps no work excited more clamour on the parts of the clergy and magistrates than the French *Encyclopedie*, and yet the plan of this celebrated work was concerted with the Chancellor d'Aguessau, who was regarded as one of the most virtuous and enlightened magistrates of France. Diderot had been introduced to him as one who had the largest share in editing the work, and the chancellor was captivated by some sparks of genius which burst forth in the course of the conversation. He nominated censors to superintend the work, but notwithstanding their approbation, the old Bishop of Mirepoix, the most ardent enemy of innovations, carried his complaints to the king, and exclaimed with crocodile tears, that the church was in danger. Other censors were named for the succeeding volumes, and these were named by the bishop himself. What is very singular, the six volumes revised by these nominees, were equally complained of by the church. The parliament of Paris then took up the subject, and appointed censors in their turn. The former were accused of being Molinists, and it was thought that the parliament would appoint Jansenists. The booksellers then took the alarm, and as the shortest way to avoid a party quarrel, on the publication of every separate volume, they procured the whole work to be clandestinely printed, and it was accordingly

published at once. The zeal of the bigots of all parties gradually died away, and no dispute subsequently arose.

In the following chapters, M. Malesherbes speaks of the best means of preventing libels; here we are presented with a discussion on the important question, whether all books ought to be subjected to a censorship previous to publication, or the law be allowed to interfere in punishing authors and publishers after a libel has been printed.

With exultation we find M. Malesherbes continually reverting to the grand principle with which he sets out, namely, that freedom of discussion is the only method of propagating truth, and that the press ought to be always free, reserving to government or to individuals the right of prosecuting authors for licentiousness. He suggests, however, that the office of literary censor ought by no means to be abolished, in order that well meaning and moral writers may be thereby relieved from all prosecution; but he takes it for granted that in this case such authors as refuse to submit to the revision of a censor, may be at perfect liberty to publish at their own risks.

The enlightened doctrine of toleration in literary matters is inculcated in the following energetic manner :

‘ Were we not permitted to publish our sentiments on almost every subject of public interest, it would be impossible to write a single line without running the risk of a criminal process. Not only would it be dangerous to write treatises on morals or metaphysics, but even moral or metaphysical reflections would be interdicted in every publication whatever, because every abstract proposition is too often regarded by those of a contrary opinion as the germ of a punishable offence, and an author can never foresee the moral or religious system of his judges. In the department of history, nothing could be written but dry monotonous chronicles, devoid of all reflections, presenting no picture to the reader, because the author durst not apply the events of antiquity to the present time, lest he should be accused of doing so from malignant motives.’

In the course of the same essay, jurisprudence, natural philosophy, and the belles lettres are represented as being under equal obligations to the liberty of the press.

After this slight sketch of the contents of the volume before us, we have no doubt but that it will be resorted to with avidity and with profit, by those whose views are directed to the philosophy of politics.

ART. XIV.—*Heidelbergische Jahr bücher der Litteratur für Philologie, Historie, &c.*

Heidelberg Annual Register of Philology, History, general Literature, and Science. 1st and 2d Parts. Heidelberg, 1808. 8vo.

WE notice this chiefly as being a new periodical publication, which bids fair to excite considerable interest among the admirers of German literature. The printing establishments in most of the German and Prussian states were broken up, and an almost entire cessation of literary communication took place during the occupation of Prussia by the French troops, and while the dismemberment of the German empire was going forward. The literati of Heidelberg have the merit, however, of restoring the much wished for circulation of continental literary intelligence, and from the specimen now published, they deserve much applause.

The *Litteratur Zeitun* of Jena seems to have been their model, and their selection is equally judicious. The present numbers of the work contain a learned paper from the pen of M. Creuzer, on the mutual assistance furnished to each other by philology and mythology. An analysis follows of a valuable work, by M. Wagner, entitled, 'Hints for a general Mythology of the ancient World.' To this succeeds a review of Adelung's ancient History of Germany, by M. Wilker, and a variety of equally interesting articles.

ART. XV.—*Pieces inedites sur les Regnes de Louis XIV. &c.*

Papers relative to the Reigns of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in which are contained Memoirs, historical Notices, and Letters of Louis XIV. Mad. Maintenon, Marshals Villars, Berwick, and Asfeld; to which is subjoined, the Chronique scandaleuse of the Court of the Regent Orleans, written by the Duke of Richlieu, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1809.

THE publication of documents relating to the secret history of courts and princes is peculiar to the moderns. In the popular governments of antiquity, the great body of the people had always some share in the management of public affairs; and whatever might be the secret designs of those

who governed them, the means by which they were to attain their objects were necessarily made public. In the monarchical constitutions of modern Europe, on the contrary, where the destinies of the people too often depend on the caprice of a single individual, public events of the greatest importance are brought about by the passions or the secret intrigues of courtiers: the more absolute the government, the more important is the private history of its chief members; and perhaps no better example of this truth can be given, than by referring our readers to the period of the history of France in which the *Pieces inédites* in question are said to have been composed.

The secret history of modern times, therefore, owes much of its importance to the various sudden revolutions which were witnessed in Europe during the 17th and 18th centuries, for which no contemporary historians were able to assign the true causes. It is not, however, that dignified kind of history which has been called a 'lesson to kings,' and with the exception perhaps of the materials which historians may be able to gather from private documents written with no view to gratify posterity, their publication serves no other purposes than those of lessening the respect of the people for their superiors, or teaching ministers and courtiers the useful art of retaining their places in the midst of cabinet cabals and political intrigues.

There is a certain character or physiognomy, if we may be allowed the expression, by which we are enabled, without the exercise of great depth of judgment, to ascertain the authenticity of papers not intended for public inspection. The little we generally know from history of the private characters of persons who have made some figure in life, furnishes the means of detection, when an attempt is made by an unprincipled bookseller or hungry *redacteur*, to foist upon us a paper tea-board as the shield of Achilles.

With respect to the materials which compose the present volume, we confess that our reliance on them is not implicit. The first *morceau* is a sketch of the character of the great Turenne, said to have been found in the portfolio of Marshal Villars, but we are not informed how nor where this depository of *pieces inédites* was discovered. We are subsequently presented with a few letters from the original owner of the portfolio, to Louis XIV. and to Madame Maintenon, which tell us nothing but what we knew before. To these are subjoined a few scraps respecting the revolution in Great Britain in 1688, several letters written from Spain during the Duke of Richlieu's celebrated embassy to that country, and some notes on the campaign of 1734, from the portfolio

of Marshal Mailly; but still we are not referred to any source by which we can ascertain their authenticity: to all this we may add, that their intrinsic evidence is not sufficiently striking to warrant a blind partiality for their contents.

But if these parts of the work are fabrications, the most scandalous and unprincipled of the whole is reserved for the conclusion. This is a farrago of obscenity and dulness, to which the title of *Chronique scandaleuse* has been given with the praiseworthy view of procuring its admission into the closets of readers of a certain description. We can assure them, however, that if their patience carries them beyond the second page, they will find nothing peculiarly novel nor *piquant* throughout the whole of the performance. The Duchess de Berry is made to act over again the indecencies of Messalina, and the hero of the piece apes the enormities of Caligula; in all this there is nothing new, and yet it might pass for the diary of a debauchee like Richlieu, were it not for a few slips in the memory of the real author, which strike directly against its authenticity. Throughout the whole of the piece, the duke is made to speak in the first person, but on one unlucky occasion, in which his examination before the police magistrate at the Bastille is alluded to, we are told that '*le duc de Richlieu se defendit, avec un courage etonnant*.' In other words, the duke is astonished at his own courage before a public officer! The expression *ma femme*, when speaking of the duchess, continually recurs in the course of this scandalous production; we believe that the etiquette inseparable from a Frenchman of his rank, would have entitled his wife on all occasions to the appellation of Madame de Richlieu. These are a few only of the traits by which a reader of common discrimination will be enabled to form his judgment of the claims to originality set up in the title-page of the work.

It would be rather bold to pronounce decidedly that the whole contents of these volumes are the creatures of some Parisian book-maker's fertile imagination. On the contrary, we are disposed to believe that the portfolio of some eminent personage has fallen into the hands of one of these caterers for the booksellers of Paris. It is our duty, however, to caution the English reader against manufactures of French origin, more particularly when we suspect them to be contraband.

ACT. XVI.—*Môn premier Pas, &c.*

My first Step. By T. De Lafosse. Paris, 8vo. 1809.

THE contemporary lyric poets of France keep pace with our English votaries of the muse, in their eagerness to exhibit themselves out of leading-strings. M. De Lafosse is one of those *dii minorum gentium* who swarm at the foot of Parnassus, and content themselves with peunning sonnets ‘to their mistress’s eyebrows;’ his volume teems therefore with poetical scraps under the common-place titles of ‘*Declarations*,’ ‘*Souvenirs*,’ ‘*Songes*,’ ‘*Jouissances*,’ ‘*Ruptures*,’ ‘*Raccommodemens*.’

Some of these pieces, however, have their merits, and such of our readers as delight in the sonnet which has love for its theme, will find some pleasing French verses among them. We select a specimen from ‘*Le Couvent*.’

‘Salut, voûte silencieuse,
Cloître lugubre où la beauté
Régrette, captive rêveuse,
Les beaux jours de sa liberté;
Où, sous le cilice inutile,
Plus d’une nonnette indocile,
Cédant à de profanes vœux,
Se damne, pécheresse habile,
Sur la route même des cieux.
Salut, jardin, heureuse place
Où, de l’habituelle grace
Fuyant le mystique secours,
Jeune sœur avec les amours,
Vient chercher la grâce efficace,
Salut, barrières du désir,
Murailles à l’amant rebelles;
Heureusement pour vous franchir,
Cupidon conserve ses ailes.’

The piece in question proceeds to ‘inform’ us, that when convents existed in France, the *chere amie* of the author was immured in one of these sepulchres of animated beauty: *omnia vincit amor*, however; and M. De Lafosse regularly scaled the garden walls every evening, to enjoy a midnight tête à tête with this ‘*nonnette indocile*.’ Hymen is in due time called in to make the lovers happy, and, as usual, death intrudes on the harmony of the scene, leaving M. de Lafosse without a helpmate.

The piece entitled ‘*Les Souvenirs*,’ is not without its beauties, although unmarked by any novelty of sentiment, or peculiar brilliancy of language.

ART. XVII.—*Dictionnaire des Arrêts modernes, &c.*

Dictionary of modern Decisions, or Analytical Repertory of the new French Code of Jurisprudence, civil and commercial. By M. Loiseau. Paris. 2 vols. 8vo. 1809.

THE admirers of the Napoleon code will find ample cause to be ashamed of their favourable impressions, on a perusal of the present volumes. It does not appear that the spirit of litigation has as yet taken its flight from that mighty empire, over which the 'genius of legislation' (as Napoleon was styled on the promulgation of the code which goes by his name) presides. The 'glorious uncertainty of the law' still wages a doubtful war with the property of individuals in France as well as in other countries; and the code Napoleon, although intended, as a French writer elegantly expresses it, '*pour rogner les griffes de la chicane*,' has sharpened instead of paring the claws of the monster.

Upwards of 10,000 decisions on points of doubtful application to the code Napoleon are crowded into these volumes, and our readers will, no doubt, be aware that the publication of the legal arguments will tend greatly to increase the business of the French courts. The numerous family of the lawyers resemble in some respects the sacred crocodiles of the Nile; their maintenance seems to be tacitly provided for in the constitutions of modern Europe, and the collectors of decisions are the high priests, who bring the sacrifices to the altar.

The form of a dictionary, which has been judiciously given to the present work, must render it popular, even beyond the confines of those states in which the new system of jurisprudence has been adopted. At one glance we are thus enabled to obtain a knowledge of the French laws on any given subject, and the decisions of the Tribunal de Cassation and the Courts of Appeal are subjoined. Upon the whole, we consider the *Dictionnaire des Arrêts* as equivalent in importance in France, to Jacob's Law Dictionary in this country; with this exception, that we think the French editor has the merit of superior perspicuity and conciseness, and his work is of course better suited to the generality of readers, neither is his phraseology so technical as that of law writers in general.

ART. XVIII.—*Galerie historique des Hommes les plus celebres, &c.*

Gallery of Portraits of eminent Men of all Ages and Nations, engraved from the most authentic Likenesses, and accompanied with biographical Sketches and critical Observations. By a Society of Literati. Published by J. P. Landon, of the Academies of Rome and Paris, &c. &c. 12 vols. folio. Paris. 1809. London, Dulau.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since the commencement of this magnificent work, and we have now to announce its completion. It has been already observed by foreign critics, that all the portraits in the above collection cannot lay claim to an equal degree of authenticity; and, upon referring to the work itself, which is alphabetically arranged, we confess we were rather astonished to find portraits of Annibal, Amilcar, St. Augustin, St. Athanasius, and Attila the Hun. We leave it to our antiquarian readers to decide upon the authenticity of the originals from which these portraits may have been copied: in the mean time M. Landon has prudently ushered them into the world, without a clue by which to detect his pious fraud.

The biographical part of the work is in general well executed. On turning to the account of the father of English painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, we find it written in a strain of impartiality, if not panegyric, which we did not expect from a Frenchman and a painter. The life of Wouvermans is written in the same candid manner, and does great honour to M. Landon's liberality.

As announced in the title, the biographical part of the work has been furnished by a great variety of authors. Among the signatures we recognize that of M. Millin, whose name stands high in the literary history of the present century, as an antiquarian and scholar. He is the editor of the *Magazin Encyclopedique*, published at Paris, one of the most valuable publications on the continent.

The Napoleon Museum has largely contributed to the size and value of the *Galerie historique*, and the admirer of the remains of Roman ingenuity will be highly gratified by the inspection of the work. The engravings of the eminent personages of Greece and Rome have been all collated with original coins, busts, &c. in the imperial collection at Paris.

With the last volume is given a very useful table of contents, divided into five columns. In the first we find the names in alphabetical order; in the second their respective claims to celebrity are briefly given; in the third and fourth the year of their birth and that of their death; and the fifth contains the age and the country in which they flourished.

ART. XIX.—*Esprit des Ecrivains du 18 Siecle, &c.*

Spirit of the Authors of the 18th Century; being Part of a Work intended for Publication, entitled 'The History of the Language and Literature of France.' By F. G. de la Rochefaucauld, Sub-prefect of Clermont. 8vo. Paris. 1809. London, Dulau, Soho Square.

M. DE LA ROCHEFAUCAULDushers his present volume into the world as a kind of forlorn hope to storm the out-works of public favour. We do not think, however, that he has made a practicable breach for the reception of his larger work.

With respect to the present performance, it bears evident marks, if not of depraved taste, at least of judgments hastily formed. We presume the author will find many antagonists to his opinions, that Crebillon has shewn himself far superior to Corneille and Racine, and that Duclos, confessedly one of the best historical writers that France ever saw, 'neither succeeds in instructing nor in correcting, because his writings require a closer attention than a person can bestow who reads only for amusement.'

We could wish, for the sake of literature in general, that these were the only faults with which M. de la Rochefaucauld could be charged. He has others of a deeper die, namely, illiberality and an occasional deviation from truth. He has thought it essential to his subject to enter into the private lives of the authors whom he notices, and we regret to find that the aberrations from moral rectitude, which have distinguished several eminent literary characters, are revived by their present biographer, in the spirit rather of malignity than of fair criticism. A kind of courtesy, when speaking of the dead, is universally recognised, nor ought this feeling to be confined to the 'hic jacet' of their sepulchral monuments.

We shall leave M. de la Rochefaucauld in the hands of our readers, with a specimen of the severity of his criticism, taken from his account of the celebrated Rousseau.

'Rousseau flourished almost at the beginning of the century: his rich, expressive, and harmonious versification distinguished him as a poet. But this undutiful son, who, by denying his father, called his own legitimacy in question;—this treacherous friend, who, after secretly injuring his social companions, sought to establish his innocence, by suborning witnesses, has stamped every line of his works with his own detestable character.'

It is necessary to mention, what the author has perhaps in his haste forgotten, that although the title-page seems to promise a general view of the state of literature during the 18th century, the lucubrations of M. de la Rochefaucauld are confined to the works of French writers.

ART. XX.—*Barthele, ou encore une Victime de la Jalousie, &c. les Souvenirs de Barthele, &c.*

Barthele, or another Victim of Jealousy: the Recollections of Barthele. To which is subjoined, an Essay on parental Authority. By M. Duronceray. Paris. 4 vols. 12mo. 1808-9. London, Dulau, Soho Square.

THESE volumes have a better claim to attention than the generality of French novels which it has recently fallen to our lot to notice. Their interest has been considerably heightened in the coteries of Paris by its being whispered that they contain the real adventures of the author, and of course describe characters still moving in society. A brief outline of the contents will enable our readers to form an expectation of the kind of entertainment their perusal will afford.

Barthele marries early, becomes the father of seven children, and experiences the sweets of domestic comfort for upwards of twelve years; a fit of jealousy seizes the object of his choice, he is dragged before the tribunals, and a sentence of divorce is pronounced on evidence which afterwards appears to have been suborned. Barthele then becomes a voluntary exile, and having visited a neighbouring country, distracted with civil wars, takes a command in a body of rebels, in which he performs prodigies of valour. The flames of discord at length reach his native place, and he learns that his father's life is in danger; he flies to his assistance, and placing himself at the head of the insurgents, has the good fortune to protect the person and property of his parent from injury, and finally succeeds in allaying the popular ferment.

While enjoying the society of his paternal fire-side in tranquillity, Barthele is made acquainted with the repentance of his wife, whom he prepares to receive with his children once more; by a series of disasters, however, they are separated for ever, an epidemic disorder having carried off the mother and surviving children on their way to the scene of reconciliation. Barthele then gives himself up to the study of philosophy, and produces *les Souvenirs*, which compose the third and fourth volumes of M. Duronceray's labours.

Les Souvenirs de Barthele are a collection of essays on men and manners, from the perusal of which it is impossible to rise without acknowledging ourselves under considerable obligations to their author. The pure morality which they seek to inculcate is the more pleasing, because we are not accustomed to view similar literary efforts in the modern authors of France; and we recommend the perusal of '*L'Athée*'

converti, as a specimen of composition which does credit to the present state of French literature.

The Essay on the extent of parental authority, which concludes the volumes, is not perhaps striking on account of its novelty; it may be regarded, however, as an excellent epitome of legal and historical authorities on the subject.

*Digest of English Literature, for the last
four Months.*

THEOLOGY.

MR. VEYSIE, in his 'Examination of Mr. Marsh's hypothesis, respecting the origin of the three first gospels,' has opposed the theory of that gentleman with great force of argument; and has suggested another hypothesis, which appears to furnish a better solution of the numerous difficulties of the important question. That there never existed such a document as Dr. Marsh supposes, is, we think, as certain as moral probabilities can render any thing; and Mr. Veysie has very clearly and very ably shewn that the supposition will not account for the phenomena. Mr. Veysie, instead of a single document, on which Dr. Marsh grounds his hypothesis, supposes a plurality of documents. He thinks that many narratives of detached parts of our Saviour's history were written before our present canonical gospels were composed. Mr. Veysie supposes that these insulated narratives were written by persons who had heard them delivered by the apostles, and who were piously anxious to preserve some lasting record of that which they had taught. That some of these narratives might take their rise in this manner we think highly probable, but, if we were to advance an opinion on the subject, we should suppose that the majority of these detached narratives were written with more or less copiousness of detail by contemporaries of Jesus, who heard and saw what he said and did. We think that this is very evident in some of the detached narratives which have been incorporated in the gospels, and Luke's expression, *αὐτοὶ ἀκούσαντες*, &c. &c. seems to corroborate the opinion. While Jesus was teaching at Capernaum and other places, is it not likely that some partial and insulated accounts of what he said and did would be drawn up to be sent to his adherents, or even to his enemies at Jerusalem?

HISTORY.

The 'Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain,' which has been published by the brother of Sir John Moore, contains a fair, circumstantial, and accurate account, founded on or composed of original documents, of the campaign of that lamented general on the peninsula, with the causes of its failure, and the gross mismanagement in the Spanish councils, as well as in those of this country, to which it may be ascribed. This work places the character of Sir John Moore in a very amiable and interesting point of view. It shews him to have considered the *lives* of his men as a sacred deposit which he was not wantonly to risk, without any adequate object of possible or of probable attainment. If he erred, it was rather on the side of caution than temerity. He seems to have considered and reconsidered every measure which he embraced, and with the utmost nicety to have calculated the chances of failure or success in every attempt. By some he may be thought to have been too wary and calculating; but the circumstances in which he was placed, and the treachery and falsehood against which he had to contend, rendered this conduct peculiarly requisite; and if he had been more rash and enterprising, it is highly probable that every man in his army would have been either captured or destroyed.—Mr. Ormsby's account of the operations of the British army, &c. in Portugal and Spain, during the campaigns of 1808 and 1809, form two very amusing volumes, and contain matter of permanent as well as temporary interest.—Molina's geographical, natural, and civil History of Chili abounds with much curious and important information relative to that part of the Spanish South American colonies. The account which the author has given of the hardy and persevering struggles which the Araucanians maintained against the Spaniards during a long course of years, in defence of their liberties and independence, is a very interesting portion of his work. If the Spaniards themselves would maintain their own national independence against the aggressions of the French with the same intrepid constancy, we should not despair of their ultimate triumph over their cruel and perfidious enemies.

BIOGRAPHY.

In his 'Essay on the earlier Part of the Life of Swift,' Mr. Barret has scraped together, with pious scrupulosity, some few particulars relative to the academical life of Swift, which were hardly worth the labour of rescuing from oblivion. Whether the author of Gulliver's Travels were expelled from Tri-

nity College, or whether he suffered a milder punishment, it is of little moment to inquire. The tripos which occupies no small portion of this small volume bears such strong internal evidence of its original, that Dr. Barret might readily have ascribed it to Swift, without being liable to any imputation of temerity. This piece is curious, only as it shows that the juvenile mind of Swift had the same propensity to nastiness of ideas, which he so often and disgustingly evinced in a later period of life.—The ‘Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain’ contains some impartial sketches of those persons in the noble families of these realms who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their good or evil conduct.—The Life of Romney has been very pleasingly portrayed by his old and affectionate friend, Mr. Hayley. This biographical work has the usual faults of Mr. Hayley’s style, but these are more than compensated by good qualities of another kind—a liberality of sentiment, a love of truth, and a judgment well matured and generally correct.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Mr. Pinkney’s ‘Travels through the South of France,’ &c. furnish some amusing particulars relative to the present state of manners, civilization, and culture in that country. Mr. Pinkney is one of those travellers who bound lightly over the surface of things, without affecting any great profundity or labour of research. But the information, which he collected on his route, he has communicated to his readers in that easy and pleasing style, which tends to cause good humour during the perusal of a work.—In the two last numbers of this vol. and in the first number of vol. xix. we have given a very copious account of the Voyages and Travels of Lord Valentia. We allotted more space to this work than we usually do to any single publication, first, because we think that accounts of voyages and travels are calculated to please a great variety of readers; and secondly, because the high price of these volumes is likely to confine the perusal to the limited circle of the opulent. The travels of Lord Valentia in countries which are comparatively but little known cannot but excite very general curiosity. The imperfect analysis which we have executed of the work will show how far this is likely to be gratified. The narrative is altogether entertaining, though the entertainment which it affords is fatter of that chit-chat kind which passes lightly off the memory, than that which fixes serious attention, and leaves behind it much matter for the digestive process of intellectual assimilation. His lordship does not seem to reflect very deeply him-

self, and his three ample quartos are hardly interspersed with any observations which set the thinking faculty at work. But if his lordship do not display any of the powers of a reflecting mind; he does not at least discolour his narrative by the sickly hues of that sentimental malady which causes our modern tourists so often to recline their drooping heads on the margin of some purling stream. This whispering luxuriance of sentiment is not one of the defects of his lordship's work. The principal defect may perhaps be traced rather to excess of vanity, than to any superior or affected nicety of sensitive combinations. His lordship, as we have more than once instanced; is too fond of cumbering his page with a superfluous recital of the ceremonial homage which he received from the different men of rank whom he visited on his route. His lordship enumerates these frivolous particulars with such evident complacency, that no reader of common discernment can fail to remark that this is his lordship's weak side. But if his merit as a traveller be measured by the extent of land and sea which he traversed, many persons will not be found who can dispute the superiority of his lordship in this particular species of excellence. Whether, if other travellers had possessed the same advantages which were enjoyed by his lordship, they would not have turned them to better account, can be matter only of probable speculation. But whatever parts of his lordship's splendid work may leave us to regret, or cause us to condemn, that portion of it which is extracted from the journal of Mr. Salt is entitled to unqualified commendation. If the merits of Mr. Salt be thrown, as they ought in part, into the scale of his employer, the merits of Lord Valentia as a traveller will endure a comparison with any of his contemporaries, and with most of his predecessors. In noticing these voyages and travels of his lordship, we ought not to omit that he merits great praise for his adventurous pertinacity in exploring the perilous western coast of the Red Sea, and for the chart of his voyage, which will probably lessen the dangers of future navigators.—The 'Travels of Captains Lewis and Clarke, from St. Louis by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean,' are both amusing and instructive. They throw much light on the manners, habits, and divisions of the Indian North American tribes. The general character of those savages, as it is depicted by these apparently impartial observers, seems to comprize many estimable qualities, and may even furnish some edifying hints and sober admonitions to those who seem to have advanced far beyond them in the race of civilized life.

POLITICS.

The 'Vindication of the Hindoos from the Aspersions of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan,' &c. &c. which has been published by a Bengal officer, in two parts, is a work of considerable ability and penetration, and constitutes altogether the best defence of the moral system of the Hindoos, and of its general influence on the lives and habits of the people, that has yet appeared. We trust that the frantic scheme of some pragmatical visionaries for overturning the whole religious system of the east will no more receive anything like countenance from the English government in Hindostan. A scheme more pregnant with political mischief, and more perilous to the stability of the British ascendancy in that part of the world was never conceived, either by friends or foes. There is still a large class of religionists in the world, who, when they contemplate the end, disregard the means, and who adhere to the maxim of doing evil that good may come. We have little doubt but that many of the visionaries who engaged in the wild project of christianizing India would have thought it worth while to purchase a few nominal conversions at the expence of torrents of blood. The destruction of superstition in all parts of the world, and not only in Europe but in India, will, we have no doubt, be ultimately but gradually and slowly achieved; not by the mouths of saints belching out the fumes of intolerance, but by the calm and steady exertions of the press. This is the instrument by which the moral and political regeneration of man will be ultimately accomplished. This is the mighty lever which will raise the present state of man to a more exalted sphere of intelligence, of virtue, and of happiness.—Mr. Canning's two letters to Earl Camden are a sort of political raree-show: they divulge some of the craft and mystery of *statesmanship*, and show by what little minds great nations may be governed.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND
METAPHYSICAL.

In this volume we have paid a good deal of attention to Mr. Kirwan's 'Metaphysical Essays,' and in our account of them have taken occasion to vindicate the moral liberty of man, against the advocates for necessity; and to defend the Berkleyan system of metaphysics. This work of Mr. Kirwan is chiefly occupied with an explanation of terms, which may render it of considerable use to the metaphysical student. Mr. Kirwan is an able and strenuous Berkleyan.

MEDICINE.

Under this head we have first to notice Dr. Lambe's *Treatise on the 'Effects of a peculiar Regimen in cancerous Ulcers.'* This work will probably constitute a new era in the history of medicine, and we shall henceforth have two classes of physicians; those who attempt to cure diseases by drugs, and those who make the same attempt by means of dietetic regimen. Dr. Lambe will be placed at the head of the last. This work of the doctor tends to render it in some degree probable that not only cancer and other inveterate maladies may be cured, but that health may be preserved and life prolonged by the habitual use of distilled water, and of a farinaceous and vegetable diet, to the exclusion of all animal food. More numerous experiments are wanting to establish the theory of Dr. Lambe; and we hope that they will be made, for the subject itself is intimately connected with the best interests of mankind. A dispensary for the cure of cancer, scrofula, and consumption (which are probably only different modifications of the same principle of disease) by means of the regimen which are recommended by Dr. Lambe, would serve to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his theory, in a shorter time and with more certainty as to the result, than could be obtained in a much longer period by the detached cases which may occur in the practice of the few individuals who may be willing to adopt this new method, from an honest conviction of the inefficacy of the old. The treatment which Dr. Lambe recommends is at any rate safe, and is not like those strong pharmaceutical nostrums, which, if they do no good to the patient, are likely to inflict a permanent injury on the constitution.—The New Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians has been translated by Dr. Powel, who has added some notes which contain much valuable matter and some useful tables; but he has committed some inexcusable blunders in calculating the doses of more active and deleterious drugs. We have noticed these in the review of the work. If this new pharmacopœia of the college be regarded as a criterion of the progress of medicine, and as a standard of its present state as practised in this country, we must confess that it causes us to entertain but a very low opinion either of the more recent improvements in, or of the actual condition of, the healing art. This art, notwithstanding the changes which have been introduced into our several pharmacopœias, seems not to have acquired any new or more efficacious instrument. The number of specifics remains as it was; and of most of the other remedies, the operation is so uncertain and delusive, that no dependence can be placed

on their application. Medicine seems at present, as it has ever been, a *conjectural art*.—In his ‘Observations on Fungus Hæmatodes,’ Mr. Wardrop has furnished some useful helps towards the discrimination of that truly formidable disease.

POETRY.

Mr. Hodgson has made a considerable addition to our stock of poetical amusement by his tale of ‘Lady Jane Grey,’ and his ‘English Miscellanies.’ Mr. Hodgson must be allowed to be a writer of considerable natural genius, highly improved by classical culture. This is very apparent in his imagery, sentiments, and diction.—The ‘Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English verse by the late Wm. Cowper, Esq.’ display the characteristic defects and excellences of that writer. Of some of these poems of our great epic bard, the translation of Dr. Symmons is preferable to that of Cowper.—The Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles has published a fourth volume of poems, which are evidently cast in the same mould of sentiment as the preceding.—Mr. Peter Pry’s ‘Marmion travestied,’ is a sprightly and humorous performance.—Mr. Morrice has published another translation of the Iliad of Homer into blank verse, which has only added to our previous conviction of the fruitless labour of such attempts.—Mr. Hobhouse’s volume of Imitations, Translations, and original Poems contains a good deal of beautiful poetry, but with one tale, which is very reprehensible on the score of indelicacy, and which tends, to use his own language, ‘to scandalize virtue and do violence to the feelings of innocence and youth.’—Mr. Shee’s poem, entitled ‘Elements of Art,’ is a continuation of his former work called ‘Rhymes on Art.’ Mr. Shee seems to compose with extraordinary facility; and this facility is apt to degenerate into negligence; so that the author often violates some of his own rules. Exuberance of imagery seems the characteristic of his mind, and this is usually productive both of great beauties and defects. But the beauties predominate in this production of Mr. Shee. Less profusion of ornament and luxuriance of expression would, however, enhance his merit as a writer, both in verse and prose.

NOVELS.

The ‘Soldier’s Orphan,’ by Mrs. Castello, is a tale which evinces much knowledge of life, and a great love of virtue. The characters are natural and well drawn; and it is alto-

gether a work which our young female friends may peruse with benefit.—Some ability and much good sense are exhibited in the novel of Euston.—Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life* display no common acquaintance with the involutions of the human heart. She paints human nature, such as it is found in the common intercourse of life, and though some of her delineations approach to the verge of caricature, yet they are never so far merged in it as to receive any monstrous distortions, or to lose all resemblance to actual existences. Her moral portraits are not impalpable abstractions, but visible and tangible concretes in the busy drama of life. Miss Edgeworth possesses great vivacity of sentiment, and that felicity of combination, which is one of the brilliant appendages of genius. Her humour is more gay than saturnine, and excites the sensation of pleasantry rather than contempt. Her command over the risible faculties of her readers is very great; but while they feel inclined to laugh at her odd or well contrasted assemblages of ideas, they are usually impressed at the same time with the sentiment of admiration at the nicety of her discrimination and the acuteness of her remarks.—The fictions of romance are blended with the accuracy of historical details in the 'Don Sebastian' of Miss Porter. This is rather an unnatural union, and is usually found to diminish the interest of both. Considering the work of Miss Porter merely as a fiction, we think that she merits ample praise for the combination of the incidents, the development of the story, and the delineation of the characters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Epistolary Correspondence of Bishop Nicholson, which has lately been published by Mr. Nichols, contains much desultory information, and many amusing particulars relative to the literary pursuits of some eminent scholars and antiquaries of the age.—We have noticed the 3d, 4th, and 5th volumes of the 'Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet,' which is in its kind a work of more than common excellence.—The author of 'Facts and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in feeding Cattle' is perhaps rather too sanguine in his expectations of the benefits which are likely to result from the mode which he has recommended: But the observations of the writer are still highly deserving the attention of the public; and though his theory should be practicable only to a very limited extent, much benefit must result to the community from its adoption.—We have bestowed a good deal of attention in this volume on the Letters of Warburton to Hurd.

These letters, from the numerous topics of general interest and literary curiosity which they embrace, are likely to outlive the other and larger works of this once redoubted critic and divine. They are on the whole a very instructive and entertaining work, and exhibit the character of Warburton himself in the most amiable point of view.—The epistolary correspondence of Sir Richard Steele is chiefly valuable, as elucidating the domestic relations and real character of the author of the *Tatler*.—The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu are very eloquent compositions. They are both grave and gay, and contain matter that may both edify and amuse. Though written as the occasion prompted, and on no particular subject of literature or policy, yet her sprightliness is so animating, her turns are so ingenious, her wit so brilliant, or her remarks so acute, that the attention never languishes during the perusal.

Account of the last Book-fair at Leipsic.

THE great annual book-fair held at Leipsic in October last was attended by fewer purchasers than usual.

One hundred and seventy-eight booksellers from various parts of Europe exhibited their literary novelties for sale, and from a catalogue published by M. Weidman, an eminent bookseller of Leipsic, it appears, that of the new books offered for sale, 715 were German, and 62 in the other European languages. Among the former works 115 were new editions of books of repute, 79 were almanacks and journals; and the rest were partly composed of continuations of various works, and partly of compilations and books of education; of these last the number exceeded that of any former year: a proof perhaps that the new order of things in Germany is peculiarly favourable to the progress of knowledge.

Among the works which are worthy of notice, we have to mention a History of the French Revolution by M. Baczko, of Königsberg; History of Poetry and Eloquence by M. Bouterwerk: a Journey from Holstein into Franconia and Bavaria, by M. Eggers; the History of Literature, by M. Eichhorn of Göttingen; the Life of Ariosto, by M. Fornow; Poems by M. de Halem; the continuation of the Works of Herder and Huber; Lectures by M. Lichtenberg; the Journal of M. Memniclis' Travels; Confidential Letters on Vienna, by M. Reichard, author of a similar work on Paris; Sermons by M. Reinhard of Dresden; some Works on Education, according to M. Pestalozzi's system, by M.

Schmid; a Treatise on Belles Lettres, by M. Schreiber; a Journey in Upper Austria, by M. Schultz; M. Vater on the Population of America; M. Weinbrenner on the Architecture of Theatres; some excellent Works on Philology, by Schutz, Haget, Zimmerman, Schœfer, Leness, Heindorf, &c.

Fifty-seven new novels or romances have been produced during the year. The most popular of these, '*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*,' 'the Choice of Friends' is from the veteran pen of M. Gœthe. The names of Lafontaine, Wagner, Voss, &c. also appear on the title-pages of some works of this description, and M. Kotzebue has published a new volume of Tales and Romances. The story of the unfortunate Schill and his followers has also been wrought into a volume by an anonymous author, and given to the public under the title of *Schilliana*. It has been classed by the German critics, from prudential motives, under the head of novels and romances.

The number of new dramatic pieces introduced on the German stage during the year was 22, but none of them are conspicuous either for intrinsic merit, or from being the production of any dramatist of note.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLES.

ART. XXIII.—*Dissertatio de Corona Regum Italiae, vulgo ferrea dicta, &c.*

Dissertation on the Crown of the Kings of Italy, commonly called the Iron Crown. By Christopher de Murr. With Engravings. Munich, 1808. 8vo.

THE author of this performance is well known in the learned world as an antiquarian of some celebrity, and has chosen, on this occasion, a curious subject. On the 26th of May, 1805, the French emperor was crowned king of Italy at Milan, and his brows were encircled with the ancient crown of the Lombards, commonly known by the appellation of the Iron Crown. The present dissertation commences with the etymology of the word Lombards (Longobardi); and proceeds to an historical review of their history, with an account of the different authors who have written on the subject. The description of a diadem which has made so much noise, from having so many regal possessors, will perhaps be amusing to some of our readers. It is six inches in diameter, and two inches and a quarter high. It is com-

posed of seven pieces, some larger than others; and it is adorned with eighteen precious stones and seventy-two pearls. These pieces are of gold, joined together by a rim of iron, six lines high, surrounding the crown in the inside: it is said that this iron rim was made of one of the nails of the cross of our Saviour; and it is this circumstance which gives the name of Iron Crown.

With respect to the antiquity of this precious relic, M. de Murr, after quoting the opinions of a host of ancient authors on the subject, gives it as his own opinion, that it cannot be referred to a more early period than that of king Agilulf, who flourished in the 6th and 7th centuries; and that it was made on the occasion of crowning the son of Agilulf, Aldouald, who was then only eleven years of age: in this opinion he is somewhat borne out by the small dimensions of the Iron Crown.

In a subsequent division of the work M. de Murr discusses the antiquity of two other crowns of gold, called the crowns of Agilulf and Theodelinda his queen. These have been preserved, along with the Iron Crown, in the church of St. John the Baptist, at Menza. The crown, known by the name of king Agilulf's, was brought to Paris in 1797, and deposited in the Cabinet of Antiques of the National Library, but was carried off and melted down by thieves in 1804. It was eight inches in diameter, and three inches and a quarter high: the figure of our Saviour seated was carved on it, holding up his right hand, and with an open book in his left: on each side was an angel, and the rest of the border was occupied by the twelve apostles seated also; above these figures the crown was adorned with sixty-five precious stones, and at its two extremities were one hundred and fifty-eight pearls: under the figures was the following inscription:—✠ AGILVF. GRAT. DI. VIR. GLOR. REX. TOTIVS. ITAL. OFFERET SCO. IOHANNI BAPTISTE. IN. ECCLIA. MODICIA. To this crown was suspended a golden cross, ornamented with ten precious stones and eleven pearls, independently of seven other pearls which hung at its extremities. The gold crown of queen Theodelinda was six inches and a half in diameter, and two inches high; a gold cross was also suspended from it, enriched with thirty-six pearls and eighteen precious stones. This crown and its appendages are still in the cabinet of the imperial library: the Iron Crown was carried to Milan in 1805, to be used at the ceremony of crowning Napoleon.

The different Lombard and Italian kings and emperors of Germany, who were crowned with the iron diadem, are mentioned, accompanied with a brief account of their reign.

The plates given with the work consist of representations of the crowns described ; and there is also an engraving of a gold medal, with the head of Luitprand, king of the Lombards, with the legend LVITPRANDUS on one side, and on the other the archangel Michael, tutelar of the Lombards, holding in his hand a lancet surmounted by three small globes, with the legend SCS. MICHAEL (sanctus Michael).

ART. XXIV.—*Delle Torbiere esistenti nel Dipartimento d'Olona, &c.*

Description of the Soil in the Department of Olona, given with a View to shew the Resources for Fuel in the Turf and Moss of that District. By Carlo Amoretti. Milan, 1808.

WE notice this work, partly because the name of Amoretti, as the biographer of Leonardo da Vinci, stands high on the continent, and partly because its contents exhibit a most valuable mineralogical survey. The scarcity of wood throughout Italy induced the government to patronise M. Amoretti's researches on this occasion ; and he has at least succeeded in shewing the application, if he has not the merit of the discovery, of a very useful and abundant article of domestic necessity. With the work he has given a map of the mossy districts, and several plates, explanatory of the best methods of converting all kinds of turf or moss into fuel. These will be found to be novel to an English reader.

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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